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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXXI.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME IX.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1861.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1861.

ART. I. — EPICURUS AND EPICUREANS.

1. HEGEL'S *Geschichte der Philosophie.*
2. LEWES. *Biographical History of Philosophy.*
3. FÉNELON. *Lives of the Ancient Philosophers.*
4. ERSCH *und* GRUBER. *Encyclopädie der Wissenschaften und Künste.* Art. *Epikuros.*
5. *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture.* 1854. Art. *Epicure.*
6. *Encyclopédie Catholique.* 1846.

WE have placed this promiscuous list of books at the head of our paper, not with any purpose of criticising them, but in order that we may have the benefit of their united and emphatic testimony to the truth of the portrait we shall attempt to draw. It will be perceived at a glance, that they represent the most various and repugnant schools of thought. There is Hegel of "Ewige Nichts" celebrity, prophet of a God who comes to consciousness in Humanity; and Lewes, disciple of Comte, and grand expositor of the Philosophie Positive; and Fénelon, saintly Archbishop of Cambray, whose faith was full in the Roman Catholic Church. The first Encyclopædia we mention — the noble one of Ersch and Gruber — gives a full, minute, and studiously impartial account of the subject of our sketch, fortified with abundant references and quotations; the next deals with the theme after the neat French manner, gracefully, truthfully, and knowingly, dropping some valuable hints in regard to the modern schools of Epicurean philosophy; the last of the three, a work edited by a French abbé

and a *comité d'orthodoxie*, or orthodox committee, very tersely, quietly, gravely, and with admirable feeling, reports the judgment which living members of the Roman communion have the grace to pass on the great atheist and materialist of antiquity. A verdict pronounced with such entire and cordial unanimity by such authorities could hardly be made stronger by any additional force of hands or voices, though we could, if necessary, produce them to almost any extent. These consenting, these are enough. We shall proceed without further apology or defence to describe the old teacher and his teaching according to the best information within our reach, feeling, it must be confessed, some little awkwardness, in talking to Americans of this fast generation about an old Greek who lived and died, and produced an immense number of books which lived and died also, many a century before America itself was heard of; and yet conscious that what we write will have its meaning and interest for all who may trouble themselves to read it. For, according to a familiar but deep saying, human nature is substantially the same in every age, and the philosopher is simply a man who studies human nature, reports what the human heart contains, and gives expression, in theory and doctrine, to certain felt beliefs of universal man; while the ancient differs from the modern philosopher chiefly in this, that he wore a toga instead of a sack, sandals instead of gaiter shoes, and ate his dinner, supposing him so fortunate as to have one, with the primitive fingers in place of the artificial and then uninvented knife and fork. The beard is no longer a distinction. Moreover, every ancient school of philosophy has its représentative among ourselves. The modern Athens cannot, and surely would not, disown her Platonists and Aristotelians, who, though they reside in Cambridge or Concord, belong of course to Boston. Whoever frequents our reform meetings has often seen, in leading orators, very passable specimens of those whom the stern prophet of moral law instructed beneath the Porch. Our Socratic head has disappeared, to our sorrow; but many are the followers he has left behind him, to cherish his memory, extend his doctrines, and sustain his method. As for the Peripatetics they exist still, beyond all peradventure, in the

troubadours of the lyceum, who are always on the move, dropping wisdom or something else among the multitude. But where is the disciple of Epicurus? If we should name him, he would not be recognized. The sage of the garden alone is childless; for his legitimate offspring are anxious to disown him, and those who claim to be his offspring he would disown. Perhaps the best way to recover the dropped link of this genealogical chain will be to bring out first the portrait of the old Epicurus, and then see whether in anything modern we can trace the family likeness. This we will proceed to do as faithfully as circumstances will permit, endeavoring to secure ourselves against the mistake of making the ancient sage sit for his likeness to those whom we may think his modern disciples. This is the real danger. For in exhibiting Epicurus we are intensely conscious that we are exhibiting new foes under an old face, — that we are showing up opinions and sentiments of to-day only under an aspect so remote and strange that they may be contemplated without passion, weighed without partiality, and criticised without sensitiveness. The subject is almost too practical and fresh to be honestly treated. And yet for this very reason we have taken it up. Little Oliver Proudfoot, in the story, sets up a wooden Turk in his back yard, and hacks away at it with his broadsword an hour daily, finding this satisfaction in the performance, that he thereby vents his hatred of all Turks, practises himself in the use of his weapon, and keeps his foolish head safe from the blows of a living foeman, which might be inconvenient. The clergyman, once a week, solemnly exhumes the ancient Pharisees, and upon the ghostly backs of those long-suffering unfortunates discharges a shower of blows, faintly hoping that the listening Pharisee, whose patience is less perfect, will take warning from the mysterious flagellation. Why should not we too set up our man of straw? We will do so.

The reputed father of the most popular sect in the world was born, some say, at the island of Samos, others in the Athenian township Gargettus, 342 years B. C., six years after the death of Plato. His mother was an honest witch or sorceress, — medium or mesmerizer we should call her, — who earned a scanty

subsistence by practising hocus pocus upon invalids and insane people, after the manner which those unscientific days of medicine tolerated better than we do. She perhaps gave her son that hatred of evil spirits which was so conspicuous in his after life. From his father, who was a schoolmaster, the lad inherited that somewhat dry intellect which busied itself to such purpose in translating, spelling, and parsing the universe after the most approved rules of grammar. The boy was inquisitive and witty. Reading Hesiod, at twelve years old, with his teacher, he comes to a verse which suggests that all things proceeded from chaos. "And whence came chaos?" asked the boy; "how began the beginning?" The teacher of course could not answer the question, and the young sceptic applied to others. Finding them all equally ignorant, and discovering thus early the truth that every man at last must answer his own questions, he determined to get a solution for himself. He sought, and became a philosopher, — a self-taught philosopher, as he boasted, — and a teacher in his turn.

The method of study that Epicurus pursued indicated the spirit of his philosophy. An industrious honey-bee, he winged his flight from one flowering city to another; from the blooming gardens of Athens to the purple vineyards of Samos; back to Athens at the age of eighteen to suck the juices distilled from the elder schools of wisdom; away again to Colophon, which had the grace to boast of giving birth to Homer; off to Mitylene, fruitful and fair; to Lampsacus, famous for its blushing roses and its unblushing women, where, in luscious pleasure-grounds, he lingered several years, availing himself likely enough of the tempting opportunities offered by the gay city for maturing his system and qualifying himself to be an instructor of youth in his favorite doctrine of happiness. At the age of thirty-six he is once more in Athens, the head of the school over which he presided until his death.

Pleasantly suggestive of his genial creed was the spot he selected, the famous garden. It is as hard to find now as the site of Eden; — the location of these earthly paradises is not long remembered; — but we may suppose it to have been a space within the city walls, of moderate extent and uneven surface, purchased for eighty minæ, (about $1,500,) the proceeds of the

proprietor's former teaching. Let us fancy, if we can, a bounded and artificial Eden, the rougher parts planted with olive-trees from which hung in festoons the vine and honeysuckle; the smoother parts covered with close-cut verdure. Through copious shrubbery the paths wind in and out; they run over dry spots, bright with cyclamen and convolvulus; they pause at arbors which offer grateful shelter from the noonday sun; they linger by fragments of plinth and column that serve as seats; and they meet at last at the summit of a beautiful knoll which commands one of the loveliest views on earth. The solemn Parnes lifts high his head, covered with perpetual snow or cloud. The shady Hymettus shows the dark-blue dells which feed her innumerable honey-bees. Above the level of the plain, covered with marble temples, theatres, baths, and lively with a picturesque population, the stony Acropolis lifts the graceful Parthenon into the azure skies. The golden day flushes and fades on the crags of Ægina and of village-crowned Sunium, and far away in the distance the blue Ægean Sea, flecked with merchant ships, bears on its sparkling bosom the rocky loveliness of Salamis. The retreat is guarded against intrusion by wild pomegranates and tufts of hardy gorse, and it has but one gate; but that stands ever open, with this hospitable inscription on it: "Stranger, here you will do well to tarry; here is pleasure, the chief good."

In this delightful spot Epicurus passed the cloudless days with his band of disciples. Hither came the young men of Athens, the elegant, the studious, and the gay; hither flocked youth from far Asia, and even from cities of Africa, drawn by the teacher's renown. The celebrated Leontion, with other graceful women, the strong-minded of the day, lent the charms of their beauty and their wit to a company such as Boccaccio would have gathered round him in the bowers of Florence. The master was less a master than a friend; the school was not so much a school as a fraternity. No compulsory tasks made the day wearisome; no artificial restraints limited the free bounding of the animal spirits. Studies, elegant or severe according to aptitude or choice, mingled with conversation and innocent amusements, beguiled the delicious hours. The cheerful repast was always eaten in common; and, surpassing in

good-feeling the disciples of Pythagoras, who adopted as a principle of fellowship the community of goods, the disciples of Epicurus, more sympathetic still, refused to make a duty even of kindness, saying that such a regulation betrayed a secret distrust, for a true friend took from his friend no pledge of friendliness. The amity of the Epicureans was celebrated even by their enemies. Cicero said, "In one dwelling, and that a narrow one, what troops of friends, what consent and communion of love!" "It produces no great men, but it creates a fraternity," was the declaration of the severe moralist, Seneca. "All things spoken in that circle were spoken from one impulse and one feeling." "Many Epicureans there have been, and are today," says Cicero again, "who are faithful in friendship, constant and weighty in the whole conduct of life, men who take wise counsel of duty, not of delight." When Athens was visited by famine, the garden of Epicurus still assembled its bright votaries within its leafy walls, and still the gate stood open with its invitation to come in, not to feast and tell stories after the Decameron fashion, but "to share the barley-cakes and the pure water, and find happiness the chief good."

It was apparently by force of personal attraction that the master was able to draw about him this brilliant circle of disciples. Admitting that we know nothing of Epicurus till the period of youth and passion was passed, it is with one voice conceded now, that in the noon and afternoon of his life, when we have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he was a genial, humane, good man, — "vir comis, humanus, bonus," are Cicero's words; grave and dignified in person; simple, affectionate, and winning in his manners; plain even to austerity in his habits; temperate in his desires; moderate in his enjoyments; elegant in his tastes; independent in mind; benevolent in disposition. Noise and confusion he always avoided; the dust of care and business was disagreeable to him; politics he would not engage in, because they were debased and vulgar; office-holding he repudiated as being unpleasantly laborious. The Athenians, probably, had not been instructed in our admirable modern art of taking office in order to escape from work. "By no means a bad man, but a capital fellow rather," quoth Cicero, again. His enemies,

the Stoics especially, set fleets of scandalous rumors afloat, and told mean stories about him; but these are generally set down to malice. Diogenes Laertius tells us more about Epicurus than anybody else does; and he refutes them by a quiet appeal to facts, praising emphatically his filial piety, his fraternal kindness, and his broad humanity. He called his slaves his friends; more than that, he treated them as if they were his friends, imparting to them the practical lessons of his mild philosophy, and putting them in possession of all the happiness they were capable of enjoying. Fénelon quotes St. Gregory to the effect that "Epicurus set an example, in his own life, of unimpeachable chastity and uniform temperance; confirming the sincerity of his precepts by the purity of his practice." In a word, no "Epicurean" in the beastly sense was this ancient Epicurus; no bloated glutton, or lusty libertine, or dainty dabbler in life's delights; no gaudy butterfly fluttering in the pleasure-garden of existence. Crosses, which Christian people find heavy, were laid on his shoulder, and he bore them well. His constitution, never robust, was sorely tried in his later years by disease; he was a martyr to dyspepsia; he was wrung by cramps; he was tortured by stone. But he endured his anguish bravely, and was genuine philosopher enough to find escape from them in intellectual pursuits and the joys of friendship. Past the allotted period of human life he lived gently enjoying or tranquilly submissive. And when, at the age of seventy-two, excessive weakness came upon him, and pain intolerable, he laid himself quietly in his bath, called for a goblet of wine, and died peacefully, with a smile on his face. In a characteristic will, the philosopher bequeathed his moneyed property to two of his disciples, with the condition that they should provide for the sons of his deceased friend, Metrodorus, so long as they needed support, and should dower his daughters; to another, Hermachus, whom he appointed his successor, he gave the garden, with the direction that from him it should pass down to the head of the school, and be a permanent home for the sect. His slaves received their freedom; his followers, the precious legacy of his teaching and example. The provision that his birthday should be celebrated by an annual festival, the cost to be defrayed from the interest of his

property, expressed not his vanity, but his love. The love was reciprocal. The attachment of the pupils to their master amounted almost to idolatry. His native city, proud of all its great men, honored him with a public statue. But his friends had his image embossed on goblets, cut on rings, and engraved on their hearts.

How perpetually we are warned against the mistake of judging men by their opinions, or of inferring opinions from character. This amiable man, so Christian-like in his personal and social aspect, held a system with which Christianity has from the beginning been at deadly war. Behold his doctrine in a sentence: "Life is before you; a cradle at one end, a grave at the other: take it for what it is worth, and make the most of it, asking no impertinent questions." "Trust your senses," was this good man's iterated and reiterated charge. "Nothing is positive or final but sensation." "Sensations," he used to say, "are always true and ultimate; nothing can refute sensations." "Only a madman will be satisfied with opinions or arguments beyond the reach of his senses." Starting from this principle, the world, according to our philosopher, was a very cheap contrivance. Atoms, and an empty space for the atoms to jostle about in, that is all. A dry morsel this for the mouth of greedy curiosity. Would you know the mystery of the universe? Atoms. Would you learn the origin of created things? Atoms. Are you anxious to comprehend Nature's causes and ends? Atoms. In the name of the prophet — Chips! It was a saying of Diderot, a French disciple of Epicurus, that if you would put a sufficient number of letters into a dice-box, and allow him a sufficient number of casts, he could throw the Iliad of Homer. But Epicurus was bolder than that. Give me atoms enough, space enough, and time enough, I will throw the universe, said he. Imagine, if you can, amid all the discussions as to the origin of the "Iliad," a scholar coming forward and suggesting that the letters of which the poem is composed were once endowed with legs, and the faculty of independent motion; that, being thus endowed, they crawled about at will until they found their present places in the poet's verse, and remained there, never to wander again. A sugges-

tion like this would be less wild than the fancy in which Epicurus indulged himself, — that these hard atoms of matter of which the visible universe is made, being infinite in number and in shape, living creatures possessed of volition and the power of original movement, after wandering for ages through the boundless void of space, trying all manner of experiments, crossing, recrossing, eddying, whirling, striking, dodging about in mid-air, settled down at last into worlds and systems of worlds, plants, minerals, animals, men, and all the variety of objects we behold. All the properties of things, odors, savors, hues, densities, surfaces, temperatures, were, in his view, but varied combinations of the same particles of matter; the eternal mountains and the impalpable air, the heavy water and the winged lightning, the fleecy cloud that melts away in the sunbeam and the iron that resists the furnace's glow, the curling smoke and the immutable adamant, are all made of the same stuff, all result from the chance concourse of the same infinitesimal atoms, variously shaped and mingled. The only difference between the German who dines upon sour-crout and the Frenchman who cuts a dainty *paté de Perigord* is, that the former eats atoms shaped like fish-hooks, which tear their way into the feelings, and go rasping down the gullet, while the latter eats atoms shaped like globules, which roll smoothly over the palate. The screeching performance of Pat the wood-sawyer or Colin the bagpiper is distinguished from the music of Thalberg of the piano, or Ole Bull of the violin, simply in this, — that Pat and Colin assault your tympanum with a crowd of atoms that are hooked and spiked, atoms that wriggle and scratch, while Thalberg and Ole scatter from their instruments upon the air swarms of atoms so round and glossy that the ear-drum rejoices in their contact. There may seem to be a choice between the odor of a dead carcass and the perfume of Lubin's extract of sweet clover, but substantially they are the same thing, only the one irritates the nostril while the other titillates it. Bright colors are the effect of prickly atoms which claw the eyeball; blue and pink and the delightful green are derived from particles smooth and polished, and soft as the contact of velvet.

Every object, said Epicurus, is perpetually sending off from

its surface an exquisitely subtile image of itself, which impresses its shape upon the human retina. If this image proceed directly from the object to the eye, it is distinct; if any of the particles are stopped by intervening obstacles, it is broken and imperfect; if the distance traversed is so great that the force of the particles is spent, the image is blurred and faint. You see your form reflected in a mirror. That is because the atoms emanating from your body strike the hard surface and rebound into your eye. But why do we see our forms reversed in mirrors? Because the particles are turned inside out by the force of the blow. Very subtile and penetrating these flying molecules were supposed to be. The curtain in the theatre shakes them like warm dust from its crimson folds. Forms of dead people in their graves fling them off, and they make their way through coffin-lid and sod, and flit as ghosts before the sharpened vision of men and women as they pass hurriedly by graveyards; they fly abroad at night, vague and aimless, pass through the closed doors of chambers, perforate the skin, reach the latent senses as they lie passive in slumber, and thus cause the pleasing dream or the hideous nightmare. They become broken perhaps by contact with other images with which the air is filled, and then, as they meet perchance the human senses, the eye is terrified by monstrous shapes of gorgon and chimæra, a man's head on a horse's body, a woman's bust with a fish's extremities, a three-headed pig, or a child with a tail. The air is crowded with these moving spectres. They dance into the poet's dreamy eyes, and his imagination teems with marvellous shapes, grand, grotesque, and beautiful. They throng in such rapid succession upon the vision of the sleeper that the numberless phantoms of his dream seem one phantom, and that a live one, just as the spokes of a spinning-wheel become one blur, or as the whisking of the circular card which children used to play with and wonder at changes the painted figures upon its border into busy wood-sawyers and boys playing at leap-frog. And since every conceivable image is within range of every man's retina at almost every instant of time, it is not surprising that in revery men should be haunted by so many weird shapes, or that people should possess the power they do of calling up whatever shape they will.

It is to this wild infinitude of disorder that, according to Epicurus, the world owes its appearance of order. The numberless chances have resulted in harmony. Not a trace of design does he allow in the universe; not a purpose nor an end in a single existing thing. Only the foolish babble of plans and intentions. Men walked on their legs, said he, because they found it more convenient than walking on all-fours. They looked out of their eyes, finding that they answered the purposes of seeing better than their ears or their noses. But it is fancy that suggests that these organs were constructed for these especial uses and for no other, or that originally they were constructed for any uses whatever. They came so. Idle is all speculation upon causes, efficient or final. Take things as they appear, without trying to account for them, was the word of the great materialist. He was thoroughly indifferent about laws and ends. He looked up at the midnight skies gemmed with stars, he saw the hosts of them in their glory, but he was moved by no curiosity, he was touched with no wonder. "O yes, pretty things enough, to be sure: pity their happy twinkle should be put out every morning. But why vex your brains about such trifles? what business have you with the stars?" You must have an explanation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, must you? One is as good as another. Take the first which offers. Call the moon a dollar or a cheese, and the stars pinheads. You may account for summer and winter easily enough by supposing the sun to be beaten about by opposing currents of wind, one of which drives it away from the earth, leaving it cold, while the other brings it near, making it warm. Are you perplexed by the alternations of day and night? There is no difficulty about the matter if you suppose that the sun, after his daily journey through the skies, becomes faint and goes to bed behind the curtain of the western clouds, or if you reflect that its torch may be lighted up and extinguished every day. But the monthly changes of the moon! Well, what of them? The moon waxes and wanes. So do babies grow fat and lean. So do men swell up with dropsy and pine away with fever. If you think the moon's attacks of plethora and depletion are rather too regular and violent, why not compare it to a snow-ball, and say that it loses some of its bulk by flying so swiftly through

the air, and gains again by the atoms which stick to it as it speeds along?

Mother Earth, thought Epicurus, was an old crone, barren now and exhausted. In her youth she produced men from her teeming womb, laid them upon her soft couch of grass, and gave them milk from her full udders. Now since the memory of man she has given birth to nothing but mosquitos and fleas, and other vermin. The great races are dying out. The violent shocks of wind are wearing down the old globe, which, like all other bodies exposed to the friction of the drifting sand atoms, will in time waste away; then the walls of the vast world, assaulted on every side, will crack and crumble into mouldering ruins.

Of course, among all these dancing, gyrating, fantastic molecules there is no room for a soul. Epicurus meant to leave none. Lucretius, the Epicurean poet, putting into noble verse the unbelief of his master, gives twenty-six arguments to prove that the soul of man perishes with the body. For the soul, he says, is nothing but a vapor diffused throughout the frame, strengthening with its strength and failing with its weakness, sick in its sickness and blithe in its health; so thin and light that you cannot see it vanish when the body dies, nor perceive that its departure lessens by a jot the body's weight. And the spirit of man, which dwells in the hollow of his chest, is only a still more attenuated ether, a cunningly mingled gas, nameless, hidden, evanescent as the perfume of a crushed violet. The student's glowing thought is but the feverish movement of fiery particles in the blood; the stately images that troop through the poet's kindled imagination are but the mimic pageantry of the frisking globules, no more real than castles of cloud in the sun-setting; and all the beautiful sentiments, all the conceptions that we deem imperishable, flush and fade and alter and vanish with the shifting grains in that wonderful kaleidoscope, the human frame.

If there is no intelligent human soul, there can be no infinite divine soul. Epicurus, the amiable, simple-hearted, cheerful, and kindly, was an atheist, — an atheist on theory and an atheist on principle, — an atheist because he thought atheism good. He had his arguments, neither few nor feeble. But

they all resulted at last in the argument of every man who believes in the senses, and who thinks the senses ought to be supremely gratified. Here is the proof stated in the simplest form, the atheist's perpetual demonstration. If there were a designing and a beneficent Creator, he said, mankind would be satiated with animal delights. Satiated they are not, therefore there is no designing and beneficent Creator. In other words, every good father feeds his children with sugar-plums; but instead of sugar-plums we are perpetually cracking our teeth upon pebbles, disguised by a very thin crust of sweetened flour; there is then no good Father. And yet, singularly inconsistent as it may seem, even Epicurus would not call himself an atheist. Though he believed in nothing but motes of matter, — though he admitted no spiritual essence out of which a God might be made, had no work for a God to do, had no heaven for a God to dwell in, — though his senses afforded him no hint of God's existence, and he found no evidence thereof in Nature, seeing that he scouted all notions of design, — still he was constrained to fancy that beings existed somewhere who enjoyed in perfection the bliss after which he sighed in vain; and he loved to talk about his celestial Epicureans enjoying their eternal *dolce far niente*, in a happy region midway between the worlds, where no rain touched them, nor snow, and the whiff of the whirling atoms was unfelt. A sort of celestial Lazzaroni they were, living in an everlasting Naples; the air about them always serene, the light always brilliant, their seats fair and downy, their sole occupation the dreamy sense of their own idle felicity. These were the only true, the only adorable Gods; the only true, because divested of the attributes which belong to humanity, and released from the human necessity of thought, labor, and sadness; the only adorable, because, being unable to bestow any rewards upon their worshippers, they could be contemplated with calmer mind and waited on with more simple and sincere devoutness. Superfluous are all invocations, prayers, and sacrifices; idle is the worship which the fear-oppressed multitude offers. The impious man is not he who rejects the deities which the vulgar revere, but he who imputes to deity the acts and attributes which the vulgar praise. Belief in the

popular gods is the only atheism. Yet Epicurus visited the public temples, and with such aspect of reverence, that one Diocles is reported as having exclaimed, "Jupiter, thou never appearest to me so great as when Epicurus is at thy knees."

A strange notion of the universe! A universe that is a winged heap of sand! Men that are bundles of nerves! Deities that are placid wreaths of midsummer mist! But Epicurus was gentle and kindly, and the theory, as projected from his mind, had its genial side. We must grant that it was well meant. Epicurus had no thought of being an enemy of his kind. To deliver mortals from superstitious terrors was the sole wish of the amiable philosopher. He would banish the appalling phantoms of the unseen world, and rid nature of hobgoblins. Anything in his judgment was better than brimstone and the Devil. Better be a sprightly heap of dancing dirt-specks than the sad sport of an iron destiny, or the hapless victim of capricious gods. Happier is it to look forward to a quiet annihilation presently, than to go shivering through life at the prospect of miseries hereafter. It is the fear of death, he said, that makes life bitter. But the fear of death is only the fear of that nameless something which may accompany or follow death; it is the fear of retribution and the horrid realm of ghosts. Freed from these terrors, there can be no dread of death. For life is good so long as it lasts, and death puts an end to it when it is good no longer. What is death but an idle word? When we are, death is not; and when death is, we are not. We do not feel it, for it stops feeling; and what causes no pain when present, it is foolish to fear when far off. All good and evil is in sensation; and as death is simply the absence of sensation, of course it is nothing either to the dead or the living. The same logic disposes of the future. Why live in apprehension of the future? he said. It is no present possession, which we may apprehend the loss of; nor is it a past possession, over whose loss we may grieve. We never had it, and we were never deprived of it. It is simply nothing at all, and, as Mr. Toots said, it is of no consequence. Be tranquil; take life as it comes; pluck the flower that is blooming; sufficient unto itself is each day's evil and good.

Epicurus was a philosopher of the world. He aimed at laying down the science of human life and conduct. He cared nothing about explaining the universe, save as he might contribute to the happiness of his kind. His theories he used merely as brooms to sweep from men's brains the cobwebs in which lurked the black spider of care. Happiness, — here in a word you have the key-note of all his wisdom. And Epicurus honestly confessed that by happiness he meant the enjoyment of the present, the satisfactions of animal delight. Pleasure and pain, he said, are the two levers that move the will, — pleasure the natural craving of our being, pain the sole enemy of life. Joy we desire, because joylessness is pain; pain we avoid, because painlessness is joy. *Pleasure is the supreme good*, was the plump motto of our genial sage. Judge for yourselves what must have been his notion of pleasure, believing as he did that man is a curious bundle of atoms, in a few years to be dissipated, — a creature whose very thoughts, feelings, and virtues are but modes of sensation. "I know no good," said he, "if I omit the pleasures of the palate, the delights of love, the charm of beautiful forms." And it was no slanderer, probably, who attributed to his chief disciple this swinish sentiment. "My friend, I give you the stomach; the stomach, — the sensible man makes haste to gratify his stomach." Verily, that sentiment is quite worthy of the modern school. "My dear friend," said a nice gentleman, the other day, to his Christian neighbor, "from which of your powers do you anticipate the most delight in your old age?" "From the faculty of sleeping, I think," was the thoughtful reply. "Indeed! Now I anticipate more from the table; the table, — give me the table."

But it must be remembered that the system of Epicurus allows sensual indulgences only on the supposition of their bringing pure and painless joy. If the dainty feast is to be followed by dyspepsia and physic; if the midnight revel is succeeded by a spinning bed and headache in the morning; if the wanton debauch draws on nausea and loathing of life; if the momentary thrill of a nerve is balanced by a day's prostration; if nectar must give place to Epsom salts, — such pleasure is the fool's happiness. The voluptuary may experience a

spasm of bliss, which for the instant fills his cup of delight to the brim; but he may also experience a spasm of pain that will make all bliss seem thenceforth impossible to his hope. No, no. Sensual indulgence is all well enough, so long as it gives unmingled pleasure; but how long is that? Genuine pleasures must satisfy; but these rarely fail to cloy and disgust. Genuine pleasures must be lasting; but these are by-words of transientness. The joys of sense must be qualified, or they become pains. He that would be happy must moderate his animal desires. The condition of enjoyment is temperance; not tripe to-day and turkey to-morrow, but steady chops and bread the week through. We can imagine with what holy wrath the ancient Epicurus would break out upon a company of his modern would-be disciples, smoking their cheroots, sucking their "cobblers," and roaring their ribald songs. "You my followers! You the exemplars of my wise philosophy! Go home, lewd and gluttonous knaves; drink soda-water, eat wholesome bread and rice; sleep on the soft side of a plank; see if by abstinence you can get brains enough to understand the alphabet of my teaching: then know that it is not pleasure to have bloodshot eyes, a whirling brain, a nervous system racked and rickety, and intestines that are one mass of inflammation."

The wise man, says our friend, learns to discriminate in his pleasures; he finds by experience that intellectual joys are richer than corporeal. Archimedes, on a wild winter's night, ventures out to visit his fair mistress, and on reaching the door is denied admittance by the shameless flirt. Waiting in the cold and wet till the wayward beauty should relent, the great geometer falls a thinking, and in the intense strain of a moment discovers the law of proportion between the cylinder and the sphere. Was not Archimedes happier than he would have been if his mistress had been kind? What delights of the senses can equal the divine raptures of a cultivated mind! To live in a world of noble thoughts; to have the chambers of the imagination hung round with beautiful pictures; to be able to converse with Aristotle and Zeno; to have Pindar sing to you his lyrics, and Anacreon warble his songs; to walk with Homer over the romantic plains of Troy, or wander

with Ulysses among the enchanting islands of the Mediterranean Sea; for the price of a single banquet with Alcibiades, to sit down to meat with Socrates, and in the divine Dialogues of Plato enjoy a feast meet for the gods, — how delicious is that! What pleasures has the lover of art, of music, painting, sculpture, poesy! And the joys of friendship, — they are beyond all count. He who has a friend, let him not envy the rich man his luxury, nor the great man his pomp, for the ecstasies of human confidence and sympathy are forever new, and there is a bliss when congenial minds encounter, which an angel might envy.

But what if this noble happiness should prove to be neither eternal nor unalloyed, as it promised? If intellectual pleasures are disturbed by doubt, mistake, fatigue; if friendship should be mixed with pain; if jealousy, anxiety, suspicion, heart-burning, steal in and poison the fountains of beatitude; if the cherished one turn cold, or die, leaving a void which "not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can fill," — where then shall pleasure be looked for? Ah, well! sighs the gentle Epicurus, you must learn then what you can live *without*. The science of happiness is to know when to practise resignation, and what to resign. Expect nothing, and be content with it. True wealth consists not in adding to the store, but in diminishing the want. Cheap things give as much satisfaction as costly. Better than daintiest viands is the healthy hunger which changes the dish of herbs into turbot and canvas-backs. There is as much happiness in lying on the grass beneath an elm, with the murmur of running water in one's ears, as in sitting on rich ottomans in chambers gleaming with mirrors and lighted with candelabra. A contented mind is as blithe in tweed or calico as in broadcloth and velvet. Enough is as good as a feast, and enough is easily obtained. Reduce care to its lowest point; since you must at any rate choose between evils, choose the least evil. If mental pain is worse than bodily pain, the wise man will rather be unhappy rationally than happy as a fool.

The only question in life is a question between pills and peaches. Pain is the only evil, pleasure is the only good. If

you can escape a vexation by doing a charity, by all means let the importunate beggar have his shilling and take himself off. If to escape a vexation you must do an injustice, then by all means refuse the worthy suppliant, and have done with it. "A moderate pain is a greater evil than a huge dishonor; in the dishonor itself there is no evil, only in the pain that may follow it." To suffer wrong is more grievous than to inflict it,—unless, indeed, your sin is likely to find you out; in that case change your tactics for the sake of preserving your principle, and shun the greater misery by doing the handsome thing.

But ah! my good friend Epicurus, you are dodging the main question. You have confessed that pure happiness is not to be found. The pursuit of pleasure has resolved itself into an escape from pain.

> "Omni dolore carere non modo voluptas,
> Verum etiam summa voluptas."

But how is pain to be escaped? The pathways of existence, by your own admission, are so strewn with thorns that no by-way is wholly smooth and grassy. In whatever garden the rose is plucked, we are constantly pricking our fingers with the thorns, or getting stung by the bees. The present is never blissful. Well, then, rejoins Epicurus, doing his best to be merry under all circumstances, if the present is painful, there is at least an escape from its pain. You can flee from the present, and take refuge in the past. All joys are pure in memory. Even muck-hills bloom when they are old. There is always an Eden behind us; and as the wise man reverts to the dear days gone by, pain vanishes from his body and sadness fades from his heart, like the mould from the Venetian palaces by moonlight. And if it be insisted that pain cannot be evaded in this way, if confessing that suffering will not always lose itself in oblivion, and grief will not down, still all escape is not cut off. As a last resort, let the mind be schooled to a calm indifference towards all earthly accidents and estates. "It is great delight," sings the Epicurean poet, Lucretius, "to occupy the serene, defended heights raised by philosophy, and thence to look down upon mankind wandering vaguely in all directions seeking happiness, disputing the palm of genius or the chimera of birth, and subjecting themselves day and night to

the most painful toils to attain fortune or fame. Miserable people! To what darkness, to what peril, do you expose these few moments of being! Do you not know what Nature insists on, — a body free from pain, a mind free from disquiet?"

Epicurus sketched his wise man after this fashion. He is ever happy, for he is lifted above the reach of necessity, and he is delivered from the caprices of fortune. He alone, as a servant of truth, has attained his freedom. He alone knows how to love his friend nobly and well. He alone, having no servile fear of the gods, is sincerely thankful. He is not driven under the yoke of superstition; he is delivered from the ignoble dread of death. In the serenity of his soul he abides unshaken by physical pain. His will is submitted to his reason, and his reason is strong enough to protect him from bitter thoughts and feelings, and to lead him towards the contemplation of purer joys. At the worst, he knows that suffering must end with existence, and when the burden becomes too heavy to carry, how easily is the quietus made with a bare bodkin! Is there not a melancholy grandeur in this antique picture of the professed pleasure-seeker, — of the man whose aim it was so to live as not to be miserable? How lofty, yet how sad! The Epicurean is already undergoing the change that shall make him almost a Stoic.

The question still lies between pills and peaches. But what if virtue presents the peaches, and vice offers the pills? If goodness pays, if justice brings satisfaction, and truth a blessing, shall not these be reckoned the best recipes for happiness? Is it not possible that even to-day a wise man may find more pleasure in lending than in borrowing, in spending than in saving, in serving than in being served. May not honesty be the best policy? May not pleasure in its intensest form be consistent with self-denial, and even with self-sacrifice? Cranmer was doubtless happier on the whole when holding his guilty hand in the scorching flame, than he would have been using it to take a bribe. Thomas More was happier laying his honored head on the block, than he would have been living as an apostate or a traitor. And so Epicurus, following out his principle through these winding passages, comes out into this great light, and announces, as the end of his long quest for peace, that there

is no happiness without virtue, that in fact virtue is happiness. Common materialists reckon physical pangs to be worse than mental; Epicurus reckoned mental pangs to be worse than physical. The beginning and end of all, he said, is reason; out of reason grow all the virtues, and these declare that a man cannot live happily without living wisely, virtuously, and uprightly; nor can one live wisely, virtuously, and uprightly without living happily. He even went so far as to say that a good man might be happy in the glowing belly of the brazen bull, in which Phalaris, the tyrant of Syracuse, was wont to roast his enemies alive. But we must not give much heed to Epicurus when he talks in this heroic strain. He means much less than his words imply. In one word, he is playing the sentimentalist here. You may be sure that his wise man would take very particular pains to keep that bull at a comfortable distance, and would rather lose any amount of virtue than the good graces of such a dangerous foe as Phalaris. Epicurus is no hero, and no believer in heroes. The martyrs to patriotism and honor are legendary personages in his eyes. If he accepts virtue, it is only as a last escape from pain. It is welcome when it will get him out of trouble; and if it will procure for him the rich perquisites of fortune, he will embrace it and call it his dear friend forevermore. Virtue, however, must never lead him into trouble. He cannot afford to lose by it or to suffer for it. He will hazard nothing in its cause, nor will he resign a single joy to possess all it has to give. Of a moral purpose, a moral ideal, he has no conception whatever; all talk of the absolute rectitude to him is absolute nonsense. Goodness is a narcotic, excellent to deaden sensibility, and superior to other narcotics in that it is more powerful. It holds the same relation to mental excitement and the relief of friendship that chloroform does to opium. Find ease; find it, if you can, in dancing and merry-making; if you cannot find it there, seek it in philosophy and friendship. If these will not answer, why, there is the frowning fortress of reason, and the cloister cell of sanctity.

But is it not clear that at this point the definite pursuit of happiness has been abandoned? Happiness, if it is anything, is the gratification of *desire*. A man who is merely unconscious of suffering is not happy. Insensibility is not bliss.

One cannot get into heaven by putting on the hide of a rhinoceros. Archimedes was not *happy*, cogitating alone in the rain, while a rival was sipping the nectar of his mistress's lips. The saint in the bull's belly could not be enjoying himself while every nerve in his frame ministered torment to him. If the Epicurean's happiness is only sour grapes, after all, we may as well spare ourselves the labor of jumping after it; let us own that our brown bread is nothing but plain brown bread, not wedding-cake at all, and let us eat it with what appetite we may, and with no wry faces.

We must, however, concede in justice that the old prophet of Athens did endeavor seriously to solve the problem of happiness. And his attempt to avoid pain did lead him into the awful presence of holiness. Without any aid from religion, a wise self-seeking did conduct him hither, and hither will it conduct others. Let our epicure take a wary and comprehensive view of life in all its relations; let him study its laws, estimate its resources, welcome its privileges, balance against each other its pains and its pleasures; let him, in one word, be a consistent sensualist, a true philosopher of the world, and he must, though he believes neither in God nor Devil, though he hopes for no heaven and fears no hell, though he knows life to be short and fleeting, a few score years and then an eternal grave, — he must, as an honest seeker for the greatest measure of happiness attainable under mortal conditions, be temperate in his desires and moderate in his indulgences, — he must be thoughtful, virtuous, and self-denying.

The Girondins sat in the midnight together at their death-banquet. The table groaned under its load of costly viands; the rarest wines blushed in the goblets. The fragrance of fruits and flowers was heavy in the prison-walls. As their last day dawned, the doomed men rose and greeted it with hymns to liberty; words of lofty cheer passed from mouth to mouth; great hopes of immortality glowed within their breasts. Vergniaud had thrown away the cowardly poison by which he had thought to avoid the shame of the public scaffold; the rest had thrown away their cowardly passions, and were in a mood to change the bloody cart into a triumphal car. Was not this death-banquet of the Girondins, in that chaotic period

of the French Revolution, not only more sublime, but more sensible, than the death-feast of the miserable voluptuaries of Alexandria, who, in the delirium of drunkenness, put an end to their wretched existence, and let the base blood in their polluted veins mingle with the generous juice of their wine-cups?

Epicurus was not blind to the dangers which might arise from the false interpretations which men at large would put upon his system. And to guard his philosophy against misconception and abuse, he brought his disciples under his personal influence, made them commit his sententious lessons to memory, and would not allow them to alter a word of his doctrines. By this means his three hundred treatises fell into oblivion and were lost, (for which, exclaims Hegel, praised be God!) but his school maintained its integrity and purity for many generations. It was a common remark, that, while many left the other schools to join that of Epicurus, the instances were rare in which any left his school to become members of the others. Pliny the elder, who lived about three hundred years after Epicurus, says that in his time the birthday of this great man was celebrated as one of the auspicious days on which the earth gave its most precious gifts to men. For many centuries schools were opened in his name over civilized Europe. In 484 we hear of Epicureans even in China. But the influence of the great master was spent at last; sensualists of every degree called themselves his followers; and the garden became literally a sty. The profligates of Charles the Second's dissolute court did themselves the honor to call Epicurus their master. At Paris, the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, at her residence in the Rue des Tournelles, assembled the first club of professed Epicureans. And there one might have met Madame Scarron, the Countess of Susa, the Countess of Olonne, St. Evremond, the Count of Grammont, the English poet Waller, Madame Mazarin, Madame de Lafayette, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, and other ladies and gentlemen whose writings and reputations our fathers knew better than we, and we know better than we mean our children shall. When the school was transferred to Sceaux, it gathered in all the devotees of luxury, — the Cardinal de Polignac, St. Aulaire, Fontenelle, Voltaire, the Abbé Genet, and the English

poet Hamilton. At the beginning of this century an attempt was made to revive in Paris the Epicurean school, but it failed; and Armand Gouffé, one of its leaders, wrote the last song in praise of the old master.

The modern Epicurus, in his ordinary estate, is a well-bred man of the world, with some amiable common-sense, and an unsounded capacity for enjoyment. His earthly paradise is Paris, whither, if it be not his blessedness to be born there, he loves to make an occasional pilgrimage, to dine at the Trois Freres, saunter along the Boulevards des Italiens, and drive in the Bois de Boulogne. If an American, he is probably a New-Yorker, and by profession almost anything you will, provided it be merely profession. You may meet Epicurus, out of business hours, on Broadway, in a print-shop or a book-store; in the evening, in his opera-box or at the club. About the details of his life there is a little mystery, which scandal has long been trying to dissipate, which charity is willing to leave undisturbed. To all appearance, his style of living is moderate and elegant; evidently arranged with a view to securing all the luxury that is consistent with agreeable physical sensations. Having no fondness for domestic cares or family responsibilities, he is by choice a bachelor, like his ancient master, though if Cupid smites him with a golden arrow, diamond-pointed, he gracefully submits to the holy bond which unites to him a woman's beauty and fortune, and consents to charge himself with the duty of preserving the one and spending the other. The social tastes of Epicurus are rather exclusive, though not perhaps strictly select. The great unwashed are his aversion; but one would judge, from two or three of his intimates, that he had no deadly antipathy to impurity so long as it did not appear on the skin. Our friend, who has travelled, observed, and meditated much, is a great philosopher. He can talk finely about the equality of human conditions, the nice distribution of happiness in every human lot, and the compensations to be found in all human estates. It is really beautiful to hear him enlarge on the simple pleasures of the poor, the immunities of the disfranchised, the privileges of the lowly, and the innocent joys of the enslaved. So profound is his faith in Providence, that he will not see that anything in the universe needs correcting. We have heard him maintain,

over his sherbet and Madeira, that the world would be well enough if men would only let it alone. He has no patience with philanthropists and reformers, he has no faith in saints and heroes, — not he: they are knaves and pretenders, all of them, — do more harm than good. As for chivalry, disinterestedness, and all that, every man of common sense knows it is nothing but self-love in showy disguise. Everybody has his price; we all get what pleasure we can; and we all avoid pain if we can. A great philosopher. It is astonishing what a reputation for wisdom he has acquired by simply assuming that all men are knaves, and that frailty's name is woman.

In politics, as in morals, our philosopher is conservative. In fact, he hates politics and politicians, and annually threatens to leave the country for England or France, where the government is strong enough to protect property and the rights of gentlemen from socialists and radicals. The people, he thinks, ought to be governed. Laws which the well-to-do of all time have found perfectly satisfactory, ought to be satisfactory still, and ought to be preserved by force, if need be. Once, the privileges of the finer clay were respected; but now the earth is plagued by enthusiasts, who talk about their consciences, and are forever reminding people of certain eternal principles of equity, humanity, and the like. Nonsense. Life is a compromise, — a perpetual compromise between pains and pleasures, goods and ills. And your grand patriots and benefactors are simply men whose great luxury is the indulgence of their own self-esteem, and who "value money and social rank less than the pleasure of venting their spleen and making a sensation."

Epicurus is seen occasionally at the church where the best soprano in town is to be heard, and the pink of the fashion is to be seen, and he is quite sure that the preacher will say nothing to create an unpleasant sensation. No one, indeed, ever suspected him of excessive piety. Some of his friends have frankly confessed that his attachment to the forms of worship perhaps exceeded his love of religion. But it is shameful for those horribly earnest people out of doors to say, that he has no more faith in Christianity than the Grand Turk. For has he not a great dread of heresy and innovation? Does he not abhor the New Lights? Is he not a

stanch friend of religious institutions, and has he not often been heard to say that the Church was quite invaluable as an instrument of conservatism, as a means for keeping the ignorant and passionate under some salutary restraint? When he speaks of the impossibility of knowing anything about the secrets of the universe, and the uselessness of speculating upon the causes and essences of things, his conversation is really edifying to all comfort-loving soùls. And so large is his charity, that, in his tolerance, all religions are alike to him: one is no more true or venerable than another; he has a theory that they are all, at last, the same thing. And to show that this is not mere theory, he actually changed his religion two or three times in Europe, in order to gain admission to certain holy cities and shrines belonging to the Turks. He is beneficent too. He contributed last year to the ragged schools, saying wisely, that it was better to pay a dollar for prevention than ten dollars for cure; that poor schools were cheaper than jails, and teachers less expensive than officers. It is so painful for him to contemplate suffering, that he often flings an alms to a street beggar with an air which seems to say that it costs him less to give than to refuse. He disapproves, in the abstract, of grave social wrongs, even when they do not affect himself. And such is his love of peace and quietness, that he would be glad to hang and shoot everybody who disturbs the settled tranquillity of the public mind. He is a kind, pleasant, patronizing, gracious gentleman, with the softest voice and blandest manner and handsomest words you ever knew, and it is a shame to call him a materialist and an atheist, a man of such affability and delicacy.

But Epicurus is happy, — happy in his temperament and happy in his condition, happy in his felicitous choice of amusements and of vices, happy in his felicitous escape from the curse of anxiety and care, happy in his pleasant self-esteem, and happy in the reputation he enjoys of being an estimable member of society, a patron of liberal arts, a friend of order and good morals, a moderate man shunning extremes, and exhibiting to the world the natural alliance between virtue and happiness, the entire truth of the maxim that gain is godliness.

One Peter Gassendi, a cross between a clergyman and a chemist, is the author of several books aiming to prove that the ancient Epicurus was really a very good Christian. Epicureans generally were converted to his way of thinking. But the matter still remains in dispute. Some will have it that Gassendi was quizzing, much as Hamlet quizzed Polonius. We may suppose, however, that the good man was really in earnest, though his earnestness was of rather a quaint and muddled sort. Probably he was not unlike a certain old dame who went with an ancient sister to hear a certain famous preacher, respecting whose sanctity the public opinion was much divided. As they came from the meeting-house together, both in a state of high spiritual comfort, her companion said to her, "Well now, dear me, I really do think that Mr. Proof-Text is as good as Jesus Christ." "O no," said the other, "not as good as Jesus Christ, I cannot quite think that. But let me tell you, I think he may be as good as Antichrist."

But let us not refuse his due meed of praise to the prince of Epicures for what he has done in behalf of humanity. He has taught men to look about them sagaciously and kindly, and to appreciate the privileges of their earthly existence. No matter for the stars, they are no great things; vex not yourselves about the super-celestial; strain not your eyes by vain endeavors to look into the hereafter. Star-gazers often walk into wells; dreamers and idealists and aspirants after the perfect good are apt to stumble over the little pebbles of daily duty which lie thickly upon our common walk. Enjoy the hour. Snatch the moment's satisfaction. Take such gifts as the gods send, and be thankful. Here is nectar, sip it ere its bouquet is wasted; here are flowers, pluck them while they are fragrant; here are songs, listen and sing. To-day is all the day you have. The next life is the nearest life; take it as it is, and make the most of it. The old philosopher has his mite of wisdom. Man is not like Raffaelle's cherubs, all head and wings, with no convenience even for sitting down. He has a body, and a wonderful one, and every instinct in it is divine. Let us see what provision there may be for that under the sun.

And so, while Plato is devising his stately theologies, setting the stars to music, weaving the ethereal stuff of which religions

are made, fashioning out of dreams, longings, fears, anticipations, and all the invisible material of human thought, a palpable home for the human soul to dwell in; — while Zeno, the Stoic, is drilling man's will for its grand work of battling with the Devil, making systems of morals, propounding maxims of self-denial, nursing heroism, and calling upon men to be kings and priests unto themselves, — the amiable Epicurus is occupied with attempts to make life comfortable. He is the spiritual father of the great men in practical science. He is the animating soul of all labor-saving machinery; the prophet of iron, gas, electricity, of railways, ocean-steamers, lightning-presses, and magnetic telegraphs. At the bidding of his philosophy the Northern cities have summer all the winter long in their houses, and the dwellers in tropical climes cool their sherbet with crystals from frozen lakes. At his bidding the liberated spirits of the coal-mine illumine our parlors with fountains of flame. He speaks the word, and the distant river sends a rill into our chambers. Thanks to the philosopher of the world, the seamstress has found steel fingers, and need no longer sing the Song of the Shirt. The farmer on the Western prairie takes a morning's drive on his patent reaper, and sees the grain on a hundred acres fall merrily to his whistled Yankee Doodle. The invalid gets an airing in his wheel-chair without horse or servant. The bruised, the maimed, the cancerous, wander away in dreams to the Elysian Fields, and, returning, find that the offending part has been removed by the surgeon's swift and merciful knife. Great things, certainly, Epicurus and his fraternity have accomplished. Thanks to the kindly philosopher and his disciples for smoothing our track, and stuffing our carriage so handsomely; for teaching us how we may lounge and smoke while the elements are doing our work. Thanks to them for making the earth an agreeable home, instead of a desert or a dungeon. Thanks to them for their honest pursuit of temporal ease and physical comfort, for their brave experiments on human happiness. And thanks to them for their sad confession that the pursuit of earthly happiness is fruitless, that the experiments are failures, that the attempt to transform men into butterflies is resisted no less by the outward conditions of their existence than by their inborn convictions of immortality and God.

ART. II.—ERNST RIETSCHEL.

1. *Neues allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon oder Nachrichten von dem Leben und den Werken der Maler, Bildhauer, Baumeister, Kupferstecher, Formschneider, Lithographen, Zeichner, Medailleure, Elfenbeinarbeiter, etc.* Bearbeitet von DR. G. K. NAGLER. Dreizehnter Band. München: Verlag von E. A. Fleischmann. 1843. [Art. *Rietschel*, pp. 176–178.]
2. *Conversations-Lexicon.* Zehnte, verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Zwölfter Band. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1854. [Art. *Rietschel*, p. 785.]
3. *Beilagen zu den Nummern 84 und 85 der Allgemeine Zeitung*, 25–26 März, 1861.

THE first week of September, 1857, was a brilliant one in the little capital of Weimar. Dull for the most part in these latter days, as if fallen asleep in musing upon those which are gone, it took on a certain brisk activity, and gayly decorated its old Stadthaus in the market-place, and the Rathhaus opposite, built over anew in the Gothic style after the fire of 1837, —whose histories, if you are curious in these matters, will carry you back four centuries and more, to the days of the Landgraf Friedrich the Simple and the vigorous times of the Holy Roman Empire. It extended its zeal too, and its green branches, to the houses in which Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and Herder once lived, in that flower-time when Germany burst fragrant into the world's history with its wreath of Weimar glories. Goethe's house was adorned with the same emblems which he himself devised in 1825, upon occasion of the half-century anniversary of the rule of Karl August, whose hundredth birthday they celebrated now this 3d of September. With that we have nothing to do. It is with the next day we are concerned for a moment,—not with the multitude which gathered in the rain round the new statue of Wieland, in the place called by his name, by Gasser of Vienna, but with that which gathers in the open space before the theatre, where stands the Dioscuri group, from which the covering is withdrawn amidst the shouts of the multitude. And RIETSCHEL's twin statues of Goethe and Schiller look down

in solemn majesty upon the upturned eager faces, — among them those of Schiller's grandchildren and Goethe's sons, — and the artist, together with Miller, the director of the famous bronze-foundery at Munich, where the statues were cast, received each, from the hands of the Grand Duke, the Order of the White Falcon; as also the last actor of Goethe's time, the court-player Genast, the great golden Service-medal. At night they lighted up the statues, and the chorus of many voices rang through the silent streets.

There was much rejoicing in Weimar in this brilliant week. For the guests who streamed thither from all parts of Germany there was a visit to the Wartburg, and a concert at which the compositions of Franz Liszt were performed under the direction of that great artist himself, and balls and illuminations. Goethe's study and sleeping-chamber, peremptorily closed to all the world for fifteen years, with the exception of his hundredth birthday in 1849, were opened now, — and an eyewitness relates how in Schiller's modest dwelling he saw a man stoop down and kiss the coverlet of the bed upon which the great poet breathed his last.

It was an affecting moment when the covering fell from the statues, and many eyes were filled with tears, says the contemporary account. United in life, united in the memory of their nation after death, now at last united in bronze, one the complement of the other, an imperial pair; — Goethe calm and full of dignity, in firm possession of the wreath which he offers to his friend; Schiller, as if in motion, ever struggling onward, reaching at last the height which Goethe has long occupied. On Goethe's face is the calm assurance of victory, while the joy of triumph just won illumines Schiller's features. It is the ideal of both lives which stands visible before you, — worthiest memorial which Weimar shall point to in the coming time of the great masters of song who have made its name immortal.

The Englishman prides himself upon his common sense, and affects to despise the Ideal. He values a thought for its utility, — the German, for its beauty. The philosopher will not quarrel with the tendency of either, but will recognize the function of both in the culture of the race. Yet how these

men of common sense are forever proving to you, in spite of themselves, that the Ideal is the Real, there occurs a notable instance in that genial gossip, Tlepolemus, who, writing of late to Irenæus about the World of Weimar,* — not that of Karl August, active, brilliant, memorable, but that of Karl Alexander, silent, faded, shadowy, — uses these words touching our Dioscuri group: —

"The statue has excited ridicule, because Goethe appears to be taking care of Schiller, or to be in a manner his keeper. But the idea is perfectly compatible with the respective characters of the poets, and with their mutual relations while alive. Goethe appears master of the world, and thoroughly at home in it. His brow is open, unabashed, and dauntless. He stands well on his legs, and his portly figure indicates a sound constitution, good lungs, and green old age. His manner is at once composed and unrestrained. He stands perfectly upright, and yet perfectly at ease. On the other hand, the position of Schiller indicates bodily languor and weakness, combined with enthusiasm and mental vigor. His breath appears to be drawn with difficulty, and his head is set somewhat forward on the shoulders. His brow and face appear illuminated with intellectual light, while the traits betray an expression of physical pain. He is in the world, but not of it; he seems to be stretching out of it in endeavor to discover the secrets of the Infinite. The one just, in fact, appears the complement of the other. They typify the two schools of classic and romantic poetry; not that they exclusively treated of subjects belonging to one or to the other, but that they treated all subjects each in his own manner, — Goethe sensuously, Schiller spiritually. The brotherly embrace of the group denotes that there can be no sharply-drawn division between the two schools, and in fact the word schools is less appropriate than that of tendencies or points of view. On the whole," concludes our critic, with great English common-sense, "there is no doubt but that this statue greatly ornaments Weimar." †

And now the news comes to us over the seas, that the artist to whom we owe the conception and execution of these twin statues has gone from earth. Ernst Friedrich August Rietschel died at Dresden on the 21st of February, 1861.

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* Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1861, pp. 460, 461.

† It may be of interest, perhaps, to know that the whole sum contributed for these statues was $15,905. King Ludwig of Bavaria gave the bronze, and the Grand Duke of Baden the pedestals.

We have put together the following account of him for such as feel an interest in the plastic art of Germany.

He was born in Pulsnitz, a little town in Saxony, a dozen miles or more from Dresden, on the 15th of December, 1804. His father was the sexton of the place, but of such zeal for knowledge that he is said to have copied with his own hand favorite books, which his poverty prevented him from buying, such as, among others, Bode's Starry Heavens. The family consisted of two daughters and this son Ernst, who was early put into a grocer's shop; but his master, finding that he could make anything but a grocer of him, advised him to seek his fortune elsewhere. From earliest childhood the boy showed a genius for drawing, but the straitened circumstances of his parents threatened to prevent him from entering upon the career for which nature had fitted him; but nature for the most part somehow taking care of her own, we find him in 1820 in the Academy of Art in Dresden. An architect from Dresden, related to some friends of the family, happened on a visit to Pulsnitz to see some of his sketches, and was so taken with them, that on his return to Dresden he acquainted Professor Seifert, Inspector of the Academy of Art, with the boy's talent. Seifert secured for him the patronage of the Cabinet-minister, the Count von Einsiedel, proprietor of the great iron and bronze foundery at Lauchhammer, and he was at once established as pupil in the Academy. His vacations were usually passed in Lauchhammer, where his endearing manners made him a great favorite, particularly in the family of the head-agent Trautscholdt, whose daughter he afterwards married. His progress in Dresden was so rapid, that in 1825 he was commissioned by his patron, the Count von Einsiedel, to executè a statue of Neptune, eight feet high, to be cast at Lauchhammer for the fountain in the market-place at Nordhausen. It was repeated in 1838 for the park of Prince Karl of Prussia at Glienicke. In after years Rietschel was fond of relating how, as yet wholly unacquainted with technical manipulation, he used to torture himself to shape his mass of clay; and how one day, to his infinite horror and despair, the great sea-god fell wholly in formless chaos. It was at this time that he gained the friend-

ship, ending only with his life, of the celebrated engraver, J. Thäter, now of Munich, — and, later, of that inimitable artist, Ludwig Richter, as also of E. Peschel.

In 1826, under the patronage of the Minister Von Einsiedel, he went to study with Rauch in Berlin. His days there were of the saddest, it is said, in his life of struggle. In a brief notice of him in an English journal,* it is said that his manners were shy, and not of a sort to win the confidence of Rauch, who treated him coldly at first; — till one day he saw him sketching a couple of heads from nature, which so delighted him that henceforth Rietschel was as a son to him. Their friendship lasted undisturbed till Rauch's death, and is said to have had the best effect upon the works of both artists. To the earnest, profound aim of Rauch to attain to the perfect truth of nature, Rietschel added the charm of the Ideal, — that poetic consecration which is as the direct gift of God.

In the second year of his residence in Berlin, he competed for the great prize, the subject of which was Penelope, represented in relief, at the moment when, disregarding the commands of her father, Icarius, she follows as a bride the departing Ulysses. His work was considered by all worthy of the prize; but, not being a Prussian, he could not take it. He received, however, the great golden medal, and, at the recommendation of the Academic Senate of Berlin, the stipend for a visit to Italy from his own government of Saxony. At this period he exhibited a model for a statue of David, which was well received. It showed great maturity of power.

In 1829 he accompanied his master to Munich, where he tarried some time, fascinated by the zeal of the artists — Cornelius, Schnorr, Hess, Klenze, Schwanthaler, and the rest — gathered around King Ludwig. Munich was winning then its fame as the capital of German Art, — a fame which, at present at least, there is little likelihood of its losing, so long as it keeps Kaulbach and recognizes Piloty. Rietschel rendered much aid to Rauch in modelling the statue of Maximilian Joseph which adorns the square in front of the New Palace in Munich, and took active part in the decoration of the pediments of the Glyptothek, modelling many of the figures.

* The Builder for 9 March, 1861, p. 157.

In the autumn of 1830 he went to Italy, tarrying longest in Rome, where was gathered then a genial company of German artists, who gave him friendly reception. There was Wilhelm Schadow and his pupils, Hildebrand, Hübner, Bendemann, — Rietschel's personal friends in Berlin. There was also Felix Mendelssohn, in the freshness of youthful vigor, to add the fascination of music to the delights of art. There was Thorwaldsen, the lion of silver mane, preserving in age the strength of youth, creating then his great Apostles, and the Christ, for Copenhagen, and the monument of Pius VIII. for St. Peters. There was Overbeck, also, just completing his sketch for his picture at Frankfort, The Triumph of Christianity in the Arts. But in 1831 Rietschel was obliged to return to Berlin, in order to begin in Rauch's atelier a colossal sitting statue of King Friedrich August of Saxony, called the Just, who died in 1827. He is represented as holding the sceptre and the book of the law, with four allegorical figures upon the corners of the pedestal, which was designed by Semper, typifying Mildness, Piety, Wisdom, and Justice. The sketches for these figures, for which he had received a commission before going to Italy, Rietschel had carried with him to Rome, and finished there. The severe conception, reminding you of the style of the earlier Italian sculpture, and the perfect technical execution, excited universal applause. Since Gottfried Schadow, indeed, no German sculptor has been so distinguished as Rietschel for his drawing. Almost all his sketches for reliefs are in themselves important works of art, it is claimed. Some of them, like the frieze representing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, an early work in possession of his family, have never been executed. The Academy of Dresden has many of these sketches. The statue of Friedrich August was completed in Dresden, whither he was called in 1832 to be Professor of Sculpture in the Academy of Art. The figures were cast by Schröttel, but the casting of the statue failed for the second time in Dresden in 1840. The third casting, at Lauchhammer, succeeded. It was erected on the 7th of June, in the great square of the Zwinger. From that time till his death was a period of almost uninterrupted activity. In the Friedrichstadt in Dresden, also, there stands upon a high

granite pedestal a plain bronze bust of King Anton the Good, modelled by Rietschel for the people of that quarter of the city, who erected it on the king's eightieth birthday, in 1835.

For the pediment of the Augusteum, the University building in Leipzig, he executed several reliefs, representing allegorically the four Faculties, personified by teachers and pupils. Later, in 1838, he began for the Aula of the University a frieze containing twelve reliefs, representing the history of human culture, — the representation of the Old-Egyptian period by rolling off a colossal Sphinx, drawn by slaves, to the sound of music, being thought by those who can see into it to be very original, — as also the marble busts of the members of the royal family. On his own house he placed busts of six celebrated artists, besides executing many excellent portrait busts. He also executed for Herr von Quandt a nymph, half draped, which still adorns that gentleman's pretty park in Drittersbach.

In 1839 he finished for Fulda the statue of St. Boniface in bronze, — a notable figure, representing the Apostle holding the cross in his right hand, and the Bible in his left, — and prepared the designs for the two pediments of the theatre in Dresden. On the outside, in the niches at the entrance, are the statues of Goethe and Schiller; — in the northern pediment, which faces the Zwinger, are colossal figures in sandstone, executed after models of half life-size prepared by himself and his pupils, representing a scene from the Eumenides of Æschylus, — Orestes pursued by the Furies, — designed as a symbolic representation of dramatic art. In the southern pediment, the Muse of Music is represented in bronze upon an eagle, with other groups. Remarkable figures all, which unfortunately the distance from the observer prevents the full enjoyment of. In the interior of the theatre are also statues and reliefs by himself and Hähnel. His success in this work led to his employment upon the pediment of the new Opera House in Berlin, for which he executed the graceful group of Apollo with the Muses. The rich sculptures on the north side of the New Museum in Dresden, which combine with those of Hähnel on the south side to adorn that building with reliefs and statues in sandstone, are also by Rietschel.

In addition to his greater works, he has executed a bas-relief representing Charon, after Goethe's poem; a little statue of Ceres three feet in height, in marble; a statuette of Justice in bronze, for Duke John, in commemoration of the Landtag of 1839, — of which there exist only twelve copies, which were distributed by the Duke. In 1843 the Society of German Forestry and Agriculture resolved to erect in Leipzig a statue to Albrecht Thaer, who died in 1828, — one of the earliest to lead the way in the application of the sciences to agriculture, in extending the cultivation of the potato, in revealing the value of statistics in reference to production and profits, and in other respects to forward the fruitfulness of the earth. Rietschel was selected as the artist. His bronze statue of Thaer, eight feet in height, was erected September 28th, 1850. His fame was increased and established by his statue of Lessing, which was erected in the place called after that writer's name, in Brunswick, in 1853.

Thaer was represented with a mantle. In his statue of Lessing, Rietschel disregarded that traditional costume, last relic of a fading age, and, adopting the dress of the time, gave his subject individuality and force. The ancient costume is very well, if your subject is Cicero or a Cæsar; but when the artist presents to us an historical personage, whom we picture to ourselves always in an historical costume, — for every age has its own dress, — why conjure him up in a toga? We remember in St. Paul's Cathedral a statue of Samuel Johnson, represented in the classic way with a mantle. You hardly know the great philosopher, — so much like a wild Indian, with bare, brawny arms, half naked and half drunk. Not Boswell's Johnson this, whom we expected to meet just now at the Mitre, when we drank our beer in the dingy stillness there, hobnobbing across the years with "that strange figure, which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, — the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with a scorched foretop," — remembering how it is all there as it was a hundred years ago, with the three tables and the gloom and the pewter tankards; — only the age is gone. But we wander.

Not far from Regensburg, on the banks of the Donau, on a height commanding the river and the valley for many a mile, stands a marvellous structure, — a Temple built in these days to hint to you the glories of the Parthenon in the former time. It is the Walhalla, or Temple of Fame; — enough, if nothing else survived, to cause posterity to remember and talk about Klenze, the architect, and Ludwig I. of Bavaria, that munificent patron of art in our century. Among the busts there are those of the Kurfürst August II. of Saxony, and of "Dr. Martin Luther," by Rietschel.

In 1840 he constructed the new tomb for the remains of the Margraf Diezmann, in the Church of St. Paul. The old one having been destroyed, the king had caused a new monument to be erected to the memory of his ancestor, who died in 1307. Rietschel had previously restored the beautiful Gothic portal of the Stiftskirche in Dresden.

He was a member of the Royal Academies of Dresden and Berlin. In 1851 he received an invitation to Weimar, where Karl Alexander seeks to plant a school of Art, and during the last years one to Berlin, to fill the post of Director of the Academy, made vacant by the death of his great master, Rauch. Few of his works, it is said in the article about him in Nagler's valuable Lexicon, have been engraved. An episode only in Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen is mentioned as engraved by Thäter. But eighteen years have elapsed since Nagler's volume was printed. We are ignorant how much has been engraved in the interval. His reliefs of the Christ-Angel, of the Four Seasons, and of the Amorettes on panthers, are widely known, as well as his famous twin-statues of Goethe and Schiller.

There was a long period in his life, it is said, when Rietschel's fame was not what it became in Germany after the exhibitions of London and Paris, — and his domestic life (he was four times married) was visited with many afflictions. It was to console his grief that he executed his Pietà (1844–45), one of the richest fruits of his genius, which, afterwards put into marble, was bought by Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia for the Friedenskirche in Potsdam. To the same period is to be ascribed, also, his beautiful relief of

Joseph and his Brethren, which, being still in plaster, is little known. Among his last works were his statue of Karl Weber, the celebrated composer, — who died in London in 1826, but whose remains were afterwards removed to Dresden, — which was set up in the open place before the theatre in Dresden in 1860, and the model for the colossal Brunonia in a chariot for the palace in Brunswick.

In acknowledgment of his refusal of invitations to foreign courts, the Saxon government built for his use a house and large atelier. He was destined to enjoy them only a short time. Of retiring manners, living, it is said, "with almost priestly severity" for his art, he had already been attacked by consumption in his earlier years, which he sought to ward off by a winter in Palermo. At the beginning of this year it was obvious that he could not long survive; yet he has left completed the statues of Luther and Wycliffe, for which Germany as well as Europe looked to him, for the monument which the Protestant world is to erect at Worms. That of Luther, a colossal statue, "exhibits the fruits," it is said, "of earnest study, in which the long-cherished ideas of the master are carried out. Firm and immovable, full of inward conviction and deepest faith, stands the firm figure of the Reformer, every inch a man"; — his lips as if quivering still with the words which he uttered at Worms in 1521: "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir! Amen!"

It was a sad thing to him that he could not live to finish his last work. Not long before his death, no longer able to descend to his atelier, and wishing once more to see his statue, they carried it into the garden, and, sitting at the window, he contemplated it a good while in silence. And when somebody asked anxiously who should finish the Luther monument, he answered, in a low but firm voice, "God will care for it."

His two predecessors, Schwanthaler and Rauch, left Rietschel without a rival as a German sculptor; — but it is by no means certain that the next age will not put him at the head of monumental sculpture in Germany in the first half of this century. "Schwanthaler est, avant tout, Bavarois," says a French writer, "Rauch est Prussien, mais Rietschel est Alle-

mand." The statue of Luther, says a contemporary French journal,* expresses at once the individual and national character of the German Reformer, as well as the sublime part he played in the world. "The head thrown back a little, the countenance full of fire, the lips half open, the attitude full of energy, — all recall the defender of truth, the pitiless enemy of hypocrisy and lying. The English Reformer is conceived in another spirit, — there is nothing in him to remind you of the passionate struggles of Luther. He is seated, his staff between his legs and his open Bible on one of his knees. He resembles the old man who, at the end of his journey, meditates of a summer eve the path he has travelled and the repose which he shall soon enjoy in the world which lies beyond the sunset."

A proposition has been made to form a Museum of Rietschel's works, and a committee has taken the matter in hand. The Academy of Dresden is represented on this committee by the Professors Gruner, Hähnel, Hettner, J. Hübner, and Schnorr von Carolsfeld. The object is to form a collection of copies of all the works of the master, similar to that which exists of Schwanthaler's works in Munich, of Thorwaldsen's in Copenhagen, and of Rauch's in Berlin.

On the 24th of February Rietschel was buried at Dresden with great honor. The day preceding, the remains were placed in his atelier for such as would take their last look of him, resting there from his labors, his countenance full of peace, it is said, surrounded by the creations of his genius, — the colossal statue of Luther lifting itself above his head. At his feet, among lighted candles, on white silk cushions, were the orders with which the princes of earth had decorated him, — and flowers and wreaths, last tokens of respect and love from those who mourned him. The walls were hung with black, and lofty palm-branches overshadowed the statues. After midday two professors and pupils of the Royal Academy formed the guard of honor round the bier. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 24th of February, there followed him to the grave, singing "Jesus meine Zuversicht,"

* *Revue Germanique*, for 31 March, 1861. Tom. XIV. No. 2, p. 344.

while the bells tolled sadly, a long procession, — three of his former pupils bearing on cushions before the bier his orders and a laurel wreath, — upon the bier, on a cushion which displayed the colors of the city, a fresh laurel wreath sent by its magistrate, — a military band of eighty men performing Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's funeral marches, — his pupils bearing palm-branches, ten on each side of the bier; — following it, preceded by an Adjutant of the King and the Court Marshal of the Crown Prince, came the Ministers of the State, Ambassadors, the Academic Council, Professors of the Academy, officials of the city, — all the dignity of Saxony and all the culture of Dresden, — artists, actors, writers, singers, editors, — closed by carriages containing the relatives of the deceased, together with the equipages of their Majesties, of the Crown Prince and Prince George, toward the Trinity Churchyard, where his pupils laid him in his last resting-place; his friend the Diakonus Schulze reminding them how the modesty of the master had its root in the fear of God. After brief singing, the President of the Academic Council, whose very long title is Ministerial-Director Geheimerrath Kohlschütter, pronounced a worthy funeral discourse, at the conclusion of which one of his pupils utters for all the long farewell. Then, throwing laurel wreaths and palm-branches into the grave, — fresh symbols of victory and immortality, — they dropped each a handful of earth upon them; — sad that he must go, yet proud that he belonged to them.*

* The Athenæum for June 1, 1861, reports that the task of completing the Luther monument has been intrusted to Rietschel's pupils, Herren Kietz and Dondorf, who were suggested by Rietschel himself as best able to carry out his ideas, with which they were intimately acquainted. Julius Schnorr and Hähnel will also aid them with their counsel.

Art. III.—THE ORIGIN AND COMPOSITION OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

1. *Paulus, der Apostel Jesu Christi.* (*Paul, the Apostle of Jesus Christ. A Contribution to a Critical History of Primitive Christianity.*) Von Dr. F. C. Baur. Stuttgart. 1845.
2. *Die Apostelgeschichte nach ihrem Inhalt und Ursprung Kritisch untersucht.* (*The Acts of the Apostles: a Critical Examination of its Origin and Contents.*) Von Dr. Eduard Zeller. Stuttgart. 1854.
3. *Die Composition und Entstehung der Apostelgeschichte von Neuem untersucht.* (*A new Investigation of the Composition and Origin of the Acts of the Apostles.*) Von Eduard Lekebusch. Gotha. 1854.

The events of the past, as recorded in history, unfold themselves to the mind, not in the native purity of their actual occurrence, but tinged with a coloring derived from the medium through which they are viewed. The objective sternly refuses to appear just as it is, and always steps forward clothed in a borrowed dress. It is hardly possible that anything should be looked at through a perfectly clear atmosphere, and the thoughts and emotions of the spectator will generally modify to some extent the scene before him. And if this is the case, to however small a degree, in a simple act of perception, the introduction of the additional elements of memory, judgment, the collection and arrangement of materials, will cause the subjective side of history to extend itself, and uncertainty will increase with the increasing number of the faculties requisite for the discovery of truth. We know that this doctrine may be carried so far as to lead to a scepticism utterly preclusive of knowledge, or to an idealism which should secure certainty only by renouncing the world of objective fact. But there is no need to push it to either of these extremes. The general trustworthiness of the human faculties being assumed, and honesty of purpose being conceded wherever the reverse cannot be proved, History becomes possible, though it remains difficult, and a hope is left that, by the exercise of reason and a nice power of

discriminating the true from the false, some reliable glimpses may be obtained into the actual progress of affairs in distant times.

If these remarks are well founded, it will follow that every narrative of past events must be more or less modified by the particular point of view of the narrator. It would not be difficult to show that this has been always the case. Indeed, it were much easier to multiply examples of historical works in which truth has been utterly distorted to serve a particular interest, than to name even one of which it can be said that in no instance have facts been made to bend to the preconceived views of the historian. To take a single example. In the most brilliant piece of historical composition of modern times, the "design" of the writer is apparent throughout. No perfectly successful attempt has been made to impugn the correctness of any statement in Macaulay's History of England; and yet it would be absurd to deny that the aim of the work is to exhibit in the strongest light the blessings of the Revolution, to excite the utmost abhorrence of King James and absolute government, and to kindle the warmest admiration for King William and free institutions, and that this aim has been most successfully attained.

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of the learned and interesting works of Dr. Baur and Dr. Zeller on the Acts of the Apostles, in which, as is now well known even to those who are only moderately acquainted with recent German theology, an attempt is made to prove the presence of a *design* on the part of the Scriptural writer apart from and overruling the interests of truth. It is not our present purpose to examine this part of the question, and we must here content ourselves with saying that we are unable to receive the Tübingen view except in a very modified form. We admit, indeed, the unhistorical aspect of the earlier chapters of the Book of Acts, and cannot but acknowledge that there are traces of a disposition throughout the whole work to represent the harmonious working of the Apostolic Church as more perfect than was actually the case, as well as to ignore the historically certain fact of the opposition between the Judaic and Pauline forms of Christianity; but we would

suggest that a design of this kind might coexist with the most perfect conscientiousness on the part of the author, and even to a great extent with the correctness of the statements made. We must decline, moreover, to regard the account of the Apostolic council as a deliberate fiction, and would rather consider it as referring to an earlier visit of Paul to Jerusalem than that touched upon in the Epistle to the Galatians, with which, we admit, it cannot be identified. We dissent therefore from the Tübingen doctrine in the two important points of rejecting the notion of intentional fiction and distinguishing between the historical and unhistorical portions of the Acts. In defence of this view much might be urged, but we must for the present content ourselves with this statement of results, which we make, not from any desire to dogmatize, but as an introduction to some further questions to which we would now invite our readers' attention. These questions concern the authorship of the Acts, the materials used in its composition, the time when and the place where it was written. We cannot hope to discuss all these points fully, nor on subjects so difficult and obscure can we even promise to come to any perfectly definite conclusions. We must only endeavor to say, in the shortest compass possible, and making use of the best materials within our reach, whatever seems to us most worthy of being said about them.

That the Book of Acts is the work of one author, and not a mere collection of fragments put together by one compiler, is an essential part of that view which regards it as designed to exhibit the relations of parties in the primitive Church in the most favorable light, and to produce upon the reader's mind the most pleasing impression possible. Apart from this consideration, however, it appears to us that the unity of authorship has been clearly established, while we cannot but think that the attempts which have been made to distinguish the character and subject, and point out the limits of various documents supposed to be worked into the narrative, rest on very insufficient evidence. That the author availed himself of pre-existing materials we do not doubt, for this is not only intrinsically probable, but is supported by the writer's own testimony to his mode of proceeding in the

composition of his Gospel; nor do we deny that certain general indications of the presence of such materials may be discovered. But that a Biography of Peter was used, that a Biography of Barnabas was used, that a distinct report of a missionary journey (in Acts xiii., xiv.) and a Life of Stephen were used, cannot, we think, be satisfactorily proved. It is possible, indeed, that there were such documents, and if so, they were no doubt consulted. But their existence is mere matter of conjecture, and, without some more positive evidence than can be adduced for it, is not to be taken for granted. Arguments, indeed, may be found in abundance for believing in the presence of these or similar documents. Some of the arguments, however, which have been actually urged, are extremely feeble; and there are none, it seems to us, of sufficient weight to withstand the mass of evidence which can be arrayed in defence of a different theory. And as we rely upon this evidence for the refutation of the documentary hypothesis, rather than upon its own inherent weakness, it is of less consequence that we cannot here examine it minutely. That the Book of Acts is the work of one author, may be considered, we believe, an established result of modern criticism. Here extreme theologians on either side may join hands, and the most orthodox defenders of verbal inspiration may afford to acknowledge the services of their heterodox brethren in rescuing the integrity of a canonical book from those who would rashly mutilate the Scriptures and multiply unnecessarily the organs of divine truth.

It has been just remarked, that the Tübingen doctrine in regard to the "design" of the Acts implies unity of authorship. And this is the case no less with the modified form of that doctrine which we have adopted. For if there is traceable through the entire work a tendency to represent facts in a peculiar light, and to permit a particular view of things to predominate over any other interest, this of itself precludes any such servile use of materials as the theory we have alluded to supposes. This argument, however, we can afford to set aside. There are other indications which satisfy us that the work is the independent composition of one mind, and that, so far as written materials have been employed, they have been

so worked into the body of the history as to have become quite undistinguishable. In the first place, then, we may observe, it is generally admitted that the book sets out with the statement of a plan, and that it ends only when this plan has been accomplished. The announcement of the plan is certainly not made by the author in his own person, but no one can doubt that he contemplated the command of the risen Christ to his Apostles, directing them to be his witnesses, "both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth,"* as prescribing also a rule for his own guidance. This accordingly is the plan which he follows. He begins from Jerusalem and ends with Rome. It shows how the Word was first preached in the land of its birth, proceeding outwards from the ancient seat of the true religion until it reached the capital of the heathen world, the seat of all falsehood and vice, which might fairly be regarded as at the very limit of the earth.

If the announcement and fulfilment of such a plan be not incompatible with the simple selection and arrangement of materials, there are not wanting throughout the work various references to preceding and following passages which go far to show that the writer of the parts where they occur must have been acquainted with the remainder of the book. When we read, for example, in Acts xi. 16, the words, *Ἰωάννης μὲν ἐβάπτισεν ὕδατι, ὑμεῖς δὲ βαπτισθήσεσθε ἐν πνεύματι ἁγίῳ*, quoted from i. 5, and indeed with an express reference to their former occurrence in the words *Ἐμνήσθην δὲ τοῦ ῥήματος τοῦ κυρίου, ὡς ἔλεγεν*, can we have the least hesitation in affirming that the writer of the later passage was acquainted with the earlier one? There is also a plain reference in xi. 19 to viii. 4, so that we thus obtain three passages, in different parts of the book, claiming to proceed from the same author. It may be said, perhaps, that the words *Οἱ μὲν οὖν διασπαρέντες*, in xi. 19, are the beginning of a new section, and consequently the intervening section may belong to a different document. But the account of the preaching of Philip in Samaria, of the visit of Peter and John to the same city, of the conver-

* Acts i. 8.

sions of the Ethiopian eunuch and of Cornelius, and of the work of Peter at Lydda and Joppa, evidently connects itself with the first *Οἱ μὲν οὖν διασπαρέντες*, and is indeed but the detailed narrative of what is asserted in general terms in viii. 4; while the conversion of Saul, narrated in the same section and introduced in ix. 1, carries back the mind, by the use of the word ἔτι, to the first mention of his persecuting spirit in viii. 3; and this same narrative, again, carries us forward, by the similarity of its language, to the two later passages in which it is repeated, thus multiplying the threads which unite one portion of the work with another, and proving identity of authorship for all.

It is equally easy to show that the history of the Jerusalem council is due to the same writer as the account of the conversion of Cornelius; for not only does the address of Peter refer in general terms to this event, but the very words he uses at the Council recall forcibly an expression of his own upon occasion of his justifying himself to the Church for having eaten with Gentiles.* Nor is it of any avail to conjecture, with one critic, that the speech of Peter has been taken from a different source from that to which the remaining portion of the fifteenth chapter must be referred, for without it the history would be incomplete, and the address of James, no less than that of his brother Apostle, presupposes the conversion of Cornelius, besides referring expressly at the very outset to the remarks of the preceding speaker. And if it is clear that this record of the proceedings of the council came from the pen of the author of the earlier part of our history, it is no less clear that we are indebted to the same authority for the interview between Paul and James on occasion of the final visit of the former to Jerusalem. The Apostle is here represented as referring to the decree of the council in regard to the restrictions imposed on Gentile converts, and although this reference is certainly not conclusive on our view of the historical character of chapter xv., it is hardly to be supposed that the allusion would have been put into the mouth of the

* Cf. *δοὺς αὐτοῖς τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον, καθὼς καὶ ἡμῖν*, (Acts xv. 8,) with *εἰ οὖν τὴν ἴσην δωρεὰν ἔδωκεν αὐτοῖς ὁ Θεὸς ὡς καὶ ἡμῖν* (Ib. xi. 17).

Apostle had there not been a consciousness on the part of the writer that it would explain itself by means of the historical statement preceding. But in the speech of James at the council another remarkable link may be found connecting the passage when it occurs with quite a different part of the work. We mean the phrase *Μωϋσῆς ..... κατὰ πᾶν σάββατον ἀναγινωσκόμενος*, so evidently a repetition of *τὰς φωνὰς τῶν προφητῶν τὰς κατὰ πᾶν σάββατον ἀναγινωσκομένας*,* in the address of Paul in the synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia. And in this way, it may be observed, the supposed missionary journal takes its place as part of the same original work which contains the other narratives just referred to.

There is another reference in chapter xv. to the preaching of Paul and Barnabas in Pamphylia and Pisidia. Paul proposes to his fellow-laborer to "return and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord,"† and there is presently a distinct allusion to the desertion of Mark, whose companionship Paul declined, because he had "departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." This departure is mentioned in xiii. 13, but is not emphasized as a fault; and the reference is perhaps the more valuable for being undesigned. It would seem to be the result of a natural connection of thought, and not of any attempt a compiler might have made to bring one passage into harmony with another.

We subjoin a few other examples of the same kind. The statement, in xviii. 5, that Silas and Timotheus, coming from Macedonia, joined Paul in Corinth, refers to the message of Paul desiring them to come to him with all speed, which we find mentioned in xvii. 15. In viii. 40, we accompany Philip the deacon as far as Cæsarea, where we leave him. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that it is at Cæsarea we again meet with him in xxi. 8, where he is mentioned under the name of the Evangelist, and as one of the seven, with a clear allusion therefore to the appointment of the seven deacons recorded in chapter vi. In xxiv. 18, Paul, in his defence before Felix, pleads his peaceful observance of the rites of

* Acts xv. 21 and xiii. 27. † Ibid. xv. 36.

his nation, as exemplified in his conduct on his arrival in Jerusalem, thus carrying us back to the event recorded at length in xxi. 26–28.

We might, without difficulty, multiply proofs of the interdependence of the different parts of our history one upon another, but the foregoing are perhaps sufficient to show that the work, on the whole, possesses a far greater degree of unity than is consistent with the theory of a mere compilation of various documents; and, indeed, so obvious are the lines of connection, that one must wonder any ingenuity should have been so perverse as to neglect them, or, being aware of their existence, seek to eliminate them. It is true, the defenders of this hypothesis may still maintain that the compiler was not so entirely subservient to his materials as not to have exercised some skill in weaving them into a consistent whole, and that, while preserving their style and contents, he may nevertheless have been careful to introduce such alterations as were necessary to give his work the appearance of consistency and orderly arrangement. But this is already a partial abandonment of the theory; for some of the arguments adduced in its defence are based just on the assumption that the compiler was the most careless of mortals, and utterly devoid of literary taste. And if, further, the claim of diversity of style should be abandoned, and the different manuscripts lying before the writer should be allowed to have been re-written, while only their substance was followed, this amounts to a total rejection of the documentary hypothesis; for we would wish it to be clearly understood that we are by no means arguing against the *use* of written sources, but only against *such* a use of them as would deprive our historian of all original merit.

In truth, however, all the proofs of unity of authorship hitherto advanced are insignificant compared with that which we have reserved for the last. We hardly know how we shall be able to do full justice to this argument without introducing matter unsuitable to the pages of a review, and occupying much more space than can be granted us for this purpose. Our attempt must be to set it forth in such a way as to permit the general reader to form some estimate of its value, while we refer the student to the valuable works whence we have de-

rived our information. According to the remarks above made, the documentary theory (as we here named it) requires, in the most modified form in which it can be held at all, a diversity of style in the Book of Acts corresponding to the diversity of materials. Does this diversity then exist? That is the simple question which we now propose to answer. It is on the answer to this question that we rely for conclusive evidence that the Apostolic history is the work of a single hand. This diversity of style, we reply, does not exist. On the contrary, there is throughout the entire work such a marked uniformity of style as to leave it no longer open to doubt that one author is responsible for all. From beginning to end of the book, in every part of it, there is found a recurrence of the same words and phrases more or less peculiar to the author, there is the same use of particles, there are the same syntactical peculiarities, there are the same modes of imparting life and animation to the narrative. The German critics who have investigated this question have not contented themselves with any mere general or superficial examination. They have done their work thoroughly. They have been most minute in their investigations, and have spared no pains to make the result as certain as possible. The student will find in M. Lekebusch's able and interesting work on the Composition of the Apostolic History, a catalogue of upwards of eight hundred words occurring in the Gospel of Luke and the Acts, and identifying these two works as the independent compositions of a single writer. Of these words, no doubt, a considerable number are not uncommon, and therefore prove nothing; and we have to join in Dr. Zeller's regret that M. Lekebusch was not more careful to point out those which are of most importance in regard to the question before us. The passages where they occur, however, will be found carefully recorded, and in the case of rare words the number of times they are to be found in the remainder of the New Testament is mentioned. Every one may thus estimate their value for himself. To that portion of Dr. Zeller's work which treats of this subject we must also refer with gratitude.

We can here do little more than give examples which may serve to indicate generally the nature of this evidence. We

have, however, selected from M. Lekebusch's catalogue all those words which, not occurring at all in any part of the Testament except the two works ascribed to Luke, are to be found *more than once* in the Acts; and we subjoin a list of them, which we believe to be complete. We will indicate by a numeral enclosed in parentheses how often the word occurs in Acts, omitting any reference to Luke.

Ἀγοραῖος (2). ἀκατάκριτος (2). Ἀλεξανδρεύς (2). ἀνάγομαι [in the sense of setting sail] (13). ἀναίρεσις (2). ἀναντίῤῥητος (once as adj., once as adv., 2). ἀνατρέφω (3). ἀνθίπατος (5). ἀποδέχομαι (6). ἀποπλέω (4). ἀποφθέγγομαι (3). ἀσμένως (2). ἄφνω (3). τὰ περὶ τῆς βασιλείας τοῦ Θεοῦ (3). βία (4). τὰ δεσμά (2). διάλεκτος (6). διαπονέομαι (2). διαπορέω (3). διαπρίομαι (2). διασπείρω (3). διαφθορά (2). διαχειρίζομαι (2). ἔγκλημα (2). ἐκπλέω (3). ἐκτίθεμαι (4). ἐκψύχω (2). ἐνέδρα (2). ἑξῆς (3). ἔξειμι (4). ἐξωθέω (2). ἐπιβουλή (4). ἐπιδημοῦντες (2). τῇ ἐπιούσῃ (5). ἐπιστηρίζω (3). ἐπιφωνέω (3). ἐπιχειρέω (2). ἑσπέρα (2). εὐθυδρομέω (2). εὐλαβής (2). εὐφροσύνη (2). τῇ ἐχομένῃ (2). ζητήμα (5). καθεξῆς (3). καθίημι (3). καθότι (4). καρδιογνώστης (2). κατασείω (4). καταφέρω (3). μέλλω ἔσεσθαι (4). μεσημβρία (2). μετακαλέομαι (4). μεταπέμπομαι (5). νεανίας (3).* τὰ νῦν (5). ὁδός [of the Christian religion] (4). ὀθόνη (2). οὐρανόθεν (2). πατρῷος (3). περιαστράπτω (2). πλοῦς (2). πνοή (2). προκηρύττω (2) προσλαλέω (2). προχειρίζομαι (3). ἔῤῥωσθε and ἔῤῥωσο (each once). στερεόω (2). στρατηγός (3). συγχύνω (4). συζήτησις (2). συμβάλλω (4). συναθροίζω (2). συναρπάζω (2). συστρέφω (2). τάραχος (2). τεσσαρακονταετὴς χρόνος (2). τιμωρέω (2). καθ' ὃν τρόπον (2). ὑπερῷον (3). ὑπηρετέω (3). ὑπονοέω (3). φοβούμενος τὸν Θεόν [of a proselyte] (2). χλευάζω (2).

It may be thought that a single word, occurring in two different passages, even though it be found nowhere else in the New Testament, can be of little weight in proving the identity of their authorship. We reply it is of *little* weight, but still of *a little*, and when it is only one of several proofs may be very serviceable. Besides, these words are scattered here and there through all parts of the book, and thus help to bring into connection the most dissimilar passages. Let us take a

* This word *νεανίας* properly occurs five times, but only in three different passages; viz., vii. 58, xx. 9, and xxiii. 17, 18, 22. We follow the same rule in regard to other words.

single section at random from the supposed missionary journal, — say xiii. 13 – 18. Here the very first word — *ἀναχθέντες* — suggests at once the subsequent account of Paul's voyages, and gives rise to a very slight probability, or rather slightly confirms the existing probability, that the earlier passage may not be wholly independent of the later one. This use of *ἀνάγομαι* is, no doubt, common enough in classical Greek; still, it is remarkable that it should never be found in any Gospel except that of Luke, though there was plenty of opportunity for employing the word,* and that it should be found so much oftener in Acts than the necessities of the case required. We next meet with the phrase *κατασείσας τῇ χειρί*, which is to be met with also xii. 17, xix. 33, xxi. 40, and nowhere else in the whole compass of the New Testament. Hence, therefore, we obtain a slight probability that the missionary journal, the biography of Peter, and the history of Paul are in reality what they seem to be, one continued narrative, due to a single historian. In the same passage we have the phrase *οἱ φοβούμενοι τὸν Θεόν*, which occurs twice in the account of the conversion of Cornelius, and furnishes us with another slight probability. Lastly, we have *ὡς τεσσαρακονταετῆ χρόνον*, identifying the author of this speech of Paul with the author of the speech of Stephen.

We have confined ourselves in these remarks to the words included in our own list; but this little passage, which we may as well adhere to for further illustration, supplies many other peculiarities. The phrase *οἱ περὶ τὸν Παῦλον* is without parallel in the New Testament, except in the works of Luke, where a similar one may be found twice more, and in the Gospel of Mark. *Παραγίνομαι*, which we meet in ver. 14, occurs eight times in Luke, twenty-one times in Acts, and only eight times in the remainder of the New Testament. Luke claims exclusive possession of *τῇ ἡμέρᾳ τῶν σαββάτων*, which appears four times in his Gospel, and also Acts xvi. 13. The mode of address observed here, *Ἄνδρες ἀδελφοί*, is frequent in the Acts. Finally, the phrase *γῆ Αἴγυπτος*, instead of the simple *Αἴγυπτος*, may be compared with *γῆ Μαδιάμ* and *γῆ Χαλδαίων* in the speech of Stephen.

* Cf. particularly Luke viii. 22 with Matt. viii. 18.

It will be seen that this little passage, comprising only six verses, supplies peculiarities which, on the one hand, separate it from all the New Testament writings except those ascribed to Luke, and, on the other hand, connect it, by however small a degree of probability, with various other parts of the work in which it occurs. Were there but one word, or one phrase, or one grammatical construction, common to this passage with the remainder of Luke's works, it would be rash to draw any conclusion from such an isolated phenomenon, and in this case the passage in question might still be set down as belonging to a distinct document, the coincidence being regarded as accidental. Even in such case, however, it would be but reasonable to throw the burden of proof on the opposite side, and ask for some evidence of diversity of style in the assumed interpolated document, as compared with other parts of the work to which it apparently belongs. But it is evident that all the similarities of expression above indicated cannot be regarded as accidental, and that with each new one the probability we would infer from their appearance increases, until with the accumulation of proofs it merges into certainty. It must be remembered, accordingly, that the six verses we have selected for illustration are only a part of a much longer passage, which no one has ever attempted to refer to different sources. Were we to point out all the peculiarities, therefore, which present themselves in the whole of the supposed missionary journal, — peculiarities which are common to it with the remaining portions of the Acts and the third Gospel, — how irresistible would be the evidence that the entire history is a consistent and uniform composition, and not a mere patchwork of various writings, marked by the idiosyncrasies and reflecting the colors of different minds!

We may now proceed to state, that besides the words peculiar to Luke, of which we have given a list above, — omitting, however, the many which occur but once, — there are also many words very frequent with him, and very rare in the other New Testament writers; and these are perhaps of still more importance for our purpose, inasmuch as they make their appearance in almost every part of his works. Thus, the word ὁμοθυμαδόν occurs eleven times in Acts, in different

places from the first to the nineteenth chapter, and nowhere else in the New Testament except Romans xv. 6. Διέρχομαι occurs twenty-one times in Acts, eleven times in Luke, and twelve times in the rest of the New Testament; ἱκανός, nineteen times in Acts, ten times in Luke, and twelve times in the rest of the New Testament; ἐπικαλέομαι, Pass., ten times in Acts, once in Luke, and three times in the rest of the New Testament. Other instances of a similar kind might be adduced, but these are perhaps the most remarkable, and may here suffice as examples.

Many other peculiarities of style, which we must not pause to notice, have been pointed out in the writings commonly ascribed to Luke. There is one, however, which, even unassisted, would be of considerable value, and which, therefore, is too important to be passed over. Alone of all the New Testament writings the book of Acts uses the particle τε to the same extent as the classical authors. This particle is to be found from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty times (the reading is not always certain) in the Acts, appearing in every part of it, and fifty-three times in the remaining books of the New Testament. But we must now leave this part of our subject. We proposed only to give examples which would enable the reader to form an approximate estimate of the nature and value of the evidence capable of being adduced in defence of the theory of unity of authorship, and what has been said, it is hoped, will be sufficient for that purpose.

Turning now to the question, how far any such use of written materials as would not be incompatible with the conclusion at which we have just arrived may be discovered in the work at present under examination, we would briefly notice a few points calculated to throw light on this obscure and difficult subject. It is one remarkable result of a thorough application of the Tübingen criticism, that just those portions of the history of the primitive Church which are least historical in character are regarded as having been derived from some antecedent source, while the account of the missionary work of the Apostle Paul, and his connection with the twelve, though it contains little that can be called legendary or mythical, is thought

to have no claim to any such parentage. Perhaps it is the case that, so far as any traces can be discovered of the use of written sources, they are to be found in the earlier rather than the later portions of the book, with the exception of those passages which to all appearance rest upon the authority of an eyewitness of the events they record. Such indications, however, are so few and uncertain everywhere, that it would be hardly safe to draw any unfavorable inference from their absence in a particular part of our history; nor is it by any means impossible to account for their failure in the history of Paul without a resort to the supposition of fiction. The author, it might be said, learned to handle his materials with more masterly skill as he proceeded in his work, and permitted his style to be less influenced by that of the narrative he adopted; or, if it be not thought that his position was too remote from the time embraced in his plan, he may have relied upon traditional reports, carefully collected from those who were likely to have the best information, rather than upon any written evidence. The account of the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem certainly cannot be proved from any internal marks to rest upon documentary testimony; yet even Dr. Zeller does not sever it entirely from all written foundation. He finds its earliest and most authentic form in the Epistle to the Galatians, whence he supposes the historian of the Church to have borrowed it, in order to pervert it to his own purposes. Such a procedure, however, is hardly probable, unless indeed it be maintained that the inconsistencies between the two accounts are too unimportant to attract attention. But it is even more improbable that an event involving such important consequences, and which could not, like a poetic narrative, have grown out of the imagination without a deliberate intention to mislead, should be a pure fiction, and hence, while we retain our view before expressed of the relation of this account to the statements of Paul, and of its historical character, we entertain no doubt that it was derived from some authentic source. The apostolic letter to the churches, indeed, it must be confessed, is stamped with the idiosyncrasies of our author; but it would be quite in accordance with the freedom which he everywhere uses, if he had merely assured himself that some

such letter was actually despatched, and then composed such an one as he deemed would be most suitable to the occasion.

In regard to the earlier chapters of the Acts, it may be well to say here, as briefly as possible, what little there is to be said upon this point. The discrepancies in the account of the ascension, as compared with the Gospel of Luke, Dr. Zeller does not seem inclined to refer to any diversity of origin, but explains the postponement of this event to the fortieth day by the desire of the historian to bring it into closer connection with the day of Pentecost and the outpouring of the Spirit. In this last event, and for the appointment of Matthias to the apostolic office, he assumes the authority of an earlier document; and yet, beyond the intrinsic probability of the case, there seems to be little ground for such a conclusion. One indication, indeed, of an Aramaic origin for the account of the day of Pentecost and the address of the Apostle Peter, has been discovered in the words λύσας τὰς ὠδῖνας τοῦ θανάτου (having *loosed* the pains of death),* which, it is said, contain a confusion of ideas that could only have resulted from a misunderstanding of the Hebrew words חֶבְלֵי מָוֶת (the snares of death), which must have been quoted in the original from the Psalms.† But this proof our critic rejects, observing that a similar combination of inconsistent ideas occurs in the Septuagint translation,—περιέσχον με ὠδῖνες θανάτου . . . . . ὠδῖνες ᾅδου περιεκύκλωσάν με, προέφθασάν με παγίδες θανάτου. So far as this phrase, therefore, is concerned, the address of the Apostle Peter may retain its place as a free composition; but there is one phenomenon in it which, on the other hand, seems explicable only by reference to an independent authority. The Apostle, it will be observed, takes no notice of the extraordinary miracle which had just before enabled every one present to hear his own language employed to set forth "the wonderful works of God," although this fact might have been so easily brought forward to refute the charge of intoxication. This omission Dr. Zeller thus explains. The original Jewish-Christian source knew nothing of any miracle enabling the Apostles to speak in languages not their own, and hence the

* Acts ii. 24. † Ps. xviii. 5.

reply of Peter, that "it was the third hour of the day," was the only possible one to the accusation that "these men are full of new wine." The historian has adopted the reply from the document before him, but has ingrafted upon the primitive narrative a fiction of his own, by which he intended to imply thus early the universal character of the new religion. Verses 6–11, therefore, with their long catalogue of nations, and their evident inconsistency with the rest of the account, may be claimed as the exclusive property of the later author, while the amazement of the assembled multitude and the mockery of a few of them descend to us from a more distant and secret source. This explanation of the obvious contradictions in the narrative of the day of Pentecost seems to us very satisfactory. Nor need we doubt that the Apostle Peter occupied the same conspicuous position in the traditional source as is assigned to him in the more finished work of later times, nor that in the former some short speech, with a refutation of the charge against himself and his brother Apostles, was put into his mouth; but we need hardly observe that the elaborate address attributed to him in the Acts is clearly the composition of the author of the whole work.

The ensuing narrative, from the healing of the lame man to the dismissal of the Apostles, at the instance of Gamaliel, from the presence of the Sanhedrim, Dr. Zeller, consistently with his theory, regards as for the most part pure fiction, though he seems to admit that the story of Ananias and Sapphira may possibly be referable to some documentary source. That this is the case, at all events with the twelfth chapter, there seems every reason to believe, and the writing which supplied its statements is thought by our critic to have suggested the twice-repeated apprehension of Peter, and one or more of his brother Apostles, in the earlier portion of the history. The execution of James, recorded in this chapter, is doubtless an historical event, and as such must have possessed written authority; and the account of the death of Herod Agrippa, confirmed as it is by Josephus, must also have been drawn from some reliable source. The imprisonment and miraculous liberation of Peter, moreover, has a dreamy coloring, which may entitle it to be regarded as a legend rather than as the product of a reflect-

ing age, and hence for this whole chapter a written foundation may be assumed. It is not the less true, however, that here, as elsewhere, traces are wanting of any influence having been exercised on the author's style by that of the documents he consulted.

The history of Stephen, however much it may seem, apart from its internal character, to stand alone, is connected by too many ties with the whole plan and direction of the work in which it appears, and is too clearly identified by its phraseology and general style as the composition of our author, not to be recognized as simply the expansion of the traditionally certain fact that the protomartyr fell in the persecution which arose against the Church in consequence of a more decidedly anti-Judaic tendency manifesting itself amongst its adherents. The remainder of the history of the primitive Church antecedent to the appearance of Paul, excepting, of course, the conversion of Cornelius, Dr. Zeller thinks may be referred to Jewish-Christian sources; and there seems to be no sufficient reason to doubt that there was written authority for the account of the preaching of the Gospel in Samaria, the missionary labors of Philip, and the visit of Peter to Lydda and Joppa. The conversion of Cornelius is regarded as a fiction, but suggested by the incident recorded in the third Gospel of the healing of the centurion's servant.

Having surveyed thus briefly the evidence in favor of the probable use of written sources, we would now direct more particular attention to a class of passages presenting a phenomenon, which, on any theory of its cause, must be thought sufficiently remarkable, and which accordingly has been the occasion of much critical ingenuity on the part of those who have attempted an explanation of it. We allude to those passages where the third person is dropped and exchanged for the first plural, and where, therefore, to all appearance, the historian himself steps forward upon the scene, and becomes an actor in the events which he has been hitherto content to regard from a distance. What is most unaccountable, however, in these reports, is that the eyewitness from whom they evidently proceed gives not the slightest warning either of his arrival or his departure. He does not say where he has been before, nor

what becomes of him afterwards. He steps in without introduction, plays his brief part, and then disappears with as little ceremony as he came. We meet with him first at Troas, not long after the introduction of Timothy into the company of Paul; hence he travels with the Apostle to Philippi, where he witnesses the cure of the unfortunate girl whose supposed inspiration was found so profitable by her masters. He does not seem, however, to have been included in the charge against the Apostle, and so disappears from view just when Paul and Silas are dragged before a heathen tribunal and beset by an exasperated mob. From this point the narrative continues as before in the third person, and for all the interesting events which take place at Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, for Paul's long residence at each of these two last-named cities, for his visit to Jerusalem, and his journey through Phrygia and Galatia, the direct testimony which would be so highly valuable is wanting, and we are frequently compelled to content ourselves with the most cursory notice, instead of a detailed narrative. After Paul's second visit to Greece, however, on his return through Macedonia, we again fall in with our eyewitness precisely at the place where we parted company with him,—at Philippi. Here he rejoins the Apostle, and returns with him to Troas. During the week spent at this place the incident about Eutychus occurs, and would seem, from the presence of the ἡμεῖς, to be certified as resting at least on some partial basis of fact. On the other hand, the "we" does not occur in the account of the interview at Miletus with the Ephesian elders, but the voyage hence to Cæsarea, with all the ports touched at between, is carefully reported, and the narrator, following Paul to Jerusalem, goes with him into the presence of James. We have the evidence of an eyewitness, therefore, for the conversation between Paul and the head of the Jerusalem Church, and there is accordingly no reason to question its substantial correctness. That it is verbally correct cannot, of course, be supposed, but it may readily be believed that an allusion was made to the decrees of the Apostolic Council, and if so, such decrees must have really existed. Dr. Zeller's rejection of the testimony of the eyewitness in this instance seems to us perverse. Upon this interview there follows a detailed account of an uproar at

Jerusalem, in which Paul would probably have been torn to pieces but for the interference of the Roman authorities, of the Apostle's appearance before the Sanhedrim, his trial at Cæsarea, and his defence before Festus and Agrippa, for which, however, it can be by no means certain that we possess the testimony of an actual spectator of the scenes described. On Paul's departure for Italy, however, his unknown companion again announces himself, and quits him no more till he is safely arrived in Rome; nor will it be forgotten what a graphic account of the shipwreck at Melita we owe to his industrious pen and descriptive power.

The first question that suggests itself in regard to those passages in which the "we" is conspicuous, is whether or not they form an exception to the rule which affirms an identity of style throughout the writings ascribed to Luke. We reply, that they form no exception to this rule, in so far as the same peculiarities of phraseology and construction are observable in them as distinguish the other parts of the work to which they belong. At the same time, Dr. Zeller has pointed out some few modes of expression which would seem to give to these passages a character of their own, and to claim for them an independent origin. The fact that the hundred verses of which they are composed contain an unusually large proportion of words peculiar to the place where they occur, and to be met with nowhere else in the New Testament, may indeed be sufficiently explained apart from the assumption of any source beyond the historian's own experience. Of such words the "we" passages contain one hundred and thirty-four, but the technicalities of a sea voyage and the disasters of a wreck could not well have been disposed of with less. But the thrice-repeated use of the word μόλις,* elsewhere but once employed by our author, the use of the word χρῆσθαι,† otherwise unknown to him, the mixture of two constructions involved in the phrase ὅτι . . . . . μέλλειν ἔσεσθαι,‡ and some other instances of the same kind, cannot be so explained. Yet it must be confessed that of such examples there are few, and it seems to us doubtful whether all alleged by Dr. Zeller

* Acts xxvii. 7, 8, 16. † Ib. xxvii. 3, 17. ‡ Ib. xxvii. 10.

are really without parallel. Such instances, however, as can be depended on, are not to be neglected; they may rather be regarded as confirming the natural impression that there is here actual first-hand testimony to the events recorded, while at the same time they would seem to indicate a distinct authorship from that of the main body of the history for the passages in question.

But, it may be asked, is it not the *most* natural impression with regard to these passages, that the historian was really one of the companions of Paul, and that accordingly he has recourse to documentary sources only where his own experience fails him? It must be admitted that this is the most obvious explanation of the phenomenon at present under discussion; but we confess we lean to the belief that it is not the true one. The proofs that the writer of the Acts stood at a considerable distance from the events he narrates, are too clear and too numerous to permit us to suppose that he was a contemporary of the Apostles. Into these proofs we cannot here enter minutely, and must content ourselves with observing that Dr. Zeller, relying on the prologue to Luke's Gospel proving the antecedent existence of an evangelical literature, on the indefiniteness of the eschatological passages in Luke as compared with those in Matthew indicating the expiration of the time at which the Messiah should have re-appeared, on the relative position of the Jewish-Christian and heathen-Christian parties represented in the Acts as so much less antagonistic than was actually the case in the Apostolic age and for some time after it, and on various other evidences which cannot here be even alluded to, fixes the date of the work between 110 and 125 A. D. If so late a date, then, must be assigned to it, or even if it were possible to place it twenty years earlier, we should still have to conclude that the itinerary employed for the narrative of Paul's journeys was only one of the sources used by the historian, and that, in order to make its value apparent, he has allowed himself to handle it somewhat less freely than any other materials employed, taking especial care to leave unaltered the one distinguishing mark which stamped it as the testimony of an actor in the scenes described. The style of Luke in these passages, however, will necessitate the con-

clusion, that for the most part their substance only has been incorporated in the complete work, while here and there some verbal peculiarities have been allowed to remain, and the plural form designedly preserved.

That the narrative characterized by the use of the first person did not proceed originally from the historian himself, but from one of the Apostle's fellow-travellers, whose report he has borrowed, has long been a favorite hypothesis, and may fairly demand from us some further consideration. This hypothesis, indeed, as generally held, is a part of the documentary theory, and therefore requires, what we have already shown to be but very partially the case, that the passages composing the journal or note-book supposed to rest at the foundation of the account of Paul's voyages should contain a style of their own, distinguishing them from the composition of the historian in whose work they have been embodied; but it may serve to confirm our previous conclusions, if, passing over this defect, we examine the hypothesis on its own merits, and point out some of the inconsistencies which it involves. The result of our examination will be to show that no medium exists between the first impression which the phenomena in question are calculated to produce, that the historian was in reality an actor in some of the scenes he describes, and the conclusion of recent criticism that he wished to be thought so.

The two most important forms which the hypothesis we allude to has assumed — that, namely, which refers the "we" passages to Timothy, and that which makes Silas their author — may be reviewed together; for the objections applicable to one will be found equally to affect them both. The fact that the eyewitness appears upon the scene almost immediately after the first introduction of Timothy, has been regarded as strongly favoring the claims of the latter, and his youth and yet immature power of giving offence to the enemies of the faith have been made the excuse for his withdrawal on the apprehension of his two more prominent companions. But to this argument, which rests solely on the proximity of the change in the form of the narrative to the first mention of Timothy, there is this very obvious reply. The two things, however near, are *not* coincident; for the young convert joins the

Apostle at Lystra, and the narrative changes its form on the arrival of the travellers at Troas.* Meanwhile Timothy had accompanied Paul through Phrygia and Galatia, of which journey we have only the briefest notice, and not such a detailed account as the hypothesis we are considering would lead us to expect. To account for this remarkable omission it must be assumed, either that no report of this, his first journey in the society of the great Apostle, was preserved by the young disciple from Lystra, except the few words which occur in the Acts, or that such an account was kept, but for some unknown reason was omitted by the historian. Both of these assumptions, however, are perfectly arbitrary, and it remains therefore to conclude that Paul was joined by some new follower at Troas, who accompanied him to Philippi, and remained there after his departure. This argument, it will be observed, is no less fatal to the pretensions of Silas, who had been with the Apostle from the very beginning of his journey, and therefore previous to the meeting with Timothy. No reason can be assigned why either of them should have commenced his report from Troas, or, if they had kept a record of events prior to that date, why the historian should have neglected the valuable information thus ready to his hand.

The mysterious subject of our investigation would seem, as we have just observed, to have been left behind at Philippi; for at this place he disappears, and is heard of no more until Paul's return thither. But this was the case with neither Silas nor Timothy. They are both met with in the Apostle's company at Berea, and are frequently with him in his further wanderings. If therefore the claims of either are to be maintained, the discontinuance of the plural form in connection with the very same town at which it is afterwards resumed must be regarded as an extraordinary coincidence, but otherwise without significance, unless, indeed, it be said that the mere mention of Philippi irresistibly suggested to the historian a recurrence to his former practice. Admitting, then, that the natural inference may be a mistake, and that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, Timothy, who did not

* Acts xvi. 1, 10.

remain at Philippi, may be the original author of the account of the voyage from Troas, the interesting narrative which follows* can, of course, be assigned to no one else; for it would be absurd to suppose that a constant companion of Paul should have omitted the most important passages in his history, while recording events of comparatively trifling value. This result has generally been accepted by the advocates of the Timothy and Silas hypotheses, who accordingly have maintained that the narrative falling between the first and second "we" passage is due to the writer of these passages themselves.

The arguments alleged in support of the position that this narrative comes from Timothy, have been unfortunate. It has been said, for example, that wherever his name is introduced the descriptions are peculiarly graphic, and that with his appearance a greater degree of minuteness at once takes the place of the cursory statement elsewhere found. So far, however, is this from being the case, that those scenes which are depicted in the most glowing colors, and which, from their graphic power, might most readily be supposed to have been drawn from life, are precisely the scenes from which Timothy was absent, while, on the other hand, those periods of which all details are wanting are precisely the periods during which Timothy acts in company with the Apostle. It was while Paul waited for his two companions at Athens, that "his spirit was stirred in him," and that his discourse was delivered on the Areopagus.† And it was immediately after the departure of Timothy for Macedonia that the excitement began in Ephesus which led to the tumult in the theatre.‡ But during Paul's residence at Corinth, extending over a year and six months,§ of which we have no details except the account of his trial before Gallio, and during the two years and three months spent at Ephesus ‖ previous to the disturbances occasioned by Demetrius, it is probable that the Apostle was attended by both Timothy and Silas. There is, besides, another fact by which the claims of the former would seem to be expressly excluded, namely, that his movements, as known to us from other sources, were not

* Acts xvii. 1 — xx. 4. † Ib. xvii. 16. ‡ Ib. xix. 22, 23.
§ Ib. xviii. 11. ‖ Ib. xix. 8 – 10.

fully understood by the writer of this portion of our narrative. No mention whatever is made of his having joined Paul at Athens, and we are led to suppose that it was first at Corinth that any meeting took place between the Apostle and his young disciple. That such was not the case, however, is known to us from the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, from which it would appear that Paul's message to Silas and Timotheus, at this time at Berea, to come to him with all speed, was at once complied with, at least on the part of the latter, that Paul then sent him back to Thessalonica and proceeded to Corinth alone, where he was eventually joined by his two companions.* In opposition to these facts, we conceive, it can be of little consequence that the proceedings at Thessalonica are recorded with some degree of detail,† or that on the mention of the arrival of Timothy and Silas at Corinth ‡ the narrative becomes more particular, and assumes a more life-like character than belongs to the general statement immediately preceding. Hence we are disposed to think that nothing can be found in this entire section to connect it with any of Paul's companions as even the probable author, and that Timothy, at all events, has no title to be regarded as the writer of a report which betrays an ignorance of some of his own proceedings.

With the second "we" passage the case is no less clear. Several of Paul's fellow-travellers are mentioned by name as having accompanied him as far as Asia, and amongst them is the name of Timothy. "These," it is added, "going before, waited for us in Troas." § Now, as Troas was not included in the New Testament Asia, there can be no difficulty in understanding how it might be said that certain persons "accompanied" Paul to Asia, although they performed the journey as far as Troas by themselves; and hence there can be no reason for rejecting the obvious sense of the words, according to which the οὗτοι προελθοντες would include all the persons enumerated. Nor need it cause any offence if some went even farther than Asia, and never left the Apostle's side until he arrived at the Jewish metropolis; for the sentence would be suffi-

* Cf. Acts xviii. 5, and 1 Thess. iii. 1, 2.
† Acts xvii. 1 – 9.
‡ Ib. xviii. 5.
§ Ib. xx. 4, 5.

ciently accurate if all had gone as far as the place indicated, even though one or two had pursued their journey beyond. If, however, ἄχρι τῆς Ἀσίας be a gloss, as Lekebusch thinks, any difficulty which the words might occasion would be completely removed, and thus no doubt would remain that Timothy was included in the οὗτοι. To refer this word merely to Tychicus and Trophimus seems a very unwarrantable proceeding; and yet the advocates of Timothy, not satisfied with this, have found a further support for their hypothesis in the modest place occupied by his name. Paul's other companions, it is argued, are introduced with some circumstance, their native place being mentioned, while for Timothy alone the mere name is deemed sufficient. Such an argument, however, can avail little, when we remember that the young disciple of Lystra has been already introduced with every needful particular, and is by this time sufficiently known to the reader to make it possible to dispense with any further description. Henceforward the name of Timothy occurs no more, and that of Silas disappears at a still earlier period; nor are we aware that any argument in favor of the latter has been discovered in the later history of Paul's journeys. At all events, if it is clear that so far we are indebted to neither of them, nothing more need be said; for the remainder of the passages where the first person is used cannot be assigned to any other than the author of those already considered.

Indeed, the whole of this hypothesis assumes, as essential to its very existence, the most extraordinary and unaccountable negligence on the part of the compiler of the Acts. It represents him as having before him a personal narrative which he proposed to introduce into his history, and assumes that, instead of copying this narrative word for word, either retaining the first person consistently throughout, or consistently substituting for it the name of the narrator, he sometimes does the one and sometimes the other, now using the first person which he had before him, and now, without any reason for the change, altering it into the third. Where the first change takes place, in xvi. 10, it was supposed by Schleiermacher that in the preceding verses the ἐγώ or ἡμεῖς of the original manuscript was carefully altered, but the author, finding this a

troublesome task, soon abandoned it, and let the first person stand wherever it appeared in his original. This explanation, however, has not been favorably received, on account of the difficulty of supposing that an accomplished writer, like the author of the third Gospel and the Book of Acts, could have shrunk from so simple a task as that of converting one personal form into another some half-dozen times consecutively; and accordingly another mode of accounting for this inconsistency has been to refer it to the forgetfulness of the writer. The absurdity of this explanation hardly requires it to be pointed out. Is it to be supposed, asks M. Lekebusch, who has very ably and very fully discussed this part of our subject, that the writer could have been so deeply immersed in the task of copying down what lay before him, as to have inadvertently made himself a companion of Paul into distant lands, though he had really never been anything of the kind? And is it conceivable that such inadvertence should have twice more seized on the unhappy man, and in such a way as to extend the error over still increasing periods of time? It is remarkable, too, how an ἐγώ in the original would seem always to have reminded our author that he was merely transcribing the experience of another, and not giving his own; for the first person singular nowhere occurs in his history, but is always altered into the name of the original writer. But enough has been said to illustrate the inconsistencies involved in this now exploded hypothesis, and we must hasten on to make one or two concluding remarks.

If the Tübingen view of the composition and character of the Acts be just, the authorship of that work must of course remain in obscurity. If it be mistaken, and the position that the writer of the whole book was himself the companion of Paul, who recorded from memory much of the Apostle's later history, can be maintained, then Luke may be regarded as both the earlier companion of Paul and the later historian of the Church. But, in either case, Luke may be the author of the personal narrative embodied in the later work. He may have remained at Philippi, and there again joined the Apostle. He was certainly with Paul in Rome, and may have made the journey thither in his company, following his fortunes and sharing

his perils. His brief record may have been left as a valuable contribution to the history of those remarkable times, and may have been subsequently worked into the earliest history of the Church by its unknown author, who was content to sacrifice his own fame for the sake of another, while his experienced pen imparted to the rough notes of "the beloved physician" a chaster style and a more classic air than could have been attained amid the fatigues of travel, the fear of persecution, and the duties of a profession. The fact that Luke especially was singled out as the author of the Apostolic history thus rests on some internal ground, and it is easy to conceive that the claim he was known to possess to a part of the work would very soon be extended to the whole; nor is it improbable that from the very first it was assigned to him with the full consent of the real author. This hypothesis, we think, sufficiently explains all the facts of the case, and accepts the testimony of a professed eyewitness, without insisting on the historical character of events which can bring no such evidence in their favor, or denying the conciliatory design traceable through the entire work.

Little space is now left us to enter on the question where the Book of Acts was composed. We will only say that both Zeller and Lekebusch indicate Rome as the most probable seat of its origin, — the one founding his belief chiefly on the Pauline tendency of the work, which was most likely to be put forward in a city where Jewish-Christian prejudices prevailed so strongly, and the other on the omission of all particulars regarding Paul's labors there, as though they were already known to the readers of the work. For ourselves, we confess this latter argument has no weight, nor can we feel the difficulty that is generally felt about the conclusion of the Acts. The author's mode of narration here is quite parallel to that which he follows upon other occasions, where he records at length the events of a single day, and then leaves it to the reader's imagination to fill up in a similar manner the remainder of a long space of time during which the Apostle continues in one place.* Besides, the arrival of Paul at Rome com-

* Comp. Acts xxviii. 17–31 with Acts xviii. 5–11 and xix. 8–10.

pleted the proposed plan of his history, and here he properly concludes. Other indications, however, of a Roman origin have been pointed out, which we cannot here examine. On the whole, the probability may be allowed to be in favor of the capital of the world.

We have now ended our remarks; and, although it has been impossible to accord a full examination to any of the questions on which we have touched, we hope that what has been said may not be wholly ineffectual in drawing some attention to a class of inquiry too much neglected amid the practical life which sometimes threatens to absorb all the mental activity of our times.

ART. IV. — THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF ART IN AMERICA.

Art Studies: The Old Masters of Italy; Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1861.

WE may not be ready to be as polite as that lover of Art who used to take off his hat to every Italian image-seller he met. But the spirit of his courteous action is dear to every one who thinks that Art has something to do at present in this country, to adorn the people's homes and thoughts, and give them outlooks from work-day concerns, and also something in future, to educate them into a wiser appreciation of its benefits and a more generous allowance of its claims. He is a benefactor who, by furnishing, in some form of Art, ever so little of beauty, is nurturing the sense of the beautiful, and starting a feeling for Art in the American bare homes and unadorned life. We ought not quite despise even those mild-featured but fierce-spotted cats which our Italian friend hawks about the country, nor those plaster pyramids of very yellow lemons and very red tomatoes, for they are the fetiches of Art, prophetic of better things, by and by, to answer a more refined and intelligent want. For, as the savage presently gives up his black stone and Mumbo-jumbo for a more

shapely symbol and more orderly worship, so the Yankee will not rest long content, in Egyptian darkness, to reverence cats, or to feed his sense of beauty with plaster vegetables. The way is long from these to Phidias, but the journey is sure, if not for individuals, then for generations. Therefore in just sequence follow casts of firemen, fisher-boys, infant Samuels, guardian angels, and the like, which, by natural selection, are preserved on the parlor-mantel or spare-room bureau, while those first rude symbols of Art perish, — the yellow and red of the fruit-piece growing dull, and the gentle-truculent puss changing her spots on the kitchen-dresser, — taking their fated road to the "dumb forgetfulness" of the rubbish-heap.

They are, however, but leading the way thither for their supplanters. Mr. Darwin's principle is all-powerful here, however it may be in physiology, and it is inexorable. Finer and stronger specimens of Art-development carry the day. The hawker of casts has to bear about on his board much finer things, which both satisfy and create finer wants. How common, for example, those bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen are becoming, — the Night, the very plumes of whose wings look full of sleep as they lie along in quiet, level lines, and the Morning, whose lifted and swift pinions seem full of the life and joy of the coming light. We now buy for a song that bust of Clyte; with the bending, languid grace of some superb flower about it, which people make pilgrimages to the British Museum to see in the original marble, and remember there how the enthusiastic owner was wont to call it his wife, and saved it first of all his goods when his house was on fire. A trifle will get the Venus, too, which Clive Newcome calls "our sovereign Lady of Milo," and sundry women slanderously affirm to be, for her intellectual dignity, woman's own type of womanly beauty, as the Medicean, for her soft, sensuous charm, is man's. It costs but little to own also the wonderful beauty of that head — called by the critics both an Ariadne and a Bacchus — which some hold to be the very type-head of all Grecian Art, so admirably are joined in its exquisite lines the characteristic graces of lovely male and female youth. Whoever has these in his house is rich. And we rejoice that such things are common and within the

reach of those who care for them. Even those who get them simply because their friends and neighbors own them, unwittingly bring home delight to their eyes and wisdom to their minds. We cannot quite go along with Mr. Ruskin, in the fear which he expresses, in one of his Manchester lectures, that noble Art may be made too common by multiplying its works among the people. At any rate his arguments do not fit this time and region.

When such things are sold in the city streets and country roads, then the enthusiast must be pardoned who, in intention if not in deed, takes off his hat to their dark-faced, plaster-stained, picturesque vender. For he sees in him what Mr. Emerson finds in the flowers, the proud assertion that one ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. The suspicious constable or smug trader may call him lazy rogue. But how various his employment whom the world calls idle! Besides, this Bohemian business is not the less important because the thrifty frown upon it, and the political economist counts it out of his calculations. This foreign loafer, to whom an inscrutable Providence has denied the native American speech and the anxious look and nervous ways of New England, is the softener of our manners, — *emollit mores*, — and is our teacher in those ingenuous arts whose knowledge and practice befit the free-born. Therefore, whether prudently yielding to Yankee prejudice, and, against his better sense, compromising beauty with use, by making his Floras and Cereses hold candlesticks in lieu of the symbolic flowers and sheaves, or leading popular taste and anticipating its desire with the incorrupt and single beauty of the Apollo and Psyche of Naples, this exile should be held in honor. Though his strident cry of "eemagees" is a bore and torment, and there is reason to fear his fine Southern rectitude may have been bent near the trickish level of Northern pedlers, yet let it be borne in mind that the round and sweet quality peculiar to the American voice is not the equal boon to all nations, and that there are none so good manners that communication with evil may not corrupt them. So let him be saluted, if not by hat, yet in thought, as he passes with his board of casts. For may we not see in him the handy repre-

sentative of the satisfactions which, in some rude or fine shape, must wait upon the common wish of the eye and need of the heart for beauty? Let him stand for the humble type of the supply which rises, in some form, low or high, to fill the demand, variously made, for manifestations of the power of Art to please the sight, to culture the intellect, to ennoble the heart.

We are aware that the humbleness of the representative we have chosen may be held to represent also the meagreness of the demand and the poor quality of it. The fact, however, of a demand is all that is needed, because it is expressly one that will grow by what it feeds on. The time of this present writing is one, to be sure, when arts as well as laws are silenced by the prevailing din of arms. To speak or to listen to claims in their behalf may seem an impertinence before the instant exigency and absorbing excitement of the day. And, not to dwell upon this, we must admit, too, the constant and general prepossession of attention, energy, and means among us toward science, politics, and trade. We ought to go further, and say that this is the right and good thing for our land, as it is plainly also the inevitable condition of our people. For, as the glorious times of superb bloom and generous fruitage of Art — like the age of Pericles for the Greeks and the sixteenth century for the Italians and Germans — were in course of Nature and by ordering of Providence, so it is the necessary and providential state when thought and purpose flower out into less lovely forms, which may still promise as large and precious harvest to national and civic life and character. Even when the time bears the blood-red blossom of war, the divine nurture and process in its growing, if to sentiment less plain, are to reason as sure as in the springing of the white lilies of peace. Past history and that which is passing can be rightly interpreted only by the canon, "that what has happened, and is happening every day, is not only not 'without God,' but is essentially His work." Complaint, therefore, may be too loud of the prevailing scientific, critical bent of thought, and the positive, practical conclusions of the general purpose and will. Much as we believe in the importance of the present work and study of Art in this country, and eagerly greet all apt means,

to its progress in the understanding and affection of the people, and to its encouragement by the state, we hold in some disfavor the wonted grumbling of dilettanteism over the determined dulness of this nation to the rights of Art, and its present invincible disregard of its duty in regard to them. Much, too, as we look forward with just enthusiasm and confidence to a future for Art of signal honor and success, we could still, upon occasion, be equally enthusiastic and confident about this contrary prepossession. For it is a hearty interest Americans should take in the eminent working out by America of ultimate questions in scientific research and progress, in commercial economics and welfare, and in political conduct and destiny. They are prime interests of civilization. They have chronological precedence, if not logical privilege and honor, before the refining influence of Art. In the lawful attention given to those, the interests of this may well be postponed, and wait to be largely recognized and generously furthered. They are surely such as can bide their time. Those who have taken them to heart, in the bright future prophesied by the friends of science and literature, by the princes of commerce, by the leaders of politics, for what engages their hope and faith, foresee the power and glory of that whose success they look forward to and trust in. The lovers of Art know what other factor must enter into the account to make up the sum of the national future. They who are practising or studying it predict what fourth ray must mingle with this triple brightness to complete the lustre of the American state. The refined gold of the coming time will be, not gilded surely, but bejewelled with the preciousness of Art. For whereas of poverty-stricken and base Art it is the certain business to prank national shabbiness with poor masks and superfluity of decoration, and to match a boastful and vainglorious spirit in a people with pretence and falseness in itself, it is the true work and sure joy and inevitable issue of good Art to set off essential nobleness in a state with correspondent greatness in itself, to do nothing for vanity's sake but all for honor's, and adorn national magnanimity with costly proof of its own sympathetic generosity. The friends and lovers of it by faith foretell, under whatever present discouragement, its progress here and tri-

umph. Meanwhile they have to see how small its beginnings are, and how slow its advance. The analogy is only too plain of the general unintelligence and lack of culture in respect to it, with the wide and untamed lands which characterize our domain. It is a raw soil to be dealt with, and a slow, encumbered labor to be undertaken. So much the more is cheerfulness under present conditions praiseworthy in the artist and the student. And patience is needed, with forecasting trust that what is done faithfully in the practical work of Art, and what is studied wisely in the history or the theory of it, must avail something to the good end and the bright glory in view.

It will be a long day before the Council of free Boston or Chicago do what the Council of free Florence did in ordering Arnolfo, the architect of the commune, in these memorable terms, "to prepare the design for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata in such supreme and lavish magnificence, that neither the industry nor the capacity of man shall be able to devise anything more grand or more beautiful; inasmuch as the more judicious in this city have pronounced the opinion, in public and private conferences, that no work of the commune should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspondent with a heart which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens united together in one single will." The just sequel of such an order is the Cathedral, fitly set off by the Campanile which Giotto built, as if it were to be looked at only on feast-days, and crowned with the Dome, near which Michel Angelo ordered they should bury him, "that I may always," he said, "gaze at the work of Brunelleschi." The times will not this long while yet hint at civic magnanimity and wisdom which will plan and command like this for the benefit and adorning of the commonwealth. We do not hope to see the citizens of New York name their Tenth Street the "Joyous Quarter," and perhaps Mr. Page's pictures are not quite the things to be borne, with triumphal shouts and garlands, from the studio down Broadway to Trinity. Nor can we look forward to San Francisco's becoming a sanctuary of religious art, like the village of its namesake, no more its patron saint, in Italy.

Still there is promise for Art here patent, not needing to be searched for. Take an account of stock, and is there not good encouragement to its friends and followers in all the various directions of its power? We will enter here a general statement of the case in regard to the practice of it, which we will follow up by a notice of what Mr. Jarves, in his new book, has done for the study of it.

The title of his book would confine us to treat simply of the practice and study of the art of painting. But our theme permits a word upon the kindred arts of music, sculpture, and architecture. In order to any signal national repute and success in these, much wider interest and wiser study are needed. But the claim may be, with good reason, put in, that such study and interest as have been given have borne fruit measurably valuable and good.

Musically, the past generation was in Egypt. Their children have come into the promised land; and, under the leading of Beethoven and Mozart, Chopin and Franz, Handel and Mendelssohn, Wagner and Schumann, are driving out the barbarian and profane. They who remember back hardly a score of years are those who have seen music enter into its rights. And it is a most auspicious sign that this art takes, in general attention and liking, precedence of the rest. For its forms and modes of expression are of a very refined sort. It is the most subtile language which can utter itself to sense or feeling. It is, as it were, the spiritual speech, beside whose potent appeals and delicate persuasions colors and lines address themselves with uncertain power. The great masters of it are interpreted now in excellent fashion among us, and are appreciatively estimated and enjoyed. It is worth mentioning here, that an earlier and heartier recognition of the supreme merit of Beethoven was given in New England than in Old England; just as Coleridge and Wordsworth were here welcomed before they were greeted in their own home. The fact tells well for the ability of this people to know and value the best things in Art, when they are once presented. There are critics among us, and writers upon music, who rank among the best. Native composers, like Fry and Wallace, and such as we ourselves esteem of any account, deserve and have a good position in

contemporary musical art by the side of their European fellows. Our young artists have still to go abroad to the *conservatoire* or *akademie*, but the omens look more and more favorable for good schools and genial musical education here. The best singers and *virtuosi* of the world have taught us what to demand of opera and concert performances. Here is admirable progress for so short a time, and it holds out good promise for the future of music in America.

Of the study and present practice of the art of sculpture with us, we have to say, that, if the criticism is to be trusted which comes from abroad, our new nation and adolescent life have little more for which to blame themselves — as they certainly have nothing more for which they may be praised — than older countries and riper culture. With the Greek sculptures before our eyes, or with the memory of them present to the mind's eye, it is hard not to drift towards the opinion of Miriam, in "The Marble Faun," that "sculpture has no longer a right to claim any place among living arts; it has fairly wrought itself out and come to an end." Yet when we remember how the old life did stir again in new forms, by the genius and under the hand of certain mediæval artists, there is cause to think the book of this art not finally closed, and, with Kenyon, to hope that "future sculptors will revive this noblest of the beautiful arts, and people the world with new shapes of delicate grace and massive grandeur." But we must also say, with him, that, in fine, as regards the actual state of the art, it is, with the exception of some portrait-busts and certain decorative sculptures, largely a plagiarism.

A student of the ancient sculpture, finding a spirit and worth in it which it seems not daring to call divine, may be pardoned if, out of a just enthusiasm for their matchless excellence, he declares the account of plastic art to be finished with these works of final beauty and sublimity, and believes that Providence, in saving them from the wreck of time, saved all that is needful for the world's instruction and delight, as far as this art can teach and charm in all time. He has heard it said, that about all the sculptures have been restored to us which, in old documents, are recorded as holding the highest place in the esteem of the time and the people which

saw them fresh from the chisel, and were so sensitive to what was truly and completely admirable in this art. And it hardly seems fanciful to him to find something exceptional and marvellous in this preservation of the old works, and to adopt the pleasant superstition that it happened by peculiar foresight and careful painstaking, as an immediate and special grace. That they are the constant grand provocation to artists is not a matter of wonder to him. But he thinks they must also be the constant rebuke of their impotent inventions. He believes that theirs is an invitation not to be resisted by any who feels the plastic spirit moving in his brain and the plastic skill stirring in his hand, but that theirs is the fatal sentence too upon all this modern insufficiency. To this classic purist it does not seem necessary to be born, like Winckelmann, a Greek out of due time, but simply a New-Englander, with the native keen eye and common-sense, to conclude that, in contrast with the antique, the sculpture of to-day, from American or European hands, adds but little to the sum given by Art of deep instruction and pleasure. Seated in some gallery, with a choice collection about him of casts from the antique, and enjoying the perfect repose and almost supernal calm of their presence, — the serenity, but not the coldness, of Epicurus's gods, — he is not to be blamed if he is simply impatient, since it is so hard not to be scornful, of the intrusive follies and weaknesses of the moderns there. Why should they find entrance into this august company, these loutish Tam o' Shanters and grimacing Widow Wadmans, these smirking Dancing Girls and vapid Ganymedes? — unless, indeed, to mark what a gulf lies between the old ideal and the new baseness and caricature.

But before our fanatical friend leaves the gallery, he stops perhaps before those sublime forms from the Medici Chapel, which hold all who stop more closely than the "glittering eye" held the wedding-guest, or he looks over photographs of basreliefs from some mediæval cathedral, or of some work of Donatello or Niccola Pisano. Then, though with cause so determined a praiser of the past time, he will confess that the line of great sculptors did not close with the masters of the classic age, and will trust that, as Christian history and faith surely

did have once, so they may again have masters of true genius, whose works shall own a vital worth and a lasting date. Certainly there is a comparative poverty in the sculpture of our times. Facility and talent, sensitiveness to classic beauty and obedience to formal rules deduced from it, intellect clear enough and sentiment pure and tender enough have gone, with other proper qualities, to produce works sufficiently effective and pleasing. But the inspiration has not been present of that all-compelling imagination and creative genius apt to immortal works. The verdict then is easy which secludes the supremacy of this art in the past, and condemns our future to the mediocrity of it. Yet it is hardly safe criticism. It smacks of the critic being quite overborne by the surpassing power and beauty of the old thus to confine all possible excellence to that age. While it is mere fondness to prophesy works which will put into the shade all that has ever yet been done and seen, it is mere dogmatism to protest that nothing can be looked for beside present meagreness, continued in one long, dull succession. Nature breaks the mould, they say, when she has made a Phidias or a Michel Angelo. We dare say she does. At any rate she does not give any such imperial men to serve Art now. But it is not wise to distrust her energy and will to bring to the casting as precious material as ever, and to furnish just as gracious and majestic, though different, forms of artistic capacity. She will not repeat herself, and, in her manifold beneficence, refuses to use the old mould. But she may show an equal care and cunning, and a purpose as wise and grand, in carving out the new. The great art critic of England thinks there are many Leonardos and Turners in the crowd of craftsmen and traders, — undeveloped, as God brings only one out of myriad orchard-blooms to luscious fruit and generative seed. Who knows, indeed? But we distrust the argument from low organizations to high, — from apples and grapes to intellect and spirit. And we have been in the way of thinking that genius asserts itself, and does not so much make its way as have its way; that Raphael born without arms will make himself known as Raphael. But as we hold it stuff to feed national vanity withal, and vaticination worthy of Fourth of July declaimers, to prophesy the advent of Amer-

ican sculptors and architects to whose works the Lorenzo will be a fool and the Pantheon seem a hut, we esteem it also the narrowest discontent and niggard unfaith which, on the other hand, predicts a future artistic succession of Berninis and Canovas merely. The coming times and men are apt upon their happy arrival to rebuke the spirit which arbitrarily asserts that no good can come out of Nazareth, and to give the lie to its forlorn auguries. Let the critic bear it in mind, that as Art is long, it has a certain privilege of delay, and something of the Divine indifference to time, counting a thousand years as but a day's advance to the fulfilling of its purposes and the issue of its events; while his own time is short, limitary of observation and judgment, and suggestive of an especial modesty in the matter of guess-work and prophecy as to the future.

American architecture is pretty much a standing butt. It is the fashion to give it up, and allow on all hands that the less said about it the better, or to use it as the mark for the slings and arrows of outrageous wit. And what a fair and inviting target it is! The least inclined to harshness admit the general base character and ugly look of it. None are more imperative in their censure than architects. And he must be indeed a most wrong-headed patriot or dull-eyed observer who risks any admiration or defence of it. There is danger that in the general censure particular merits may be overlooked, and individual deserts disallowed. Sweeping criticism is a Charon, who likes to push all into one boat and ferry all to one condemnation. Still it must at last be confessed, and after most charitable bating, that, if our country were to be judged by its architecture, its plea would be poor against a verdict ever so harsh. In the all but universal offence, however, every promising sign should be caught at and held up. And such signs there are.

There is something, surely, attractive in the Puritanic quaintness and prim simplicity of certain relics of Colonial times. Those pre-Revolutionary remnants are our antiquities, and we prize them for preserving to us something of the form and pressure of the heroic time. Such are the church of 1680 in Hingham, Mass., and the Old South in Boston, Independence Hall,

and Faneuil Hall. And among the older buildings, some, imported from abroad, are models of correct taste and good design, such as the King's Chapel in Boston, and Christ Church in Cambridge, till, Procrustes-like, they stretched it out, and made lovers of beauty ache for it. But we have to say, that for the most part our public buildings are monuments of pretence and ignorance when anything else than mere use has been brought into the account, and our private dwellings mere serviceable roofs of shingle or slate, topping bare walls set with oblong holes to let in light and air. Hardly till within a score of years, however, has much light come to them who, not to speak it profanely, were sitting in artistic darkness and in the architectural shadow of death. Now, from architects willing to live by and hand down the traditions of that past of incompetency and presumption, there is little to be hoped. They will give us all the modern improvements, but Art will not enter into their designs, nor beauty be found among their estimates. For the sake of the coming generations we may indulge the hope, that against the frights and follies they have put up, and are now erecting, Time will sharpen up that corroding tooth of his which the poets have so often mentioned.

But there is much to be hoped for from those architects, especially from certain young and rising men among them, who prize their business as an art, not simply follow it as a trade. They bring to it the fruit of careful study and a thorough education, with artistic feeling. Their work proves a special artistic sense and comprehension of what is beautiful; as, for instance, the portal of All-Souls' Church in New York, and the structure in the Central Park there, which goes, if memory serves us, by the name of the Terrace Bridge. The ornamentation of this last is signally pleasing, of most sumptuous variety and delicate fancy. There seems, then, to be planted now the germ of a school which may make American architecture something else than a curiosity of dulness and ugliness. There is a decided impulse given in the right direction; hardly more at present than a feeling the way, but a most hopeful tendency. When once substantial building is proved not inconsistent with good art, people who build will demand of the architect something besides joiner, plasterer, and stone-cutter experience,

or contractor shrewdness. We do not despair of the state taking the matter in hand, and one of these days proclaiming the useful French rules which compel both a certain degree of strength and of fit beauty to every building put up in Paris. Whether a commission of architects will ever receive from government such power to make impossible the frightful accidents to life and limb so common in our towns from sham building, and the frightful offences suffered by the eye from sham art, may be doubted. But that the people cannot help being taught more and more what strength and beauty in the plans of the architect may do for the good looks and repute of a city, the works of some of the younger followers of this most magnificent of the arts are giving satisfying proof, and affording large promise for the future of it here.

In the art of painting, landscape carries the day with us. It attracts the liking and pursuit of most artists, and above all other branches of the art it bears the palm for truth and beauty in its works. There is a school of American landscape, and one worthy of praise, and with reason honorable. Yet it is within a generation that what it has effected has been done. Doughty is only just now dead, who saw the beginnings of it, and Durand still is living and working, the hale patriarch of it. From their early works it is sure and genial, as well as rapid, progress to the delightful and successful pictures of Brown and Church, Innes and Gay, and of many others, their worthy companions, if not compeers. The unsurpassed American landscape is worthy to nurture an unsurpassed school of landscape art. One reasonably believes this lavish and manifold invitation by Nature to be prophetic of the liberal answer to be given by Art. These primeval forests of summer glooms and autumn splendors; these greatest rivers of the world, and broadest lakes; this hill-country so full of picturesque and rural charm, and mountain-region of such height and sublimity; this richly-varied climate and vegetation of all the zones, from tropical heats, golden sunshine, lush bloom, warm valleys, and steaming streams in the South, to melancholy, purple seas, with long-lapsing waves, and weird, forbidding magic-shows of icebergs in the North, — it would seem that they must have an attraction in them, and a very inspiration,

which will insure some fit correspondence with their deserts in the transcript which our artists are to make of their grandeurs and beauties.

It is perhaps owing to the scientific complexion of the time, as well as to the signal persuasion given by the manifold sublime or lovely aspects of Nature, that landscape should now so invincibly attract to itself the better part of our artistic genius and talent. The time is eager for facts and positive verification, and this art reflects its spirit. But, from whatever cause, the higher art of painting languishes, and we are living in the main upon the one bright and venerable name of Allston. The highest even of landscape art does not yet find expression. It is true that our painters not seldom bring to us the aspect, but also make us enjoy the peculiar, fleeting sentiment of the scene caught by their delicate sense and quick observation of what is most effective, agreeable, and impressive about it. We call to mind a notable example in a sunset sea-view by Kensett, and in some truly delightful Italian sketches by Brown. The best of Gay's sea-side pictures completely reproduce the quiet, serene feeling and charm to the mind of the lovely coast scenery of New England; and there is a painting of Innes, now in the Athenæum in Boston, into which he has brought with marvellous truth the very woodland spirit, with the grand forms and soberly-magnificent tones of color of the remote, wild solitudes and backwoods life of the North. There is in it a rare suggestion to us of the *Waldeinsamkeit*, the wood-solitariness, the forest-presentiment, when one looks for something to appear or happen momently, — when the silence of the wood is found to be no silence at all, but, instead, a stilly murmur and concert of weird sighing and rustling, and we are held by the allurement of a nameless fascination, and drawn back also by a nameless dread. But in general our landscapes are the work of accurate memory and patient observation of the mask of nature, of sensitiveness to rural and picturesque beauty, and of quick seizure of salient and exciting effects. We repeat, the highest of landscape art hardly yet appears. If here and there is a sign, there is yet by no means a great manifestation of the power of that discreet, imaginative faculty which, however it eludes definition, names

itself creative by its works. A something higher than memory or observation or selection, and more vital than a feeling for the lovely and the grand, or a sensibility to effects and impressions from nature, it subordinates the objects which the eye sees to the visions which the imagination discerns. The genius has not yet risen among us, which, in the high poetic vein, thus submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind. We know that predictions of great men to come are poor comfort in present lack, and savor rather of fanciful wishes and vague hope than the assurance of prophetic faith. Yet to reflect how near the art has reached its highest, and in how little time, may foster the belief in the coming of the great poet-landscapist, the idealist whose subtile imagination may turn all forms and effects of nature to the purposes of great emotions, and the expression of ideal truth; as Turner, so his great vindicator says, did in "The Old Téméraire" and "The Slave-Ship," and Tintoret in his "Crucifixion," or as we are told that Titian, in his famous "Entombment," makes earth and sky sympathize with an unseen and spiritual presence, and in their lines and hues confess the power of a great sorrow which all the world and all time were to feel, and a lamentation whose burden the heavens would take up.

If landscape art be limited by the "Hitherto shalt thou come" of this positivism of the time and practicalness of the people, much more must historical and religious art be bounded. Genre has, to be sure, some followers; but the climate does not suit, and their works, with very few exceptions, are vulgar beside the charming and noble examples of this art sent to us by that facile and most interesting French school. One name must stand for all that America has done in a really great fashion and fine spirit, for that highest of the art of painting, whose works have a worth forever memorable, and whose servants, while they painted from careful yet hardly-gained culture and with exceptional but painstaking skill, painted, it would seem, by some special grace of God, and gained their immortality of love and reverence by immediate favor and leading of the Infinite Artist. His co-workers they appear, as if by His direct inspiration; and in truth they are so, through their own religious faith and duty. In their great

company, Allston is the sole bearer of the American name, our one representative in the highest range of the pictorial art. To say it, is no foolish dogmatism or wanton disregard of other more or less famous merits and claims. The high rank of Stuart in portraiture, and of Trumbull in historical painting, and of Copley in both, is assured beyond cavil. West has a respectable repute, so far as academic excellence may be worth anything. A miniature by Malbone is justly prized for its sweet delicacy of treatment and color. Cheney's reputation is somewhat local and restricted, but of a kind which an artist seeks the purer-minded he is, and his drawings are precious for their exceeding refinement and their truthful rendering of the very spirit of young innocence, of patient faith, and the peace of holiness. They are names honorable to the country, and justly honored. But Allston's is a reverend name, which, if not spoken in the same breath with the Italian masters of the golden time of Art, would seem rightly uttered close after theirs. His Rosalie and his Beatrice, and even so small a thing as the gesture of an angel's hand, or the bend of a woman's head, in one and another of his pictures, have always seemed to us the delicious foretaste of the feast which, as travellers report and patient faith believes, awaits all good Americans in Europe.

Granted that reasons are not few or invalid for the complaint so often entered against this country because of its poverty in the treasures of Art, and its meagre interest in the gathering up of that sort of wealth which is truly honorable to a nation, and needful to the noblest estate and true glory of a people, yet the statement just made here, incomplete as it is, testifies to the good esteem in which Art is held, at least at the great centres of our civilization, and to a memorable and express excellence in the practice of it, which is prophetic of good for its future. It is not, indeed, in our present vein to bepraise the country for what it has done or is promising. For to those who wish well to the republic, nothing is more distasteful than the pestilent boasting which this people is so fond of hearing from the lips of its flatterers and out of its own mouth. For this folly we have justly become a byword for national vanity and brag; and unless we mend our

manners, there is danger that the dictionaries may substitute Americanade for gasconade. What sort of folks they are who sound a trumpet before them has been set down once for all. Their character is well marked, whether individual men or nations. And if ever rebuke was needed and humiliation deserved, it was the blame which so lately fell upon us, and the disgrace we have had to suffer, — of which, indeed, the sting remains and the blush lingers even now, when returning virtue moves at the people's heart, and is seeking so grandly to retrieve honor and wipe off shame. It is not, then, in any vain boasting, but out of just pride, that, with this account of stock before us, though hurriedly and partially taken, we affirm that, for a country not a century old, America has done well for Art, and is establishing fair earnest of better practice and larger encouragement of it to come.

In respect to the study of it, — that study, namely, which is not in the interest of its practical pursuit in any branch, but directed upon the philosophy, the general theory and history of it, and concerned with criticism of its various works and forms, — what has been done in American literature was noticed, briefly and by the way, in an article upon Mr. Ruskin's *magnum opus*, in a late number of this review. The book whose title we put at the head of the present article was then, unknown to us, on the eve of publication. We are glad to add it to our list of American works on Art, esteeming it as, on the whole, an addition of a good deal of worth, although we have found some things about it far from admirable, and to be blamed. It is the largest original contribution yet, and in external make far the handsomest. Upon the face of it, it seems to put out a claim to favor and to demand regard; not, however, presumptuously and with pretence, but upon fair grounds. Its good looks ought to secure for it, what indeed its contents in the main deserve, a public consideration larger and better than that given to the author's former work. The good promise of that this amply fulfils. And, whatever cause our criticism is going to find in it for abatement of full praise, we would give it at the outset hearty greeting, as the just sequel and complement, now after the lapse and maturer study of some six years, to that genuine love of Art and of country which marked the "Art Hints."

We are to give some of our reasons for a friendly welcome to "Art Studies." But first the way must be cleared somewhat. And our praise will be all the freer for this preliminary fault-finding. There are gross blunders in the printing, and infelicities of style which one who chose might deal with quite sharply. In some cases the style is worse than infelicitous, it is marked with pretence. We are well aware how apt it is to have the look of a cheap sort of pedantry to snap at misprints, and to criticise verbal slips and a ridiculous fashion of writing. And we would not risk that look if our easy object were simply to pick out blemishes. We enter upon this adverse criticism because we think the book is far too good to be blotted with such needless blunders, and because we know that it is just such superficial errors and absurdities of style which often interfere with the favorable reception of a book, and hinder the valuable service it is calculated to render by its right intention and excellent matter, apart from anything faulty or foolish in its manner. The mistakes and faults are just such as disturb one because they are needless, and might have been spared by a very little care and judgment. We pass over their annoyance and jar to the critical nerves, but are not ready to excuse their disfigurement of a book whose purpose and subject we have so much at heart.

Good repute for printing, as for other things, ought never to seem so well established that the carefulness which secured it may be dispensed with. But here, in this handsome and costly book, are the plain marks of want of care and overhaste. And one need not be specially curious in the niceties of book-making to find good cause for criticism. *Dad* for *had*, *aresent* for *present*, *arms* for *urns*, *leading* with an extra *ing* tagged to it, and the like, are inexcusable in a book got up with such cost and pretension. A "*pâtè de foie grase*" may be a "nice thing" to eat, but not to print. Who was *Crozet*, and what collection did he make? We have seen Duppa's Life of Michel Angelo. But who is *Dupper*, who translates here one of his sonnets for us? Pity it was not made an entire and perfect chrysolite of a blunder by making the D a T! It would have been an exciting piece of literary news, that Martin F.'s fine poetic faculty had dared what Wordsworth's drew

back from. The proof-reader must have nodded oftener than Homer to let such blunders pass. They would hardly be excusable in a less important book, and are grossly careless in one which, like this, by all nicety of paper, print, and illustration, claims to be an admirable specimen of book-making. It is to be regretted that the first American work on Art, which challenges comparison for elegance with English publications of the same class, should be disfigured with mistakes which a little painstaking might have saved.

If we sympathized any less with the *animus* of it, or were any less ready to commend it as a whole, we should hardly have a word to say about the disagreeable qualities and frequent absurdities in its style. But we must think that its reception will be hindered and its influence jeoparded by such foolish affectations as "avid of fame," "graphically fecund," "dynamic view," "interiorly and exteriorly," "moultered," and the like, which, as the author himself might quote in some of his high flights of inconsequence, are scattered through the pages "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." The pure well must be somewhat stirred up to send out such defiled and muddy English. It is not perhaps too much to say, that "festered passions" and "putridities of civilization" are a little strong. — Hamlet's query seems pat: "And smelt so? pah!" — The vile phrase "superior sentiments" occurs again and again; and each time we could not help thinking of the good lady who held her small triumph over her clever marketing in these terms: "I assure you it was really a *superior* lobster." Figures are frequent, but somewhat mixed. Sympathy with an artist's sentiment in the motif of a picture is, we are told with reason, a sure guide to truth; but this further explanation of it is added, as "a delicate chord, which, fastening itself upon the surface of things, penetrates their interiors and illumines them with the light of sympathetic understanding." We fear "their interiors" must suffer by the process, and do not find that the illuminating chord throws much light on the meaning. It must have been a queer physico-moral condition when "sin coursed through every vein and salivated every nerve," and sad intellectual emptiness when "truths fell vacuous upon the masses." But

this is ungracious work. Enough to say that Mr. Jarves's style has constantly reminded us of a sarcasm of Landor, who, writing to a friend, says of some author lately dead: "He wrote good English, a language now unfortunately nearly obsolete." If the style is the man, then is he somehow two men. The reader finds himself puzzled and disturbed between him and his double, — at one moment enjoying simplicity and directness in the style, at the next page displeased with the confusion and pretence of it. It is clear and good, as in the narrative and biographical sketches; again, when some æsthetical fury seizes it, it equals oracles in dubiousness, but not in brevity. The author ought to get rid of this awkward double of his, with such a liking for fustian and rhetorical stuff and nonsense, or put him under strict editorial guardianship. His ambition of fine writing and vanity of subtile philosophizing take a good deal from the reader's interest and pleasure, and must prevent the substantial worth of the book from a quick and hearty recognition.

The spirit of the book is too wise and honest to be touched by any follies or pretence in the style. A genuine love of Art is manifest, and an earnest patriotic wish that this country may do its duty in regard to it, and invite the benefits which will result from a better allowance of its claims and encouragement of its practice. We sympathize with this wish, and praise this faith in the good service which true Art always renders to a people. We believe in the worth of all art studies which go to confirm and spread this faith, and make this desire contagious. They are important everywhere. The attention given to them abroad shows how wide the estimate of their worth is in Europe. The time and talent used upon them there are wisely employed; and the works which are the fruit of them are of a value hardly to be counted. But these studies should be held as of capital use where they are not common, and the worth of them not generally felt or allowed. Our long-headed, utilitarian, anxiously busy people are slow to appreciate them in their proper importance. Dilettante is among us a final reproach; and justly so where it fits the trifler who goes with the fashion of his time and city, and is enthusiastic about Art simply by the prompting of the demon

who whispers, "Have a taste." But it is apt to be visited on any one interested in Art, however in earnest he be and untouched by the vanity and superficialness of mere dilettanteism. The real student of Art is not the pamperer of his tastes and luxurious seeker of his own pleasure. He is of manlier nerve than to become the soft devotee of the lust of the eye. He who realizes what inspiration of intellectual strength and beauty flows out of that matchless Greek art to one who diligently studies it, and who draws in any of the inspiration of holiness and religion undefiled which flows from early Italian Art to him who communes with its wisdom of simple truthfulness, is not likely to be frivolous and selfish. The still air of his delightful studies is not the climate most favorable to egotism. The noble lives and works which he contemplates there offer no plea for softness, or persuasion to wantonness, or encouragement to any niggard keeping to himself the pleasure and instruction they afford. His study is truly most responsive to the love and pains he gives to it, with the keenest and amplest delights. A sure and enduring satisfaction always is waiting upon him from it. But it is full of lofty inducement. It teaches him to be useful in his day, and serviceable to his generation. He imparts of his enjoyment, and spreads the good learning which he has gained. He passes on to others the pleasure and the profit which he has secured. Addressing at first, perhaps, only the few of like tastes and pursuits, his influence presently descends and moves among the many. He has a wide field of service to enter and possess here. And it is a place of honor which he will fill. What he has already done in American literature merits thankful recognition and praise, and any further issue of his judicious and careful study is sure of hearty welcome. A French reviewer lately said of our writers on Art, that no critics excel them in critical ability, as far as it depends on intellectual faculty and moral and spiritual sympathy, but that any European tyro and penny-a-liner could over-crow them in the quickness and confidence which the life-long and daily presence of Art, in all its forms and schools, begets; that by accurate observation, discreet judgment, and fine imaginative power, they interpret justly particular works, and genially enter into their motive and sen-

timent, but that they are led to make great blunders by their meagre experience, and an art-education so limited that a *valet de place* might be their teacher in many matters of the learning of Art. If it be so, it is plain that there is ample room and verge enough for the American art-student, but also sufficient encouragement for him to occupy it with the good powers given him, and by his faithful labor.

The "Art Studies" now before us are made up of historical and biographical narrative, with æsthetic criticism and philosophy, in about equal parts. The latter is the more strictly original portion, and is of considerable interest and value. The book will be likely to be prized most for the former. It is a compilation in which those familiar with the history of Art and the lives of artists will hardly find much that is new. But old facts are given in a vivid, sprightly, and attractive way, and we have found ourselves reading, with quite the old zest and a renewed pleasure, of Savonarola's Puritanic zeal and Giotto's genial temper and life, of Fra Lippo Lippi's escapades and naturalism and Fra Angelico's saintly piety and spiritualism; how Andrea del Sarto loved, not wisely but too well, Lucrezia Fede, and how the handsome shrew ruined him; how Raphael was the darling of Fortune, and how, under her slights, the sublime genius of Michel Angelo, the greatest spirit in those great times or in any age of Art, was moved to the noblest issues ever reached by painter or by sculptor of the modern time; how Art began to stir out of formalism and tradition with Cimabue, and how with Titian and the rest it wrought out wonders of dignity and grace not possibly, it seems, to be surpassed, if reached. It is a never tiresome story, and told here in a sensible and more than usually agreeable way. They who come freshly to it are sure to be pleased, as well as informed, by this excellent presentation of it.

We took less pleasure in the æsthetical parts. The theorizing about Art, and the criticism of artists and their works, not seldom has left a confused and unsatisfactory impression. This may be owing partly to the faulty arrangement, where various things are mixed together without order, and one is forced to go from one to another in a vague sort of way, passing from narrative to criticism, jumping from history to phi-

losophizing, without much plan, and with considerable distraction. It is just that no-arrangement which always leaves the reader with an uncomfortable sense of confusion and haphazard in the thought, and of hurry and carelessness in the putting together the material. But the want felt in the æsthetics of the book is probably owing more to the fact that it is just here that the style inclines to run wild, and turns to pretence and indistinctness. From whatever cause, this portion, although marked with shrewd comments, bright observation, and ingenious thought, does not leave any clear and certain impression of special power or delicacy of criticism, or of notable originality in æsthetic comprehension and feeling.

To many this will be, perhaps, their "first book" in Art. It will genially introduce them to the company of the great masters of painting, and to their works. They may follow it as a safe, clever, and agreeable guide. Mr. Jarves's estimate of Art is a just one, and though his feeling for it, as he suggests in his Preface, may seem an over-enthusiasm, we cannot hold it to be so, and are glad that he does not apologize for it. He ranks the masters in their right order; though we have thought Leonardo's intellectual greatness a little dazzling to his critical discernment, and perhaps blinding him to the absence in that marvellous, many-sided man of the higher inspiration which moved the genius of some of his contemporaries. He states well the peculiar excellence of each, and correctly marks the difference displayed in their powers and their works, between the grades of Art from low to high. His facilities have been unusually large, and his study has been faithful and wisely directed. He is not conventional in his judgments, servilely admiring because others have admired, or blaming where this or that other critic has blamed. He has a mind of his own, which is often very confidently, but not conceitedly, given. But, what is more to the purpose, we do not remember that he ever falls into that deplorable error and silliness into which travellers among the great treasuries of Art sometimes fall, of flouting the established fame of great works by petty criticisms and the vanity of not being taken in by tradition, but looking for themselves. Goethe, to be sure, when he went down into Italy, went, he says, cleared of pre-

possessions and prejudice, to use his own eyes. He had the right, but does not seem to have transmitted it to the gentry who so affect the style of "I know nothing about Art, but I do know what pleases me, and am not to be humbugged out of my opinion by any universal admiration." This book is free from that detestable affectation which will put in its glib word about the ill-composition of the Sistine Madonna, and waxes bold over the ill-drawing in the frescos of the Holy Field in Pisa. It is modest, and so far is a wise and safe guide.

The illustrations form so marked and interesting a feature of "Art Studies," that a notice of the book would be incomplete without a reference to them. They are excellently well drawn and engraved. And they are truer to their originals than many of the illustrations in English art-publications of the same class. In them the mannerism of the designer is often more plain than the character of the picture illustrated. Note, for example, how, in many, Mr. Harvey's peculiarly disagreeable style of drawing gives a very free and very lame translation of the work in hand. All such outlines must, of course, be mere memoranda, but it is gratifying to see that, in this publication, the Italian engraver has given with the composition something of the manner and even the spirit of the originals.

But the great merit of these originals is what gives to the illustrations special value and interest, above any excellence which they have of their own. We had the good fortune, a little while ago, to see Mr. Jarves's collection in New York. We have not space here to speak of it as we would like. And the look we had was too short to speak of it as it deserves. At first, the propriety and good-taste of Mr. Jarves's illustrating his book from his own collection seemed dubious. It would have been better, we thought, to illustrate the history of painting and the biography of artists rather from world-famous and approved characteristic works. But the pictures vindicate the step. And if "Art Studies" were much less interesting and valuable on its own merits, it should still be greatly prized as the herald of the pictures from which its illustrations are engraved. It is for this that we are most ready to greet it

and send it on with a good word, as introducing these works of early Italian Art to the study and criticism which, if earnest and just, must result in a generous reception of them, and a more than favorable regard.

When, some time ago, we read what Mr. Trollope and other capable men had to say in praise and authentication of them, we thought, and took occasion to say in this review, that the owner of them would be held as a benefactor and lover of his country more on their account than for his books. Having seen them, we repeat it with emphasis. What we need here is experience and instruction in noble Art. And there is no collection in the country equal to this, not only as a teacher of the history of painting, but also as a guide to point out where the supreme inspiration of the art lies, the secret of its greatest power and the mover of its most beautiful works.

In judging these pictures, they who have been abroad have an advantage in being able to decide, by comparison with renowned works in Europe, how far these are characteristic of the master or school to which they are attributed. For that we have to pin our faith, in the main, upon the documents in the Appendix; and the names there are worthy of credence. But they who have not seen Rome, and Dresden, and Florence have this advantage, that therefore they are perhaps all the better judges of what is needed here for the student of Art who cannot go where it is studied to the most profit and pleasure. No city will so surely help its sons and daughters who are studying either the practice or the theory and history of Art, as that which secures for itself these pictures, collected by Mr. Jarves with equal care and good fortune. And none will so benefit its people at large, the lay as well as the clerics of Art, with the pure pleasures and fine instructions of which it is the generous spring. If Boston be the centre of intellectual and moral life, as its citizens claim for it, then Boston is the one fit place for them. They will be studied there as they ought to be. And there they will be valued with that just esteem and fair judgment which faithful study must bring.

To write justly of them demands a better opportunity than we have yet had, and time not merely to look at, but to study them. We do not belong to that class of apt learners for whom

a glance around the gallery is enough to bring in the verdict of "old things" or "humbug." The short time we gave to them was full of genuine delight. Other galleries have pleased us as much, but never in so fine a fashion. It was a most choice and lofty pleasure. When we entered the little "Tribune," where the elect pictures are hung, we at once felt that it was a new world of Art opening to us. Here was a loftier region and a purer air. We had expected dull, archaic pictures, whose mystery was to be plucked out with much painstaking, and whose value was largely antiquarian, as historic documents and relics. But the little room, on that dark, gray day, shone and flashed as if set with gems. It was no painful, mousing search which they required, no near-sighted and intent quest after remote beauty and significance. There was no difficulty about them, but an immediate and genial invitation to the eye and to the mind. We did not have to get down to them with prying investigation. But they came down to us, with a presence of exceeding dignity and grace, with the offer of rare gifts and the allurement of an uplifting power. It was coming true, what we had dreamed, over our books, of Giotto, Francia, Gozzoli, Fra Angelico, and the rest. It was as though we had been studying the grammar of Art without examples, and now they were given, and rules and principles were made plainer. It was the self-same experience which the first sight of what is grandest or most lovely in nature gives, — as though a new sense were born, or the eyes had opened more widely, and, so to speak, more deeply. The holy feeling, simple truthfulness, and fine purity of early Italian painting were to be henceforth a fact, and not a story. We were to know by experience, and not by hearsay, what power is in Art when it works under its highest inspiration, a pure religious sentiment and faith. We now understood how it is divinely gifted with appeals to which the best and noblest in thought and feeling spontaneously and sympathetically respond. What had been conviction in the mind was now sight to the eye, — that, at its truest and best, it is the form and representative of the spiritual. We knew that we had stepped within the vestibule of the temple in whose remote and sacred adyta hang for us the Sistine Madonna and the Prophets and Sibyls of the Papal chapel.

Nothing could more decisively establish their worth than to have them exhibited, as in New York, in the same gallery with the popular Düsseldorf collection. There seems something rather providential than lucky in such a conjunction of Art which appeals to the higher faculties and deeper feelings, and is almost unknown among us, with that, well known and expressly popular, which seduces the roving eye and pleases the coarser and superficial tastes. The contrast is one in which things quickly take their level. It was with a strange feeling, the blank sense of separation and remoteness, that we tried to find in the German pictures what our younger and cruder judgment had found so admirable. It was, to be sure, a test somewhat of the hardest, and not quite fair, to come to them at once upon the first delightful taste of the old Italian religious art. It was the poor wine after the good. Academic mannerism, the commonplace of a school, caricature for characterization, vulgarity for humor, and breadth of canvas for depth of feeling and height of thought, obstinately obtruded themselves. And, at the best, it was shrewd facility and knowing cleverness, pretty fancy and delicate finish, power of effective grouping and impressive composition, which caught the eye. But there was a genuine inspiration in the motif and sentiment of the others, which detained the heart. Here was a lavish and precious display of simplicity and truth, of self-forgetfulness and surrender to the sacredness of the theme, of the spontaneity of religious devotion and faith. The very pigment seemed a different and nobler thing, so gem-like and pure it showed beside the dull and muddy tints of the new pictures. If color be the exponent of the artist's temper and character, there is little room to doubt in which age the noblest intellectual and moral tendency was present and active. As if to challenge comparison, an "Adoration of the Magi" by Steinbruck hung quite near a painting of the same subject by Luca Signorelli. The latter, though far less attractive than many of the pictures of an earlier date, at once asserted its superiority. Yet the former is esteemed a masterpiece of its school, and with reason, because free from many of the disagreeable qualities of the Düsseldorf style. It is a most ambitious picture, marked with patient labor and mas-

terly skill. It is fifty times as big as the Italian picture, and probably attracts fifty times as many people to look at it. But it lacks the absorbing and imperative earnestness which fills the 20 × 24 canvas of the other with commanding pictorial power and effect. That is full of the strong and healthy sentiment of piety; this is touched with the weakness of pious sentimentalism. This has the unity of studied composition, is of the order and limitation of modern ecclesiastical art, and is formally religious. That has the unity of spirit and the freedom of true sacred art, and is really religious.

In the genial and modest close of the Preface to "Art Studies," the writer commends to the reader's "kindly regard Introduction, Body, and Appendix, omitting nothing. For," he goes on, "he hopes it will be for your good to read *all*, as it has been for his to write; while he wishes you, like himself, thorough enjoyment in Art." We have to say, that it was for our special good and thorough enjoyment to read the Appendix. For it contains the catalogue of the collection, and while we read it the pictures were before us. They instruct the student, as hand-books and the like never can, in the history of painting, unfolding its course from the stirring of new life in Cimabue's time, through its quick growth and blooming fruitful season in the sixteenth century, to the fatal decadence and fall after Michel Angelo. But, what is more, they bring him under the influences of the strength and beauty of that Art which is of the highest kind, as the inspiration of pure religious sentiment and faith is the highest impulse that can move the soul and guide the hand, and which, of all Art, is most truly satisfying to the mind and most surely ennobling to the spirit of those who reverently and affectionately study it.

Art. V. — THE WAR.

1. *The Causes of the American Civil War. A Letter to the London Times.* By John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands." New York: James G. Gregory. 1861.
2. *The Rebellion Record; a Diary of American Events*, 1860 – 61. Edited by Frank Moore, &c., &c. New York: G. P. Putnam.

When, in the year of our Lord 79, the people of Campania saw that memorable pine-tree cloud ascending from Vesuvius, black with smoke, glittering with flashes of lightning, it came as a great surprise. The cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the little villages which nestled on the side of the mountain, were astonished out of their tranquil repose by an unexpected terror. It was difficult to realize the greatness of the catastrophe. The family of the rich Diomedes thought themselves safe in the cellars of their Pompeian villa; Diomedes himself thought he should have time, before he fled, to gather up some gold; the elder Pliny conceived that he might safely sail across the bay into the very centre of the peril for the sake of scientific information; the younger Pliny continued to read his Livy at Misenum amid the increasing tumult of the mountain and tremblings of the earth. Yet there were warnings which preceded the catastrophe. The old lava of previous eruptions lay everywhere under their feet. The mountain had been moaning, and earthquakes during many previous days had given significant indications of some approaching phenomenon.

So it has been with the people of the United States. The first shot fired at Fort Sumter was an alarm-gun, rousing the whole land to war. The news of that impious sacrilege, of that audacious attack on the dear old flag, flew along a hundred wires, and the people of nineteen States rushed to arms. Then was seen the greatest phenomenon of modern history, — the most unwarlike of nations, in the course of a few months, becoming the most military people in the world. The gage of battle, thrown down by "the venerable Edward Ruffin of Virginia," when he fired that fatal shot, has been taken up

by half a million of soldiers. Raw militia are changed in a few weeks into veterans. Men who never fired a gun lead a charge against a battery of rifled cannon. Men just taken from their shops and ploughs stand still, like old soldiers, to be battered with stones or mowed down with grape. Boys, fresh from their books, go into battle with the coolness of the bronzed old *moustache* who has seen fifty fights. The whole population of the North has flung itself, with the immense energy born of freedom, into this war. Seventy-five thousand men are called for for three months, and one hundred and fifty thousand offer to go. One hundred and fifty thousand are called for for three years, and three hundred thousand offer to go. The agents of the different regiments go to Washington to urge, by all available influence, that they shall be accepted. Twice as many companies are formed, equipped, and drilled, as can possibly be put to service. They support themselves while waiting to be taken into the army. Their officers spend all their money in providing them with the bare necessaries of life. The streets of our cities, so lately ignorant of all military sights, now echo, early and late, with the measured tread of marching men, are draped with the stripes and stars, are musical with the fife and bugle. Those who do not enlist enter drill-clubs, so as to be ready to enlist by and by. The intense activity created by free institutions, the whole energy of intellect and will of the whole Northern people, have been poured into this work of war. We may say that the whole capital of the nation, in money, men, intellect, time, has been invested in this struggle. All parties disappear. A few months ago we seemed hopelessly disunited; now the unanimity of the people is almost entire.

Nor is the unanimity of the North more striking than its celerity. The red cross of Roderic Dhu sped rapidly through Highland valleys, and over Highland mountains, summoning the clans to battle. Rapidly flashed the signal fires from headland to headland along the coast of England, rousing county after county, as the Spanish Armada came in sight upon the horizon. But the fastest foot of man and horse, the most rapid succession of beacon fires, are lazy messengers when compared with the lightning sparks which flashed the news of the attack

on Fort Sumter over a hundred wires, on the 12th of April, 1861. In the course of a few hours the news spread over fifteen degrees of latitude and fifty of longitude. The change produced in human transactions by the combination of the railroad and electric telegraph appeared very signally on this occasion. Fort Sumter was surrendered on Saturday, April 13th. On Monday, April 15th, appeared the President's proclamation, calling for 75,000 men. The fact (by telegraph) reached Boston the same day, and Governor Andrew's requisition went before night into the country towns, calling for the Sixth Regiment to come to Boston, and then go to Washington. Through that Monday night the messengers went from house to house, summoning the men, and on the next morning (Tuesday, 16th) many of the companies were marching in the cold rain through the streets of Boston. On Friday, April 19th, the regiment went through Baltimore into Washington, leaving dead on the cruel pavements of the inhospitable city the protomartyrs of the new Revolution. The promptness of Massachusetts and of her Governor electrified the other States, and saved Washington.

And now that we find ourselves at once plunged into this struggle, and the plough of industry beaten into the sword of war, there are several questions which we must ask concerning it, for our own satisfaction and that of others. As Christians we must ask, "Is it right, and is it necessary to fight?" As students of philosophy and history, we must inquire into the causes and the consequences of this war. And as patriots we all wish to know what ought to be thought, said, and done in order to end the struggle in the right way. On each point we wish to suggest a few thoughts. First comes the Ethical question, which concerns the justice of the war; next the Historical question, which relates to the causes and tendencies of the war; and lastly, the Patriotic question, which regards our own hopes, fears, and duties as Americans in reference to it.

I. The Ethical question about the war. Why are we fighting? What is this war for? How can it be justified on any Christian grounds? What have become of all our peace principles? Can we, as Christians, consent to the war, encourage it, or take part in it?

If *all wars are wrong*, — if it is never justifiable to fight for defence of the lives, freedom, safety, of those most dear to us, or in defence of the cause of justice and humanity, — then, of course, the present war, as waged by the North, is wrong. But that *all wars are wrong* can only be maintained on the principle of non-resistance. For if it is right for an individual to take life in self-defence, it is, *a fortiori*, more right for a nation to take life in defending itself. If it is right to enforce the laws, to imprison criminals, to use physical force in preserving the peace, then the use of force is not wrong. And if, in using physical force for all these purposes, we may inflict injury on a small scale, and to a small extent, there is no objection, as far as the principle is concerned, in using it on a large scale, when the necessity comes.

We believe that our Peace Societies did at one time attempt to find some middle way between non-resistance on the one side, and conceding the justice of wars of self-defence on the other. But the attempt seemed to us then unsuccessful. He who is not willing to admit that some wars are right, ought, if he would be consistent, to be a non-resistant.

But neither have we been able, at any time, to accept the doctrines of non-resistance. Forcible resistance to evil is a duty we owe to the evil-doer, no less than to ourselves. All men need chastisement, restraint, resistance. We are all better for being resisted when we are doing wrong. Part of our moral discipline comes from the chastisement we receive, the suffering we endure, in consequence of our sins. If men did not suffer continually when they do wrong, if they were not constantly resisted, and terribly resisted, by God's laws and man's instincts, the world would become a Pandemonium, and life a curse.

"Still," it is said, "Christianity forbids resistance to evil; commands us to submit to injuries. The whole power of the Gospel is in love. It overcomes evil with good. It teaches us to forgive seventy times seven. It is a doctrine of good-will to men, and peace on earth. The Gospel of Christ knows nothing of war."

To this we reply, that the Gospel, as opposed to the law, only works by love, — never by force. And when the law is

fulfilled in the Gospel, all forcible resistance to evil will cease. But Christ does not destroy the law. It remains, and works by its own methods, until it is fulfilled in the Gospel. The law restrains evil by force from going to too great excess, until the day when it can be overcome by good.

> "Serene will be our day and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When Love is an unerring light
> And joy its own security";—

but till that day comes, the methods of law must continue, being more and more purified and elevated by the spirit of the Gospel.

We are not now discussing the question of non-resistance, or we should have much more to say. We merely suggest our position, and do not argue it. For our present purpose, this is enough.

If, then, some wars are right, the question recurs, *Is this war right?* Is it right for the people to support their government in putting down by force this rebellion? Would it not have been a more Christian way to have let the rebels go in peace? Ought we not to have consented to their trying their experiment of Secession?

If the people of seven States, or if the people of all the Slave States had, by decided majorities and with a free ballot-box, decided to leave the Union, and had asked leave to go out, peaceably and by the proper forms, leave might have been granted. According to the theory of our government, the people of the United States, and of any particular State, have a right to alter their form of government whenever they choose. But they must alter it in the legitimate way. By adopting the Federal Constitution, they have entered into a solemn compact with the people of the United States, which they have no right to violate. When a contract is made, it must be fulfilled until it can be legally made void.

But, instead of asking for a peaceable and orderly separation, with the consent of the other States, the seceding States attempted violently and forcibly to dissolve the Union. They did not ask for a Convention of all the States to give them leave to go, and to fix the conditions of their secession. They

voted themselves out of the Union, and then laid violent hands on the property of the Federal Government within their limits. Proceeding from one act of aggression to another, they at last fired upon the national flag, and took by regular attack and process of war a national fort. This was striking a blow at the life of the nation. If it had been submitted to, the Union was at an end. This is the conviction which has united the whole nineteen Free States as one man. All feel that the issue has been changed. The question is no longer whether we will consent to alter the Union, by permitting certain States to leave us in a peaceable way, but whether we will allow them to destroy the nation in order that they may go. If the first question might have been answered in the affirmative, to this question the only possible answer has been given in a stern denial, enforced by a simultaneous rising in arms of the whole mighty land.

The question of right is, therefore, soon settled. If a man may kill an assassin in defending his life, a great nation may defend *its* life by the stern arbitrament of war. The life of the Union has been attacked; and if it kills its opponent in defending itself, it has a right to do so. In other words, if it can only save its own organic existence by destroying that of the Slave States, and reducing them to the condition of conquered territories, it is justified in doing it, on the plain principle of self-defence. We are bound to save the Union, even if in doing it we are forced to abolish slavery, and destroy the effete civilization which rests upon it. For the issue is the life of the great republic on which rest the hopes of humanity, to which turn the aspirations of the free in all lands, — which receives and protects in its hospitable embrace the victims of every oppression save its own, — which has been planted on this continent by the providence of God to work out the great problem of liberty joined with law, equality united with order, and a progressive civilization which is also conservative of everything good won from the experience of the past. It is the cause of culture as against barbarism, of Christianity against feudalism, of the nineteenth century against the tenth. To allow this majestic republic to be destroyed in order to build on its ruins one devoted to the extension of human

slavery, would have been a crime against the human race. And since war alone could prevent its destruction, war became a duty.

We see now, not only that the destruction of the Union would have been the inevitable consequence of allowing its forcible dismemberment, but also that such was the *intention* of the seceders. It had been arranged among themselves that a new union, suited to their ideas, should be built on the ruins of the old Union. The Catilines who abused our patience by remaining in the Senate while carrying on their work of treason, had been planning for years the scheme of destruction. They evidently felt they had succeeded, and that the Federal Union was at an end. Southerners hastened to resign lucrative civil and military offices, as rats run from a house about to fall, — thus establishing claims for offices in the coming Confederacy. The ordinances of secession were hurried through conventions and legislatures, and in many States they did not dare to submit to the people their ratification. Seizing the forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and mints was part of the same plan, — wholly unnecessary if peaceable secession was the object, but very necessary if it was intended to destroy the Union. Idle, therefore, to talk of peace where there was no peace. While small politicians, imagining themselves to be great statesmen, were trying to daub the wall with untempered mortar, and to find something which might seem to be a concession and yet not be one, the surer instinct of the great democratic masses made them prepare for war, to defend order against anarchy.

When, therefore, we are asked, "Why not let them go?" we reply, that, if they merely wished to go, it might perhaps be granted. But what they wish is to destroy the Union in going. We might not object to the secession from our house of a family who had rented it, but who would not fulfil their contract, and who made themselves generally disagreeable to us and to their neighbors. We might be willing to "let them go," in order to get rid of bad tenants. But if they insisted on carrying off with them part of the fixtures, and then setting fire to the building, we should be disposed to resist them, even to the extent of calling in the police. Not content with going off, the

Confederates have plundered our property and are endeavoring to destroy our nation. We have called in a pretty powerful police, under General Scott, and shall probably prevent them from accomplishing their designs.

II. We next come to the Historic question. What were the causes, and what will be the consequences, of this war? From what did it originate? When and how will it end?

No war in modern times and between civilized nations can usually originate without both a motive and a reason. There must be some good to be gained, or some evil to be prevented; there must also be some justification. With savages a motive is enough; they do not need a reason, nor even a pretext. It is enough that they wish to plunder their neighbors, and that they feel strong enough to do it. Their will stands for a reason. Civilized nations, on the other hand, will sometimes fight for a reason, when they have no motive. These are the wars of cabinets, in which the people take no interest, — wars brought about by the scratch of a pen. Some forgotten treaty has been violated in some unimportant provision, some red-tape technicality has been omitted, and two nations are plunged into war, they know not why. Commonly, however, there must be both motive and reason, — some impelling necessity and some justifying theory. The MOTIVE of the present war between North and South is to be found in the growing hostility between Freedom and Slavery; the REASON for it is the different theory of the Constitution held by the disciples of Calhoun on the one hand, and those of Webster on the other. Were it not for slavery, the South would not *wish* to fight; were it not for the secession theory, the South would not feel justified in fighting. The idea of State sovereignty and the interest of slavery combined have resulted in this bloody attempt to destroy the Union and to change the government.

The system of slavery must now be recognized by all as the origin and fountain of all our evils. The avowed motive for secession is the desire to extend slavery, and the determination to resist all attempts at its limitation. The election of Lincoln was merely the occasion, not the cause, of secession. It furnished an excuse to those who had already long ago determined to break up the Union as soon as they could. Those

who had long governed the Union could not submit to see the power passing steadily out of their hands by the increasing population and wealth of the Free States. Slaveholding generates habits of mind impatient of the control of law. The slaveholder, accustomed to no rule but his own will, cannot bear to submit his will to any authority or any law. The great demand for cotton has made slave labor so profitable, that the dream of a wealthy independent slaveholding state, which was to bring slaves from Africa and absorb into itself the cotton-producing regions around the Gulf of Mexico, became more and more vivid and probable. The irreconcilable conflict between slave and free institutions became also constantly more apparent. The Slave Power had won many triumphs. It annexed Texas; it made war on Mexico; it defeated the Wilmot Proviso; it passed the Fugitive-Slave Bill; it elected a whole series of Presidents subservient to its behests; it repealed the Missouri Compromise; it used the Federal troops in Kansas to persecute the Free State settlers; it elected a Pro-slavery Legislature in Kansas, by an army of voters marched in from Missouri; it took back its fugitive slaves from beneath the shadow of Independence Hall and the shaft of Bunker Hill; it debased a whole race of statesmen; it corrupted the judiciary; it obtained the Dred Scott decision, containing the disfranchisement of a race; it taught Northern pulpits and Northern Professors to defend the justice and Christianity of making a chattel of your brother; it printed South-side books in Boston. Yet the irrepressible spirit of freedom continually rendered its victories barren, and poisoned the cup of its triumph. All that it gained politically, it lost morally. The annexation of Texas made thousands of Anti-slavery men. The war with Mexico gave us a Free State on the Pacific. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law was replied to by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North to the determination to make Kansas a Free State. Every political success of the Slave Power was a moral success to its opponents, till it became apparent in 1856 that the last President elevated to office by the influence of the Slave Power had been elected. The Slave Power, determined not to submit to its inevitable dethronement, used the four

years of Buchanan's administration in preparing for secession. It had become apparent that the North was determined to prevent the extension of slavery, and to discourage it wherever there was constitutional power to do so. The South, on the other hand, was determined to extend slavery, and to encourage its diffusion over the whole continent. The conflict was irreconcilable.

Many honest men and sincere patriots hoped to avert this conflict by new concessions to the South, and new guaranties to slavery. They thought that the danger to the Union did not come so much from slavery itself, as from opposition to slavery. Possibly further concessions might have postponed the crisis; but only for a little while. Meantime, everything which weakens the great ideas of universal freedom saps the foundations of the Union, for on these alone it can stand firm and safe. The Union is most important to our prosperity, but not so important as that which made the Union. The Union itself rests on the earnest love of liberty, the sense of justice and right, the reverence for a divine and heavenly order, the aspiration for a Christian commonwealth, which was in the hearts of its founders. Maintain that spirit, and you maintain that which can preserve this Union, or make another. But concede to slavery your conscience, yield up to a supposed expediency your sense of right, your love of human liberty, and the Union itself is destroyed, and with it all that can make another.

We read in Daniel that the king of Babylon saw in his dream a great image. The head was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet part of iron and part of clay. He saw a stone which smote the image on the feet of iron and clay, and brake them, and the gold, and the silver, and the brass, and the iron, and the clay were broken to pieces together, and became as chaff of the threshing-floor, because the feet and the toes were part of iron and part of potter's clay, — partly strong and partly broken, — and because the iron and clay could not cleave together, and would not mix together in one.

Such is our American Union. The head, that is, the original ideas of the Union, the ideas of inalienable rights, and hu-

man freedom and progress, which inflamed the minds of its founders, were golden ideas, — excellently good. The breast and arms, that is, the institutions which they established, the republican form of government, the representative institutions, are of silver, — good, but not as good as the ideas. The belly and thighs are of brass; that is, the practical working of our institutions, the national life and manners, are not as good as the institutions themselves. Then the legs are of iron, and the feet part of iron and part of clay. The iron represents the immense energy and strength which this nation possesses, in consequence of its free institutions. Freedom is its strength. But it stands supported by freedom and slavery, which cannot mingle any more than clay and iron, — it rests on white freedom and black slavery.

Here, then, is the MOTIVE for that secession movement which has made the war inevitable. It is the determination of the slaveholders not to submit to the decision of the majority, regularly expressed at the polls, against the extension of slavery. It is the purpose, on their part, to rule or to ruin. But this motive needs a reason to support it before it can be carried into action. States could not be hurried into secession by men who should say, "We will destroy the Union, because we have been defeated at an election, and expect to be hereafter in a minority." Some plausible theory must be found to make their course seem justifiable. That theory was discovered by Mr. Calhoun, long ago. Never was there a more striking example of the power which lurks in an apparently inoffensive theory, in a mere political abstraction. When Mr. Calhoun maintained (following, indeed, the Kentucky Resolutions of Mr. Jefferson, and the Virginia Resolutions of Mr. Madison) that the Federal Constitution is a compact between the States as States, and that the States have a right to nullify, of their own authority, any act in which the General Government seems to them to have overstepped its power, he laid down the theoretical basis of the present secession. For if a State can nullify, much more may it secede. If it can nullify one act of Congress, it may nullify all; and this leaves it outside of Federal laws, and is itself secession. This theory of the Federal Government, after having been argued for more

than sixty years, is now to be decided by civil war. The London Times, ignorant as it has shown itself of many facts in this contest, was not far wrong in saying that, if the Confederacy conquers, it would prove their theory true, that the Constitution is only a treaty, not a government; but that, if the North prevails, it will settle it forever that the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land, and all acts of the Federal Government to be obeyed by the people of all the States.

We at the North have been taught to regard both the nullification and secession theories as equivalent to a doctrine of anarchy, and their success as the overthrow of all order and all union. We do not realize how deeply these ideas have been infused into the whole political creed of Southern statesmen. Supported by the great names of Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun, it has made the doctrine of State Rights the object of fanatical devotion, and has weakened or destroyed all attachment to the General Government and to the common country. The patriotism of the South attaches itself to the State, not to the nation. Men there are Virginians, Carolinians, Georgians, and not citizens of the United States.

Another cause of the present course of the South is to be found in its ignorance of the North, and its bitter prejudice against Northern people. One illustration of this ignorance we will give, as it was shown in a quarter where we had a right to expect better information.

An article appeared last summer in the Louisville Journal, (a strong Union paper, as is well known,) comparing the annual products of Massachusetts and South Carolina, for the purpose of showing the superior wealth of the latter State. It compares the productions of each in the leading articles of corn, wheat, rice, and cotton, wool, cotton manufactures, woollen manufactures, and domestic manufactures. The article in the Journal has the signature of an intelligent and well-educated gentleman, Dr. J. B. Buchanan. His conclusion in regard to the productions of the two States is thus stated: —

Annual product of Massachusetts, . . .	$14,482,444
" " South Carolina, . .	29,917,121

"From these facts," says Dr. Buchanan, "it appears that South Carolina, with a little over one fourth of the white population of Massachusetts, produces, in the leading articles above, more than twice her annual wealth."

But "The Compendium of the Census of 1850," from which Dr. Buchanan drew these figures, gives (Table CXCV.) the products of manufactures, mining, and mechanic arts in the two States as follows: —

Massachusetts, ...	$151,137,145
South Carolina, ...	7,063,513

We refer to this "Compendium of the Census," because that was in the hands of the writer in the Journal when he made his statement. But in fact this large sum of $151,000,000 is not more than one half of the whole annual product of Massachusetts. For a volume was prepared in 1856, by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, containing statistical returns from every town in the State, and giving a total result of $295,820,681 for the annual production of Massachusetts, instead of Dr. Buchanan's statement of $14,482,444.

It is evident that, if a highly intelligent Southerner can undervalue so immensely the resources of a Northern State, in an article deliberately prepared, and with the census before his eyes, such mistakes must be still more flagrant among the ignorant population of the South. What do those people of Tennessee and Alabama know of the power of the North; those whom Mr. Olmsted describes, who thought "the Texies" (Texas) were near Kansas, and that New York was a Slave State? Abused by politicians, persuaded that all Northern people are Abolitionists, and that Abolitionists are those who wish the slaves to cut their masters' and mistresses' throats, convinced that vice and brutality prevail through the Free States, and that society there is a failure, they have been dragged into secession. Such a community can only be instructed by the severe tuition of experience. Until they feel the power of the North, they will never know it.

We now approach a more serious question. What is to be the result of this war? Is the South to be conquered by the North; or is it to resist so effectually that we shall be obliged,

at last, to consent to secession? Strong reasons can be given for both opinions.

Many persons believe that we shall conquer the seceders in the course of a year, and bring every Southern State back into the Union. Their reasons for this opinion are plausible. They say that the South is not unanimous for secession; that the Union party had the majority in several of the States at the Presidential election in 1860. Tennessee and Virginia voted for Messrs. Bell and Everett, the Union candidates. For Mr. Bell and Mr. Douglas together, there were 40,000 votes in Alabama, 25,000 in Arkansas, 53,000 in Georgia, 27,000 in Louisiana. These votes represented then a Union sentiment, as opposed to secession. That sentiment has only been suppressed, not changed. It is prevented by force from asserting itself. The people of the seceding States have been deceived by the secession leaders, and when they discover the deception, they will indignantly reject them. If the United States occupy Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee with a strong force, and blockade effectually all the Southern ports, the Slave States will not be able to find means with which to carry on the war, and will be obliged to submit. Such is one theory, and, as we have said, it has plausibility.

The other view, however, is equally plausible. According to this, there is a radical hostility between the convictions and the spirit of slave society on the one side, and of free society on the other. War will not allay this, but will rather exasperate it. The wish to be separated from the North grows out of this hostility. There is no real union between the Free and the Slave States, but the opposite. Many of the people of the Slave States hate the people of the Free States with a deadly and irreconcilable hatred. This will very probably prevent any plan of reunion from succeeding. A people thus united cannot be conquered. Consequently, after both parties have proved the strength of their antagonists, the extreme South will be allowed to separate, but on reasonable terms. The Border States, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, having lost most of their slaves during the war, will become Free States, and remain with the Northern Union, which will then advance to greater power, wealth, and greatness than

ever. The union of the Gulf or Confederate States will be rent by factions, torn by slave insurrections, and at last, after having passed through as many revolutions as Mexico, will come under the control of some military despot, — who will, perhaps, provoke war with the United States, be conquered, and his territory reannexed, as free territory, — the slaves having been emancipated, — to the Union.

This view also has probability. But to decide which of these two opposite results is likely to take place, we ought to know the real pulse of the South. And that we do not know yet.

But whether we can decide or not as to the immediate result of the war, we can foresee some consequences as very certain to follow from it, and from the present marvellous uprising of the Northern people in support of their Union, government, and laws.

For example, one consequence will be an entire union of the Free States. Having passed together through this critical period, — having labored and fought and given and prayed and suffered together, — these States will be united in a bond of mutual sympathy and sisterhood which can never be broken. Indeed, we may say far more than this. We may say that, by this baptism of blood, we shall be born into a new national life. When we have passed through this crisis, we shall come out truly one nation, with a true national life. Woe to the States which are not now loyal! Avoiding their duties, affecting neutrality, neither hot nor cold, they will earn the contempt of all! They give up their place in this noble family. They lose their part in this great Pentecostal day of American history.

For there are periods in history which may be called PENTECOSTAL DAYS. And the present time seems to us to be eminently our Pentecostal Day, big with great results for the future, — as are all such critical times.

Human history is like the growth of the American aloe, for many years slow and imperceptible. For years you perceive no change. Then, all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis. It shoots up a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers.

Or, again, history is like the progress of a comet, moving slowly, at a snail's pace, for hundreds of years, far away in the unfathomable abysses of space, then pitching down headlong on the sun, and whirling around it with a speed of which arithmetic is unable to convey any adequate idea, — the sure law of gravitation first plunging it almost into the burning face of the king of day, and then swinging it off once more into its lonely exile of outer darkness.

We are now, as a nation, in our perihelion of light and heat. We are in our blossoming period. This is to us one of those periods in history which may be called PENTECOSTAL DAYS. They are times in which a whole people or a community are filled with a common conviction, united in the same faith, inspired by the same purpose, are of one heart and of one soul. Such days come unexpectedly, — no one has foreseen them. They come from no human wit or wisdom. They no doubt have their laws, but these are laws of the supernatural world, not of the natural world. They therefore revive our faith in Providence, cause us to believe in a living God above us, and antagonize the material tendencies of mere science. They produce a wonderful and unexpected harmony of opinion and expression. Men who never agreed before, agree now. Those who have always misunderstood each other, now mutually appreciate each other. They say, with surprise, "Are not these who speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" Such union of heart and soul produces great results in action. Men so united can do almost anything they will. It makes them, for the time at least, unconquerable.

All races do not seem capable of receiving such an impulse. It requires a good moral and mental condition to be so moved and impelled. The noblest races are the most susceptible of it. Barbarians and savages, Australians and Hottentots, cannot be so moved. Irreligious races, like the materialistic Chinese, have no such susceptibility. But the two great races which have governed the world, and made all its history, — the SEMITIC, composed of Hebrews, Arabs, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and the JAPHETIC, or INDO-EUROPEAN, including Persians, Greeks, Celts, Latins, and their descendants, — these

have had, again and again, their Pentecostal days of inexplicable, united, enthusiastic conviction.

We might, for example, refer to that period in Greek history when the Hellenic race rose as one man to repel the Persian invasion; or to the Crusades, which made Europe, for the first time, one; or to the Lutheran Reformation, overflowing Europe in a great tidal wave of new convictions; or to the French Revolution, with its madness, but its devotion also. Such enthusiasms uplift whole races into higher regions, and leave them different from what they were before.

And now we are again in the midst of such a Pentecostal day. Our whole nation has felt again the rushing mighty wind, has seen again the tongues of fire, has again heard all men speaking in one tongue, all differences abolished, and the people filled with a new life.

The consequences, therefore, of this war, however it may terminate, may be to melt down all differences of the people, and to make us truly one in heart and soul. Twenty great States (even if the Slave States all go), with twenty millions of people, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, without a slave on its surface, and fused by the mighty beat of this struggle into complete union, will be capable of the most glorious future.

A more perfect UNION will therefore be one of the consequences of the present crisis. Those who remain united will be vitally and forever united. But another consequence will be a great extension of FREEDOM. Slavery, we all feel, has received its death-blow at the hands of the slaveholders. We do not clearly see *how* this war is to put an end to slavery. But all feel in their souls that Divine Providence has taken the matter into his own hands, and that it must surely be ended. Not perhaps immediately; not, it is probable, suddenly. Probably before the end of the war slavery will have been so weakened in the Border States by the escape of fugitives to the North, by the slaves being carried South, by General Butler's legal process making them "contraband of war," or by the necessity of some act of emancipation by our generals in command under the war-power, that these Border States will enter the Union as free States. Those which have been loyal

will have their remaining slaves freed at the national expense, — those which have been only neutral will free them themselves. Such a result would be itself a compensation for the evils of war. For, no matter how bad war is, it is not so bad as slavery. That four millions of men should be permanently enslaved, is worse than that a hundred thousand men should fight during two or three days in the year. One day of American slavery is worse than a year of war. For what is slavery? It is permanent degradation of a race, by their being deprived of all motive and means of improvement, and condemned to be, not ends in themselves, but means for others. It is permanent demoralization of the slaveholders and their families, and the barbarism which results from a false system. It is permanent conflict between slaveholding States and non-slaveholding, — a conflict of feeling, a bitterness of will, worse than actual war. It is demoralization of the Church, forced to apologize for this sin, and to find excuses for it, till Christianity, sent to free man from all slavery, is made a fetter to bind him. These four classes of evils, coming from slavery, when taken together, are worse than war.

That this war must at least put an end to slavery in the Border States, is apparent to all thinking persons. For this nation will never allow such an enormous waste of life and treasure to take place, without leaving us some guaranty that it is not to take place again. We must be safe at the end of the war from all danger of future secession, insurrection, or nullification. The only guaranties we can have are either military subjugation of the Slave States, or emancipation of their slaves. The first would imply our keeping a large standing army, and a change in our republican institutions. This, therefore, will not be attempted. But if all the Border States become free States, their sympathies will be with the North, they will be colonized from the North and from Europe, free institutions will spring up among them, and so the element of freedom will become too powerful to be endangered again by slavery. The course of events, too powerful to be resisted by any human will, will make some such result inevitable, and for some such result the people are being rapidly educated.

III. The third question we proposed to consider has regard to our duties as patriots at this time.

The wonderful spirit of patriotism which has been developed among us must not be wasted. It should be rightly directed and carefully tended. It is ready to work, to give, to suffer. But it may be discouraged, it may grow weary, it may be checked by opposition where it ought to find support.

Our duty is therefore a universal one. We are all bound to watch to see that the Republic receives no harm. We cannot now trust that things will take care of themselves; we cannot leave them to be guided by the mere men of routine. The great power of public opinion must be brought to bear on all that is done, to prevent those abuses, that neglect, and that incompetence, which may be not very dangerous at other times, but which would be fatal now.

We ought to take, for all important offices, the best man we can find, the man most true to his country and to freedom, not asking what party he once belonged to. We must lay aside the miserable doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils"; and that other doctrine, quite as false though less atrocious, that "Office is the reward of merit," — that men are to be put in office for what they have done before, rather than for what they can do, and what needs to be done now. It is true that so far as what a man has done before proves him able to do the present work, so far it ought no doubt to be considered. A man's past fidelity, ability, energy, insight, determines so far his fitness for the present work. But the true point always is, "What is needed to be done, and who can do it best?" Office is a duty, not a reward.

In such times as these, *more* than in common times, we need wise thought and speech. We need to know what is meant by everything; to keep mind and heart open and active, so as to learn the meaning of all events. A judgment comes to the world in order to show to the world truth, in order to make it see some great realities, and so lift it to a higher plane.

The people of the United States are all to be taught some great truths, which they needed to know. We are to learn, all of us, something we never believed before.

The truths are all common truths; but now they become real, and real to all.

These truths come into us all like the atmosphere; they bear us all up like the sea. As when the tide rises in Boston harbor it finds great ninety-gun ships lying at anchor in the stream; great steamers standing on even keel at the docks in the mud; some vessels lying on their sides, and little boats aground on the flats far from shore; and the advancing sea lifts them all on its soft surface, one by one, gently raising the great vessel with its thousand tons of freight, and lifting with it to the same level plane the little boat;—so these truths now pour into every home; they penetrate Beacon Street and Ann Street alike; they set the ladies to making shirts in splendid saloons with the tired seamstress, who steals from sleep another hour to give something all her own to the great cause.

It is our duty at the present time to be full of hope. There is no reason to be discouraged because war has returned upon us, after many thought it done with forever. War is symptomatic. It indicates deeper evils than itself, and opens the way for their cure. Patriots ought to be full of courage now, and full of faith. God has evidently determined to save the nation from the consequences of past sins,—yet so as by fire. We must suffer, we must endure, we must make sacrifices,—but we are to be saved. This nation is needed by Divine Providence, and cannot be spared. It is to pass through the purgatory of war, and so be fitted for a higher freedom and union than it has before attained.

It is our duty, the duty of all patriots, to resist the new attempts which may be made to compromise, to concede, and to surrender principle for the sake of peace. Such a surrender would be to throw away all the efforts and sacrifices already made. To surrender in the face of armed rebellion, would be only to invite another rebellion from the next defeated faction. It would be to make civil war chronic in the land, and to reduce this Union to the condition of the Mexican States. Although this is almost self-evident, yet the natural and proper desire for peace, and the long-established habit of compromising, may easily lead some of our statesmen to try their favorite expedient again. But if such an attempt

should succeed, we may consider the government overthrown and the Union gone forever. It is our duty, therefore, to resist all such proposals, no matter how plausible. If we must be defeated in war, let it be so; — but do not let us surrender any principle for which we contend.

When we look at the sin involved in war, we must regard it as a good thing that this sin should show itself. War is not the greatest of evils, — the national selfishness beneath it is the greatest evil. War is only a symptom of the deeper disease. In this sense, war is providential; it shows us ourselves in this dark glass; it makes the inward state of the nation take form outwardly.

So it was necessary for Christ to be crucified, that thus men might see the evil of their sin. So we see in this war, that we, as a people, are not what we should be; we see our want of true life, our need of more generosity, nobleness, and magnanimity.

Therefore, in the midst of this great calamity, we need not be troubled as though there were no meaning in it, and no good to come out of it. Troubled we must be, but not troubled *so*. God is guiding events still: they are moving forward toward a better future than has been seen yet. The first step in that future will be peaceful reunion, or peaceful separation, — the next step, after some time, emancipation and end of slavery, — and then, at last, will appear a true Christian democracy.

Thus Christ always comes, in the clouds of heaven; thus he comes amid darkness and storms, wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes and pestilence. But he *comes*, and the world advances, through all these struggles and trials, to its great and perfect destiny.

Art. VI. — THE CHURCH OF HOLLAND.

1. *Mélanges de Critique Religieuse.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, Genève, Amsterdam: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 588.
2. *Essais de Critique Religieuse.* Par Albert Réville. Paris, Genève, et Rotterdam: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 493.

We prefix to the present paper on the Church of Holland, which is only the continuation and completion of the essay in the January number of this Review, the titles of two new volumes, not mentioned in the sketch, which very fairly represent the freedom, scholarship, and ability of that Church at the present time. In the Review of Current Literature we shall describe more fully the contents of these volumes, and mention what seem to us to be their merits and their defects. Here we can only say, that a Church is signally fortunate which can count two such men among its teachers and preachers as Edmond Scherer and Albert Réville. They are the peers, in every respect, of Stanley, Jowett, and Temple in the English Church, and are allies whom the liberal Christians of America may claim with confidence and pride. We would add to these names that of Edward Reuss, who is one of their fraternity, were it not that his professorship at Strasburg seems to preclude mention of him as a preacher in the Church of Holland.

* The religious tendency personified in Van der Palm could have an enduring triumph only with the proviso, that the great problems of faith should be left untouched, and that profound religious needs should not come to the light. But when Europe had in some degree recovered its quiet, after the terrible commotions of the French Revolution and of the Empire, men were surprised to hear voices supposed to have been silenced again speaking openly, — voices which the noise of the storm had only overpowered, but not subdued. Every one knows the general spirit of reaction which in Europe followed the

* Translated from an essay, by Albert Réville, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15, 1860.

infatuation, so sadly undeceived, which had aroused the great revolutionary movement. Old kings, old laws, the old faith, — such was the formula which found in the political and religious world of that epoch numerous and strong echoes. Europe, torn to its vitals by wars and political overturnings, had become very serious again. The season of bouquets to Chloris had passed, — as well in philosophy and theology as in literature. Holland, which had suffered less than many other lands, at least in its religious condition, from the frivolous spirit of the eighteenth century, was for that reason later in feeling the distrust universally diffused toward all that this spirit had engendered; but it was, nevertheless, compelled to share this distrust in its turn. The Methodist excitement of England found its way into and through the land, aided both by Catholic tradition, which was far from being absorbed by the ideas of the age, and the national sentiment, which had too many grievances against certain results of the Revolution to be very fond of anything which seemed to wear its colors. Poetry, politics, and the religious revival concurred to give a growing force to the Calvinist reaction. About the year 1823, a group of men eminent in more than one direction, gathering themselves around the poet Bilderdyk as a centre, summoned, with increasing vehemence, their country to throw off *its* dogmatic indifference, to return to the vivifying sources of national theology, and to regenerate itself by a much more active share than heretofore in those missionary, evangelical, and charitable enterprises which were beginning to take such marvellous expansion in Protestant lands. This return to the ancient Reformed doctrines is easy to explain, — especially among men who were scarcely touched by the difficulties aroused by modern inquiry. Piety is by preference *archaic;* the mature man, beaten by the tempest, readily goes back to the faith of his earlier years. This movement, favored by the aristocratic party, which saw in it still another guaranty against the demands of liberalism, was fortified, especially among the lower classes, by the renewed antagonism between the Protestant and Catholic Churches. The growing difficulties with Belgium, — the issue of the revolution which followed, so mortifying to Dutch patriotism, — the bolder as-

sumptions of Ultramontanism, disposing of a third at least of the population as if this were a single man, — all these forced the Protestants on in a path where it was very hard to separate the essential principles of Protestantism from the form which its fathers had given to it in the glorious days of the national insurrection. In these last years this movement has come to take proportions alarming to those firm partisans of liberty who love this too well to sacrifice it to the desire of contending against its enemies. When, in 1853, the Court of Rome, in its wisdom, resolved to reinstate the episcopal hierarchy among the Catholics of Holland, yet, by an unaccountable forgetfulness of propriety, threw insulting defiance to the history and religion of a majority of the Dutch people in its manner of publicly setting forth the motives of this resolution, a fearful rage took possession of the Protestant masses, to whom, before the world, such useless and unmerited insults were given. No sooner had the pontifical address become public in the land, than innumerable protests, with many thousands of signatures, were sent up to the king, to assure him that the dear *Hervormde Kerk*, the Church of his glorious ancestors, the martyrs of liberty, was living yet, had not the least intention of dying, and was in no way willing to accept the abusive epitaph which men on the other side of the Alps were proposing to write on what they called its "tomb." In short, it needed all the combined prudence of the king, the Chambers, the Reformed Synod, and the upper classes to quiet this movement, which some politicians were able to use in furtherance of their views, but of which it were absurd to deny the honesty. We have mentioned it as an instance of the force which the Protestant tradition in Holland still possesses.

This ardent reaction in the direction of the old Calvinism is the cause, as we think, of the contrary extreme which has made itself very prominent for several years past. The unbelief of the last century found but little sympathy in Holland, as we have already stated. Nevertheless, it was not entirely without adherents in this country. On the other hand, the lack of strict philosophical studies, and the slight fancy for abstruse speculation, made Holland a slow and distant follower, rather than an actor, in the imposing and tragic fortunes of

German philosophy. There were minds, however, which could not fail to be charmed by the strong ideas of Hegel. All know with what rapidity, after the master's death, Hegelianism gained authority from Strauss, and influences even worse. The fear of a return of the old Calvinist bigotry brought about in Holland a curious alliance between Deism and Pantheism, — opposite tendencies, which joined themselves now in profound hostility to the Christian Church, and even to Christianity. A monthly magazine, *De Dageraad* (The Aurora), was started at Amsterdam to popularize these negative ideas. The most incredible confusion, an indescribable motley of antagonistic ideas and sentiments, has marked the five years of life which this miscellany has already attained. It has given us the spectacle of a union of would-be Voltairian mockery with the lucubrations of an intolerable Hegelian pedantry. We ought, however, to say, that latterly the Hegelianism of the *Dageraad* seems to cast into the shade its Voltairian Deism, which change is certainly a progress. Yet, even from its own point of view, the organ of which we are speaking seems to us to be taking a false direction. It is contributing to that very religious narrowness against which it professes to fight, just as Socialism in other lands has shown itself to be the surest aid to political reactions. While the spirit of the age, and the interest, well understood, of the Christian religion itself, demand that a severe criticism, of which none may doubt the freedom, shall vindicate and uphold the rights of science against the trenchant pretensions of religious dogmatism, it is equally unphilosophical to mount this as a battery against the Church and Christianity. Such tactics fatally beget a sectarian temper, which cannot contend to advantage with the same temper elsewhere under other forms; and it needs no reflection to see that criticism will be no more disinterested in the camp of obstinate negation than in that of affirmation at any cost.

Moreover, the effects of this tendency have been, up to the present time at least, quite inappreciable upon the people, the immense majority of whom regard the *Dageraad* as a bad book, to be read only in secret, — an opinion which confirms by its extravagance all that we have just been saying. As to the Orthodox movement, — so called from its wish to restore in

their ancient strictness the official doctrines of the Reformed Church, — it has reckoned among its representatives very eminent men, whose influence, aided by the causes which we have already described, would have been much more powerful, if it had not encountered that spirit of criticism and free inquiry which Protestantism cannot shake off. Among these men we may mention M. Groen van Prinsterer, an historian, a statesman, a political orator, one of those superior minds which do honor to any land. Not as a theologian, rather as a politician and historian, has he become the advocate of the Orthodox revival. He imagines that, since the dogmatic system of the Reformed Church was finally fixed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no one within its communion has the right to bring forward any ideas contrary to this. He believes that the safety of the country is bound up with the rigid maintenance of the doctrines consecrated at Dordrecht, and with the authority, if not absolute, at least very predominant, of the House of Orange. It is not the least of the glorious titles of this royal house, that it is very hard to tell its history without becoming its warm advocate, which has happened in the case of M. Groen.

This political side of the religious question in Holland was also taken by M. Da Costa, a Jew of Amsterdam, converted to Christianity by the influence of Bilderdyk. Da Costa brought into his Christian convictions a vivid poetical talent, the warm colors of an Oriental imagination, and a true rabbinical subtlety. In the view of this remarkable man, whom death has just removed from his country, the Dutch people is in the modern world much the same as the Israelites were in the ancient world, — the special depositary of religious truth. The family of Orange might be compared with the family of David! This family might be allowed, if it should find it necessary, to substitute an absolute rule for the very liberal constitution which it has sworn to keep; and, of all the revolutions known to history since that which once set David upon the throne of Saul, M. Da Costa knew only two that were lawful, — that of the sixteenth century in the Low Countries, and that of 1688 in England. It is needless to add, that the same reactionary temper inspired the religious ideas of this singular man. In the first

years of his public career, he attempted to legitimate the slavery of the negroes, under pretext that the race of Ham was made by Noah's curse subject to the other two races, doubtless forgetting that from his own Biblical point of view the curses of the Old Covenant are destroyed by the New Covenant. He denied, moreover, with an inexhaustible fecundity of explanatory theories, the most clear assertions of criticism as applied to the Bible. The well-merited fame of M. Da Costa as a poet gave to his religious ideas an influence which their positiveness would not of itself explain; he shone, indeed, in the front rank of contemporary Dutch literature. To this must be added his dazzling eloquence in advocating his ideas in the public assemblies. Though an indifferent prose-writer, as an orator he was irresistible.

Notwithstanding, it would be unjust to attribute to Dutch Orthodoxy, as a whole, notions so whimsical. In fact, it is much less homogeneous than at first sight we should believe; and among those who would be regarded as its proper defenders, there are many whose sympathies for the old doctrines do not hinder them from admitting, on more than one point, the just claim of modern reason. This circumstance makes the position of some of them rather embarrassing, as for instance M. Chantepie de la Saussaye, a Walloon pastor in Leyden, who, in attempting to harmonize his science and his prejudices by means of somewhat obscure metaphysical theorizing, finds himself quite isolated in the real conflict. We are tempted to say the same thing of the Theological Professors in the University of Utrecht, who (with the exception of M. Ter. Haar, whose pictures of ecclesiastical history are highly prized) are regarded as coming nearest to the old Calvinism. This tendency is moreover the tradition in the University of which we speak.

The most marked person among the men of talent who have come out for the Orthodox reaction, bating a narrowness and intolerance too often to be regretted, is J. J. van Oosterzee, pastor at Rotterdam. M. Van Oosterzee has given himself to the defence of supernaturalism, undermined, as he thinks, by the course of modern theology. He loves miracle and the infallible authority of Scripture. The complete emancipation

of the individual conscience terrifies him, and he would hold, if not to the letter, at least to the fundamental principles of the ancient Confession of Faith. The theological adversaries of Van Oosterzee stigmatize him as wanting, not in learning, but in the scientific spirit; — as allowing himself, even in his didactic works, to be biased by the sentiments of his pious heart and the dreams of his fine imagination, and as sacrificing often, and sometimes unconsciously, the results of an impartial criticism to the seductions of a lyrical eloquence. They maintain that, since no official authority has established what must be understood as fundamental points in the Reformed doctrine, no one has of himself a right to decide these without allowing others the same right, and of setting aside, if they think it necessary, the limits which have been fixed in the first attempt. This, in fact, is the weak side of Dutch Orthodoxy; strong still in the number and zeal of its adherents, it sees religious science more and more turning against it. German criticism now has full swing in a province which for a long time was wholly closed against it. The history of dogmas, the purely historical interpretation of the Bible, above all, the imperious needs of minds supplied from the best sources of philosophy and the existing sciences, loudly demand a transformation of religious teaching.

Before this, from the time of Van der Palm, Professor Van Voorst had commended to students the labors of the German theologians. Another Dutch Professor, Van Heusde, had almost resuscitated Platonism, so warmly did his lectures breathe enthusiasm for the system of the great Athenian genius. These were doubtless the hardly perceptible irrigations of a soil still scarcely penetrable; — nevertheless, they prepared it. In proportion as theological questions were broached, the taste for philosophy revived, as it has always been in the history of these two sisters, who quarrel so often, yet cannot dispense with each other. Soon the movement became more marked. Roorda brought forward a very striking spiritual psychology, founded upon observation of facts, and in strong reaction from that sharp dualism of soul and body in which the former spiritualism was so unfortunately involved. At present, if anything can prove how much phi-

losophy has revived in the country of Spinoza, it is the influence gained by the ideas of Opzoomer, Professor of Philosophy at Utrecht. Opzoomer has not exactly a system, rather a *method*. Keen, sagacious, artist as well as thinker, and determined to keep at all hazards his freedom, he has broken from the Hegelian tendency which he substantially showed when he was appointed in youth to the post which he still holds. Since that time he has substituted for *a priori* speculation a sort of spiritual empiricism, in principle that of Auguste Comte, but in breadth and accuracy of its applications far superior to the system of the French Positivist. The observation, criticism, and classification of facts, and the determination of their laws, are the prime work of philosophy as he understands it. It ought to be nurtured by the juice of all other sciences; and it can be perfect only when all other sciences have brought their just contribution to the mass of human knowledge. Among objects of observation, the religious sentiment and the moral sentiment are, as he regards them, realities, to be taken into account as much as phenomena learned by the five senses; and these are the enduring bases on which it will always be possible to rebuild religious and moral doctrine, even when all our metaphysics, all our idealism, have failed to hold their own before realistic criticism. Hence the provisional dualism which seems to Opzoomer inevitable between the aspirations of religious and moral sentiment and the established facts of the experimental sciences. In his most recent writings, however, Opzoomer seems to come nearer Christianity, if not in the fixed scheme of doctrine called by that name, at least in the moral ideal realized in Christ. He finds in this the principle of freedom, the disinterested love of truth, — in a word, the salutary tendencies to which the thinker can conform his intellectual work, and the man of the world his conduct. The application to religious science which his disciples have made of these principles has created, not a body of doctrines, but a critical and serious tendency, which is felt more and more in theological studies.

About the same time that the return to the old dogmas of the Reformed Church showed itself, there prevailed in the University of Groningen a religious tendency, which, agreeing

in certain points with the school of reaction, was impelled, by its more profound regard for the rights of science, in a very different direction. From this heterodox movement — to which Hofstede de Groot, Pareau, and Muurling, Professors of Theology in this University, brought each their share, with a rare conformity of views and principles, even so far as preparing in common their theological treatises — arose the doctrine well known in Holland as the Groningen doctrine. Like the Orthodox reactionary party, the Groningen school feels that mysticism has an important place in religion; that a mere rational and easy morality does not satisfy that thirst which burns always in the truly religious soul. It can call to witness the grand Dutch mystics of the ante-Reform period, especially Wessel Gansfort, to show that it really keeps the national tradition when it raises the banner of mysticism, too long buried under the traditional scholasticism of the former and the unstable morality of the latter time. At the same time it cannot hide the fact that the progress of science demands a revision of Christian dogmas, that the old orthodox doctrines are no longer consistent with the spirit of the age, and that the Bible freely interpreted is far from justifying many of these dogmas. Especially does it feel the truly philosophic need, which all scientific theologies must speedily recognize, of attaching Christianity, the Bible, the Church, the whole religious development of humanity, to a principle vast enough to cover all their chances and variations. This principle, enunciated already by Lessing and Herder, is the education of the human race by God, who would raise men, his children, progressively to likeness with himself.

The culminating point of this educational work of God is the mission of Christ, upon whose nature the Groningen doctors have a theory which comes very near to Arianism. Their Christ is not God, but a divine being fitted by the Heavenly Father for the mission he came to fulfil, by taking on the human nature. Since his ascension, Christ, to whom in some sort God has delegated his power over men, guides always the religious destinies of the Church; and it is in this sense of immediate and personal communion with the glorified Christ that the mystical element of the Groningen doctrine especially

dwells. The love of men, the desire to aid in their well-being, both material and moral, constitutes here the essential proof of Christianity and the Christian man. Upon other points of ecclesiastical teaching this school generally takes a middle ground, which is not very satisfactory to a strict logic; but it delighted from the start a great number of minds, which the sharp points of the old Calvinism repelled, and which now found themselves able to live in the religious life without putting their good sense to the torture. The periodical miscellany entitled "The Truth in Charity" (*Waarheide in Liefde*) is developing the ideas of the Groningen school with a success which proves what sympathy they find in the public heart; and we must add, to the honor of this school, that the men who belong to it, both laymen and pastors, have started or patronized a large number of enlightened philanthropic enterprises. Many institutions which have as an end the moral elevation and education of the people, relief for their sufferings and the propagation of a spiritual and tolerant piety, are due to their zeal; and, what is very rare, we see the heterodoxy of Groningen putting to shame, in its philanthropic fervor, the orthodoxy of all around it, slumbering on in its old routine. Nevertheless, this system of compromise in religious doctrine, while it could not satisfy the orthodox reaction, and while it brought upon itself the most violent attacks from that quarter, was not long in being set aside by that religious science of which it had diffused the love and sustained the rights. What it especially lacked was the critical and philosophical spirit.

The Groningen school was after all but a single movement toward modern theology. In these last years we must seek at Leyden the boldest and most authoritative exhibitions of religious science. The famous University of this city, which has never ceased to reckon illustrious names in its list of Professors, is still worthy of its past eminence. The existing Dean of its Theological Faculty is the venerable Van Hengel, one of those men, too rare in every land, whose erudition is more than a passion, rather a *life*. Upwards of fourscore years in age, yet keeping still all his youthful activity and freshness, he is the type of that class of German scholars which Renan, in his

Essay upon Creuzer,* has so well characterized. We shall never forget the impression which came upon us as for the first time we entered the study of the old Doctor, and saw in that labyrinthine library, in the centre of the piled-up masses of volumes, the original and strongly formed head under its rich crown of snowy hairs. The short breeches, the shoes with buckles, the cut of the coat, all carried us at once sixty years into the past. All the conditions of a picture of the old Dutch school were there, — a table covered with green serge, a quiet and shaded canal passing under the window, a joyous and modest beam of sunlight, such as is only seen in Holland, disporting itself discreetly upon the respectable folios ranged along the walls. Van Hengel, the author of highly prized commentaries upon several books of the New Testament, is a representative of the old philology. In spite of his extreme age, he is going on with his labors. In conversation, he fires up with the vivacity of a youth upon the minute details of that science, mother of so many more, in the service of which he has amassed the treasures of a prodigious erudition. Caring but little for dogma or historical criticism, he loves true science too well to be alarmed by the novelties of contemporary theology, or to imitate those atrabilious graybeards who curse the advances which have been made on the very road which they themselves opened for the youth of their own time. He has known how to keep pace with real science, for the recent developments of which, at least in his own land, he can boast of preparing the way. He is the genius of the old philology encouraging young criticism, while giving it the prudent counsel which a long experience fully authorizes.

The great theological movement of the present day in Holland has at Leyden as its special organs Kuenen and Scholten,† the first in criticism, the second in dogmatics.

* Essais de Critique et de Morale. Paris, 1859.

† The Theological Faculty of Leyden lost, a few years since, a young Professor, Niermeyer, carried off by a premature death at the moment of his rapidly growing fame. He it was who revised, confirmed by many new proofs, and naturalized in Holland the modern interpretation of the Apocalypse, this enigma of eighteen centuries which German patience and sagacity have solved at last. The Faculty has recently met with another loss in the person of Kist, whose labors in ecclesiastical history are highly prized in Germany.

Kuenen is still young. An Orientalist of the first class, endowed with a clearness of view and an exegetical tact which make him a *critic* in the best sense of that word, he promises most nobly to illustrate the theology of Holland. An idea of Kuenen's worth as a theologian may be drawn from his general views upon Hebrew prophecy. He rejects distinctly the common idea of the prophets, that the mission of these extraordinary men was only to predict the future, or to tell many centuries in advance some accidental circumstances of the life of Christ. The prophets were rather *preachers* than foretellers. When they make predictions, these are in close relation to their age, their surroundings, their personality, which could not be if the prophecies were dictated from above as oracles in which human reason counted for nothing. Moreover, it can be demonstrated that many of these predictions have not been fulfilled. The prophecies of Israel, like its monotheism, are a phenomenon which reaches in this people its highest and noblest development, but which has analogies more or less marked in the other Semitic races. Enthusiasm for the fatherland and the national faith is the trait of character common to all the prophets. That which to our prosaic and reflective minds seems strained and unintelligible in their manner of speaking and acting, belongs to the phenomena of religious inspiration among a primitive people. It is an instant and irresistible seizure of the substance by the mastering idea or sentiment. Many other facts of the same kind can be gathered from history. Such is the sincerity of the zeal of the prophets, that, though generally very close to the Mosaic law, they prefer its spirit to its letter, and so become men of the future, heralds and precursors of the Gospel. The predictions which the old theology saw fulfilled in the history of Christ and the Church are more naturally explained by facts nearly or quite contemporaneous with the prophets themselves. Yet this does not prevent them from being organs of this marvellous Messianic hope upon which Christianity was ingrafted, and all through their writings we can detect the rudiments and follow the varied forms of this hope.

We must finally speak of Scholten, without dispute the

most remarkable living theologian of Holland. His works, already numerous, show vast learning, organized by a mind trained to all the discipline of modern philosophy. The principal work which established his theological fame is entitled "The Doctrine of the Reformed Church, and its Fundamental Principles." We may mention also a "Comparative History of Philosophy and Religion," in which experts will admire the exposition and criticism of the systems of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, and Hegel. We will try to give a rapid sketch of his rich and forcible system.

The method of the Leyden Professor is speculation founded upon experiment. He would have both theologian and philosopher start from facts of immediate reality; but this confining one's self to observation alone would lead to no positive conclusion. The task and the proper ambition of the thinker consist in deducing from these facts laws and truths to form a logical and consistent system. It is not in the name of a religious authority, dictating faith *a priori*, and leaving to thought no other work than grammatical interpretation, that sound theology speaks. In this, as in everything else, observed facts must precede formulas. This granted, religion offers itself to the observer as a natural fact, as a spontaneous tendency of human nature, attaching itself, in the full consciousness of its act, to the Absolute Being, of whom, even before reason begins to work, this tendency implies the existence: if there were no God, there could be no religion. But we are yet in face of an Unknown Infinite, and must go on with our observation. In looking upon the totality of things in nature and humanity, man comes to know Him of whom these are the manifestation; for since Absolute Being cannot be bounded by the visible world, this must be the expression of His life, and must reveal Him to those whose inner development enables them to read in the great book of the universe. This is the distinction between the *manifestation* of God and the *revelation*, which has a large place in Scholten's system, and profoundly modifies the common idea of revelation. In fact, God is always manifesting himself, and to all men; only some know how to interpret this steady manifestation. These are prophets, in the broadest sense of the word, — what He-

brew antiquity calls *Seers*, — those that through all history have heard distinctly the mysterious voice, while the multitude have been hearing only vague and distant echoes. Inspiration is this sublime gift, bestowed upon the privileged few of our race, — this superiority of the religious sense, which enables them to initiate the crowd into the truths which it could not of itself discover. In this regard, religious inspiration differs in its object, though not in its nature, from other inspirations, poetical, scientific, and the like, which constitute genius, and to which humanity owes its progress in every kind. Only we must not confound the form of the inspiration with what we may call its basis and substance. The inspired man is not infallible in the expression which he gives to the sentiment that moves him; but as this sentiment necessarily reflects the object of the prophetic intuition, it belongs to reflective reason to seek intellectual truth, *dogma*, in the word of those who reveal. Revelation, so understood, is neither opposed to reason, nor a promulgation of pretended mysteries imposed upon faith. Strictly speaking, mystery is that which we do not know; and if, on the one hand, mystery must exist so long as man has not in all things perfect knowledge, on the other, as revelation widens, the domain of mystery is narrowed, — which is exactly opposite to the most common idea of mystery. Moreover, Scholten thinks that this common idea is a subterfuge of orthodoxies superseded by reason, which have found it very convenient now to hide under this imposing word the dogmas elaborated at other epochs, and then intended to mark definitely off what was vague, and to throw light on what was dark.

These statements show the position which Scholten holds in regard to the old doctrines of the Church. And we may here be allowed to enter into some developments of a scientific nature, which it is impossible to keep out of sight in such a matter. Scholten has much less care to deny the ancient doctrines than to separate from the *letter* those higher truths which constitute the Spirit. He keeps for the Bible the rank which beyond dispute belongs to it in the gradual progress of revelation in human consciousness; but his theory of inspiration leaves to historical criticism full and entire freedom.

He will not transform Christ into a modern philosopher; but he makes prominent the fact, that, in Christ's spontaneous intuition of God, the thinker of our day discovers important and sublime truths, of which only the name is modern. Thus the old Christian idea of "God who is in the heavens" implies the infinity of God and his sovereignty in the world, while the "Spirit of God," which penetrates all things, and speaks to the human heart, marvellously answers to what the philosophy of our day has baptized with the awkward and ungainly word of "*immanence*." When the Church of the fourth century defined the dogma, previously unsettled, of the Trinity, it justified itself by the imperative demand of reason, which will ever deny the idea of a God inert and solitary in the icy depths of eternity; yet it could not maintain, without a contradiction, the unity of the Divine Essence; it separated the *Word* from the Holy Spirit, not seeing that the one was the Greek, and the other the Jewish form of the same religious idea; and it committed the wrong of identifying this Eternal Word with the historical person of Christ. It were better, according to Scholten, to represent the Word as the eternal revelation of God in the world. In humanity, Christ, by his religious and moral perfection, is for us the highest manifestation of the Divine Word, which speaks in him and by him. Jesus is *the Son of God*, in the sense of spiritual relation with God, which the Jews had long been accustomed to give to this expression, and in this Son of God, who was also Son of man, human nature could celebrate its communion with the Divine nature.

On the ground of anthropology, Scholten starts from the fact that man is born animal, yet bringing with him the germ of a spiritual development, of which God himself is the ideal. This is as true of the race as of the individual. The original fall is less in the history than in the heart of man, which passes from the sense of what it ought to be to the observation of what it is. Scholten has devoted some of his best pages to show that individual immortality is involved in the very fact that man feels himself called to go beyond physical and purely organic nature, and that he alone, unlike all living creatures which have preceded him on earth, has a

temper which demands the sacrifice of bodily life. Sin is *lack*, is imperfection in the spiritual life, and consequently is real misery, since happiness for every living being can be only the full expansion of its life and the realization of its destiny. Sin is then at once that which ought not to be, and the intermediate state which separates the state of innocence from the state of holiness. Here Scholten comes back upon the favorite ground of the old Reformed teachers, and declares himself sharply in favor of moral *determinism;* he regards indifferent free will as a chimèra. Let us add, however, that he takes pains to avoid the rock of fatalism, by saying that man, in virtue of the power of reflection with which he is endowed, can suspend his decision, and put himself under the influence of good motives. True liberty, as he regards it, consists in complete emancipation from every kind of moral evil. Such is the destiny in view of which God created man, and man will sooner or later reach this, unless the Creator is to be vanquished by his creature. The Calvinistic idea of the "assurance of salvation" meets us here thus in a new light, and disembarrassed from the frightful darkness of an eternal hell. On the other hand, experience, which teaches us that the longer we delay in egotism and sensuality, the more difficult it is to attain the holy life, must be reckoned among the motives which lead men to avail themselves of the divine dispensations of which history is the theatre and Christ the centre.

In fact, Scholten thinks that the Christ came out of the very heart of our race, which must of necessity, as well as the individuals which make it up, reach the end set before it. In Christ ideal religion is realized, the complete surrender of self to God and men. In Christ, revealer of God by the spotless purity of his heart, the light which lightens every man coming into the world shone with an incomparable splendor, and hereby man also has clearly read the word which nature and conscience had not yet told him, or that he had not dared to decipher, — God is love. In conformity with the laws which rule the solidarity of minds, from Christ comes a regenerative force, a power of light and life, which, since his coming, has worked in humanity like a leaven, dispelling superstitions, reforming insensibly social institutions, bringing men to a continually clearer

knowledge of their duties and their true welfare, until the time when, according to his word, "the whole loaf shall be leavened." Christ is thus the living demonstration of our divine destiny, for he on earth had the eternal life, and could promise this to all his brethren. We must then live in moral communion with him, and apply the principles drawn from this pure source to the labors in every kind, brilliant or common, which employ life. Scholten thinks, like Schleiermacher, that the religious life ought to be to ordinary life what harmony is to melody, raising and sustaining this. So the divine life must course more and more through the veins of humanity, and, if its progress seem slow to our impatience, we must not the less have faith in the future, and, not suffering ourselves to be discouraged by any obstacle, go on to meet it in the firm and joyous assurance that, according to the sublime foresight of an Apostle, "God will finally be all in all."

This teaching, which we have been obliged to describe only in its leading characteristics, has more force from the fact, that, after profound study of the old Reformed doctors, Scholten is bold to affirm that, far from breaking from the Calvinist tradition, he only continues its natural and logical development. We can well understand how readily such a point of view must win for him in Holland a wide sympathy. To this cause, no doubt, are due the incessant attacks of the orthodox party upon Scholten, which sees in him its most formidable adversary. Even the school of Groningen is beginning to find favor in orthodox eyes as compared with this more consistent and radical theology. On another side, the peculiarly critical mind of Opzoomer does not find itself quite satisfied with this teaching,—very liberal, doubtless, but very affirmative. Yet the distance between the two does not seem to us very wide. Since both agree that experimental observation should precede all speculation, the criticism of Opzoomer can serve as a permanent correction of affirmations which seem to him not so much false as rash, while the system of Scholten, by reason even of the principles which guide its method, remains open to all the corrections that a more exact observation of nature and history may finally require. The specially vulnerable point of this system is its moral *determinism*, and the purely negative notion of sin,

which is its inevitable corollary. It is currently reported that Scholten has tried to avoid fatalism, but that he has certainly not succeeded.

The time has not yet come to decide the real value either of these attacks or of the doctrine which calls them forth. The contest is far from being ended. The orthodox party, setting aside the truth, which is its permanent possession, can sustain itself for a long time by the tenacious hold which the love of religious tradition has upon the masses and upon pious hearts, whose few intellectual wants make faith the easier. The medium and prudent tendency, which centres at Groningen, has just now the control in the majority of the middle class. Yet it cannot be disguised that every year is swelling the number of adherents to what is called "the modern theology." Within ten years, the young men of the Universities have been adopting more and more its principles. Already these principles are popularized by the writings and sermons of young and eloquent advocates. Especially remarkable is the great number of distinguished men, both within and without the clerical ranks, who have abandoned the camp of Orthodoxy, toward which their education or early preferences had first guided them, to accept frankly the tendencies which triumph at Leyden. We cannot, in any case, deny to these tendencies the merit of having brought back to the Church and to Christianity many educated men, of the liberal professions especially, who would otherwise have lived in indifference or in unbelief. These growing successes have aroused a cry from many voices, that such impious negations shall be cut short. Disciplinary measures here and there are mentioned, restrictions upon the freedom of preaching, a new Synod, something like that of Dordrecht, — means which will accomplish nothing, which are equally repugnant to the widespread spirit of toleration, to the good sense of educated orthodox men, and to the instructive experience that this famous Synod did not hinder the doctrines which it proscribed from finding place, and even triumphing in the Church which at first rejected them. Thus Scholten and his friends can at any moment bring their most ardent adversaries before the bar of that Synod, and show them that, judged by the canons

of Dordrecht, they themselves would be heretics of the first rank.

We have attempted to describe the new life which is animating theological studies in Holland. We cannot, nevertheless, pretend to exhaust the list of all the remarkable works and men of the Dutch theology. It would be a mistake to limit absolutely the writers * who ought to be mentioned to any that these sketches have described. Individualism has too strong a hold upon the Dutch Church to allow such a limit; and the downfall of dogmatic barriers within it somewhat resembles the same process in the demands of political economy upon the existing governments. Men fear, if the barriers are thrown down, that industry, production, and the spirit of enterprise will all become stagnant; yet the results in every case are demonstrating how ill-founded are these fears. The fact is, that, since the beginning of this century, religious science and life have pursued an upward progress, which everything conspires to carry on still farther; and we may add, *libertate regnante*. Freedom is a grand and beautiful thing, and it is pleasant to see it thus display its force in a country so small in extent, and of so positive a character that minds in it would seem to prefer quite other than transcendental regions. The bitterness and narrowness which we so often see in religious discussions are re-

* Among these writers may be mentioned Hockstra, Professor in the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, who has drawn up an excellent commentary on the Canticles, interpreted on the theory, now admitted in German criticism, of a dialogue between Solomon and a young country girl, whom he tries unsuccessfully to marry; Busken Huet, descended from a French family, related to that which gave to Avranches the famous Bishop Huet, whose "Letters upon the Bible" popularize in an admirable style the results of the most advanced criticism; Pierson, pastor at Rotterdam, whose preference is for the æsthetic side of Christian truth, but who knows how to maintain the rights of religious sentiment without doing violence to independent criticism; Moll, Professor at Amsterdam, famed for his labors in Church History; and Roorda, Veth, and Rutger, who sustain the glorious traditions of Dutch philology in the study of Oriental tongues, and to the first of whom the world is indebted for a Japanese translation of the Bible. Besides the theological Review of Groningen, of which we have spoken, there are two periodicals, the *Godgeleerde Bydragen*, "Studies of Religious Science," and *Jaarboeken voor de wetenschap. Theologie*, "Annual of Scientific Theology," the first of which is more open to writers of liberal tendencies. We must not forget the Biblical Dictionary (*Bybelsch Woorderboek*), which is designed to initiate the reading public into the most recent results of criticism applied to the sacred books in a spirit at once respectful and impartial.

lieved by the fact that the prolongation of these debates takes away the bitterness and narrowness which they have frequently at the outset, and that man nowhere shows himself to be more faithful to the noblest tendencies of his being, than when he devotes heart and life to the disinterested pursuit of the invisible. In so living, he gives evidence of his immortal destiny. He is made for quite another end than to creep in the soil of vulgar interests. When we study man in his history, instead of studying him in the abstractions of the old psychology, we bring back from his agitations on the earth's surface something quite different from discouragement. The so frequent failure of reason's efforts to reach the truth, frightening the common mind, only reassures the thinker, since this very failure makes the constant and obstinate repetition of the efforts more instructive and more amazing. For ourselves, having faith in the human mind, we have very decided preference for many of the doctrines, at once old and new, which we have set forth in this essay, and we think that every step taken by man in the search after God brings him nearer to the goal, even when the course must be straight on to that. But granting to scepticism all that it would have, one thing they cannot deny, the natural and unwearied tendency of man toward an ideal which he has never seen, yet which exists, because it always draws him on. We would not speak slightingly of the progress and discoveries in the immediate practical sciences. Man is transforming the earth, is subduing more and more the nature around him, is making this his humble servant, is bending it to the pleasure of his needs and desires in a manner truly marvellous. Certainly this is all very fine; but all this revolves with the planet, and never leaves the orbit which it has always from the beginning of its being described. Far finer, far richer in prophecy of the future, is the tangential movement by which the human soul at each instant would fly off to plunge into the Infinite.

In this conflict of religious ideas, moreover, we especially delight in the confidence with which science is appealed to, whether to defend or to purge religion, in any case to strengthen it. That is also a tradition in this land of freemen. Theology here is not the spiteful old woman who can only rail

against youth and against the sciences, her sisters, whom she once assisted to nurture after the fall of the ancient world had left them orphan and very poor in condition. When the illustrious Taciturnus requited the city of Leyden for the heroism which it had displayed against the Spaniards, by founding the famous and still flourishing University, Theology, under the guise of a beautiful maiden, with the four Evangelists beside her, led the symbolic band where all the sciences of the age were represented with their respective attributes. Since then they have never ceased to live harmoniously, lending each other mutual aid. Dutch theology has found in free inquiry its perpetual rejuvenescence, and Holland to-day goes hand in hand with Germany in the renovation of religious science, this great work to which our age is called.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

If any substantial proof were asked of the freedom of thought and opinion which French Protestant theology now encourages, it would be found in the remarkable volume of Essays which M. Réville has recently collected and published.* Most of them have before appeared, either in the Strasburg Review, in the *Lien* of Paris, or in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But the Preface, of more than seventy pages, is new, and it contains substantially Réville's confession of faith, both in dogma and in criticism. This strong and learned writer, who speaks the sentiments of a numerous party, and continues to hold as a preacher a very influential position, does not hesitate to express his want of sympathy with the whole system of the ancient creeds. He says boldly, that, *while religious science is becoming less orthodox, it is becoming more religious;* that modern discoveries are utterly hostile to the ideas of Trinity, Original Sin, and Verbal Inspiration; that Reason has in theology, as in all other science, a supreme claim; and that Protestantism cannot consistently fasten itself to any scheme of faith. He sums up his argument in this fine and significant paragraph: "The substance of all this is, that the man of to-day, who unites religious wants with scientific progress, must love, in Humanity, Religion, which

* Essais de Critique Religieuse. Par Albert Réville, Docteur en Théologie, Pasteur de l'Eglise Wallonne de Rotterdam. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 491.

is its highest life; in Religion, Christianity, which is its highest revelation; in Christianity, the Christian Church, which is its historical development; in the Christian Church, Protestantism, which represents at once its old and new elements; and finally, in Protestantism, the ultra Protestant tendency, which carries on the Reformation, and goes in the advance-guard of religious thought." This Preface is, in its way, quite as remarkable as any of the Essays in the recent famous English collection.

In addition to this Preface, the volume contains eight elaborate essays. The first of these is on the "Christian Church in the First Two Centuries." It shows most strikingly the long and doubtful strife between the Jewish and the Pauline tendencies in the Church. It proves that there was no unity of doctrine in the earliest Apostolic Church, and that this unity came in at last only through the influence of the Episcopate and the demand for a solid order. Long before the period when the creed was condensed and established, Christian faith had become corrupted by the intrusion of Pagan and Gnostic ideas. Though the composition of the fourth Gospel is carried back to a period previous to the beginning of the second century, it is maintained that it was scarcely known and very little used in the first half of this century. The whole essay abounds in valuable suggestions.

The second essay is a critical study of the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, which is carefully analyzed. Its genuineness is allowed, and its importance, as illustrating the state of opinion in the early Church, pointed out. What Réville thinks of the Pentecostal miracle may be inferred from his remark about "speaking with tongues that ecstatic language, the true nature of which tradition has so strangely misunderstood, in transforming it into foreign tongues miraculously spoken." Clement, according to Réville, knows nothing whatever of such a dogma as the Trinity, and treats Jesus as sent by God as an Evangelist, exactly as the Apostles were sent by him. While this Epistle lays the first stone of Roman Catholicism, in maintaining that the elders have a divine right in the Church to which they minister, it wholly neglects to give any dogmatic rules, and leaves the creed to individual preference.

The third essay in the volume is a most full and ingenious interpretation of the Apocalypse, showing that Nero is the Antichrist described therein, and utterly demolishing the foolish extravagances of such hierophants as Cumming. This essay, more than any, illustrates the learning of its author. The fourth essay, on "The History of Dogma," demonstrates the absurdity of the ecclesiastical claim that its creed, even if a growth, has been always *consistent*. Réville shows that the Church has repeatedly given itself the lie, has contradicted its own words, and has pronounced that to be heresy in one age which in the previous age it had accepted as orthodoxy. Prior to Athanasius the Church had denied the equality of the Father and the Son, — denied it by their doctors and denied it in Councils. Afterwards, they asserted it. He insists that the theory of Anselm about Redemption distinctly contradicts the theory of Irenæus and Origen. The fifth essay, on the Canticles,

though a great improvement upon the common allegorical renderings of that poem, seems to us less exact and just than the rendering of M. Renan, of which we propose hereafter to speak more fully. The sixth essay, on the "Rhine Legends," traces these stories to their religious origin, and finds them in some idea of the Biblical history or the Church theology. The Cologne virgins, the Dragon Rock, the "Three Kings," the "Mouse Tower," and many other stories, Catholic and Protestant, are all the popular expression and embodiment of traditional religious superstitions. This essay sparkles with quaint critical sallies, which attest the author's humor not less than his correct taste in art. Of the seventh essay, on "Theological Curiosities," which shows up the absurd observations of popular orthodox commentators, we have only to complain that it is too short. The final essay, on "Religious Studies in France," reviewing the works of Renan, finds in them a noble augury for the future of French theology. The whole volume is vigorous and refreshing, in style as in thought.

The rationalism of M. Scherer is much more "pronounced" than that of M. Réville, but in its general tendency and spirit his volume of Miscellanies* is like that of his friend and co-laborer. His style is somewhat less elegant and finished; yet it does not lack the qualities of clearness, vigor, and precision. M. Scherer is a trained and close reasoner, and has a taste for logical contests. He follows up his adversaries with unflinching sturdiness, and drives them into and out of their last resort. No critic of opinions or men can be more keen in his analysis, or more severe in his exposure of inconsistencies, whether of statement or conduct. This persistent spirit of logical analysis gives to M. Scherer's volume a tone of hard-heartedness, which does not really represent the temper of the man, more than the critical writings of Theodore Parker represented his kind and genial temper. M. Scherer, indeed, is the Theodore Parker of France, and in many respects strikingly resembles the American heresiarch. He is, however, much more sparing of abusive epithets, and much less rhetorical in his style. There is nothing in this volume which would be technically termed "fine writing," yet it is able throughout, and never dull. Every topic is philosophically treated, with the insight of a thinker and the ease of a master.

The volume contains sixteen essays. The first essay, on the "Crisis of Faith," exposes the unsettled condition of thoughtful minds in all churches, — Jewish and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, — and the demand for a more intelligent and consistent theological system. The second essay, on the "Inspiration of Scripture," utterly demolishes the theory, not only of verbal, but of special inspiration, and holds that the record of revelation is to be interpreted and studied like any other book. This argument is continued in the third essay, "What the Bible is," and the relative value of its various parts, of its history, poetry,

* Mélanges de Critique Religieuse. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 588.

prophecy, and practical wisdom, is discriminated. While maintaining most strongly the worth of the Bible as a whole, M. Scherer is bold to say that some parts of the canon have not now, and never have had, much use except as literary fragments, and that many who have understood John or Paul have not understood Jesus. The fourth essay, on "Sin," exhibits most strikingly the dialectic skill of the author. He brings the doctrine of the "Fall" and of inherited depravity into antagonism with human liberty, and shows that the idea of free will is an absurdity, where the idea of native depravity is maintained. This essay, at the time of its first publication, in 1853, made a great stir in the religious world of Geneva, and brought upon its author the savage denunciations both of Catholic and Calvinistic writers. Its learning and its logic were alike formidable.

The fifth essay is a series of three "Theological Conversations," in which the author first shows that "Catholicism is only a branch of Protestantism," then that "Protestantism is only a branch of Catholicism," and then that the whole theory of Supernaturalism, whether it be affirmed of the Church or of the Scriptures, is open to very serious, if not fatal, objections. M. Scherer does not, indeed, decide against Christianity as a special gift of God to men, but he leaves, and evidently intends to leave, the impression, that its miraculous side is of no assistance in sustaining its authority. The essay is at once the most entertaining and the most radical in the volume. The sixth essay, on the Apocalypse, learnedly discusses the theory of Commodian about the two Antichrists. The seventh essay describes the three phases of English doubt and lapse from the Church, as they are represented by John Sterling, J. A. Froude, and F. W. Newman. After this follow a series of articles on eminent French representative men, — De Maistre, Lamennais, Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, and Ary Scheffer. None of these men altogether please M. Scherer; and even Renan, whose advanced theological position might win for him the sympathy of a rationalist, receives but moderate praise. The critic means to be impartial, and is so impartial as often to seem unjust, and even malevolent. This is most apparent in the essays on De Maistre and Proudhon. The views of M. Scherer are, nevertheless, sound in the main, and the impression at the end is, that the strong and weak points of all the characters have been distinctly brought out.

Miss Bremer, in her recent curious book of self-revelations and gossip about all manner of religious topics, takes occasion to lament the wayward and mistaken blindness of Scherer and his friends, in cutting themselves off from the sympathy of the Geneva Evangelicals, the Vinets and the Merles. The patronizing tone in which she speaks of the error of such free and brave spirits as the reforming party in French Protestantism, is hardly less ludicrous than her account of her interviews with the Pope and his Catholic aids, and her experience of Roman convent-life. However far we may be from agreeing with the peculiar opinions of the French radical party in theology, we welcome their protests against the sickly pietism which would hinder the progress of a scientific theology, and so prepare the way for a catholic

reaction. Such narrow theologians as Gaussen and D'Aubigné do far more harm by their timid sophistries than the boldest rationalists. That "New Church of Love" which Miss Bremer longs so much to see, will never come through any theory that distrusts truth, is afraid of science, or tries to silence free speech. The liberty which cannot be enjoyed in Switzerland is still allowed in Holland, nor is it likely there to be soon denied. The volume of Essays which is denounced at Geneva as heretical and dangerous, is sold and read at Amsterdam as the harbinger of light and promise.

Our diligent and honored friend, Dr. Beard of Manchester, has rendered a very timely and valuable service, in gathering several of the essays just mentioned, along with a few from other authors, into a neat and readable English volume. The translations — most of them, apparently, by the editor's own hand — are clear and felicitous throughout. The first third of the volume is perhaps a little more metaphysical in its order of topics than the average of readers among us demand; and, by itself, might suggest the criticism that the idea in general needs to be translated, as well as the words in which it is conveyed, — that each community, each language, has its own fashion and dialect of thought, which can never be quite successfully transplanted. But we forget any such partial judgment, as we become acquainted with the very fresh, vigorous, and animated reasoning that makes the body of the book. Several points, both of Biblical criticism and of ecclesiastical discussion, are put with a felicity and point that we have never seen excelled. As an example, take the following statement: —

"Each epoch produces a literature, and every great epoch produces a literature which becomes classical. A classic literature is that which, originating in a particular set of circumstances, is distinguished by richness and harmony, by truth and power, especially, however, by the close connection which subsists between it and some great historic epoch, in such manner that this literature becomes the final and complete expression of a nationality, serves to define it by this expression, and remains for succeeding ages an ideal type of the genius of this nationality, a lasting source of inspiration, an eternal model of imitation. It is important at the same time to remark, that the perfection of a classic literature is necessarily relative, that is to say, that such a literature inevitably becomes old, that it constantly becomes older, and that in thus becoming old, it becomes also, from many points of view, strange to the thought and to the taste of future generations who study it. . . . . All this is applicable to the Bible. Canonical literature is nothing else than the classic literature of Christianity. . . . . The respect which we have for the Bible, the affection we bear towards it, the eagerness with which we study it, the submission with which we hear its teachings, are perfectly compatible with that unconscious and spontaneous accommodation with which the reader makes allowances in the Divine work for that which is human, temporary, imperfect." — Edmund Scherer's Essay, *What the Bible is*, pp. 308 – 310.

Apart from the very great interest of the volume as letting us into

* The Progress of Religious Thought, as illustrated in the Protestant Church of France. Edited by John R. Beard. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 12mo. pp. 383.

some of the best thinking of the recent French mind, and the new phase of Protestantism now in development, it has a positive value, equally great, from the independent and able part it sustains in the debates opened afresh among us in these last years. Readers of the "Essays and Reviews" will be glad to find some points here discussed with a little more detail, and in more fresh and popular style, from the same point of view of independent scholarship. And the value of the book is all the greater, that it consists not merely or mainly of criticism, and is noway sceptical in tone; but is, almost altogether, positive, earnest, constructive, and devout.

The editor has prefixed an excellent statement of the character and contents of the Oxford volume; and the present issue bears on its title-page the names of our Boston publishers, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co.

It is a grateful service always to register among the publications of the day those whose aim is simply practical, and whose source is the sympathies and affections of the Christian life. It would be a pity that this element in our current literature should ever be wanting among the rest. Among new thought, new scholarship, new philosophy, and criticism, we want new sermons too. Speculative theology needs the tempering of Christian piety. Religious truth needs continually its fresh illustration and application in the life. The thought is rather trite, but we are reminded of it as from time to time a volume comes up, modestly claiming its place in our religious literature, bearing the impress of pastoral duty and the fragrance of the by-ways of Christian life. And we have been especially pleased with several features of the volume whose title we register below.* It consists, as such a volume should, not of brilliant essays, or ambitious oratory, but of good parish sermons, — near enough to the events and feelings of the time to be somewhat colored by them, and near enough to the universal heart of faith to take the tone altogether of trust and piety and peace. Such titles as "The Beauty of God," "Work for the Needy," "The Power of Christian Love," "Christ on the Mountains," "The Greatness of Christian Service," suggest the order of topics, and the spirit of the volume. We have found, in perusing it, sufficient variety of thought, beauty of literary expression, freshness of illustration, and excellence of Christian sentiment, to make it a very readable and acceptable addition to our library of practical religion.

Our pages for July, 1859, gave early notice to the American public of Müller's wonderful work in Bristol, a condensed statement of which is now presented in a single volume under the auspices of Rev. Dr. Wayland.† His prefatory essay upon the efficacy of prayer seems rather a cold introduction to so glowing an experience. Müller will not feel inspired by such faint suggestions as to the possibility of a heavenly

* Christ in the Will, the Heart, and the Life. Discourses by A. B. Muzzey. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. With an Introduction by Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861.

aid of which more than twenty-five years of philanthropic effort have been to him a daily demonstration. The suggestion at the close of Dr. Wayland's Preface, that, if Müller is right, all the present machinery for raising money for religious uses must be wrong, is the overwhelming conviction of every unprejudiced reader of this "Life of Trust." Without any personal solicitation, any worldly patronage, any combined effort, any systematic collections, any quarterly or annual appeals, by prayer alone as it appears, a friendless German has built and is sustaining an immense Orphan Asylum at Bristol, England, — besides constituting himself a Bible society, tract society, missionary society, of the most practical, unexpensive, and spontaneous kind. A quarter of a century has just closed since this singular philanthropist began upon his orphan-house. The results of all his labors, as far as they can be given in statistics, are 13,124 pupils taught in Sunday, day, or evening schools; 1,153 orphans educated; 100 missionaries aided; 42,463 Bibles or parts of Bibles circulated; and of separate tracts and books distributed, eleven millions and a half. Two large buildings have been erected, a third is now going up; and for the orphan work alone, £133,528 have been expended; proving that the estimate of half a million of dollars made in a former number of this journal as the sum total of Müller's receipts was, as it was intended to be, below the mark.

Whether, as the name indicates, Mr. P. L. Jacob (who writes with the pseudonyme of "un Bibliophile") is a Jew, we have no means of ascertaining; but it is certain that he very nearly resembles D'Israeli the elder in his taste for queer, grotesque, and recondite facts and anecdotes, and in the variety of his reading. He selects with more discrimination than the English Jew, and has managed in his volume of "Theological Curiosities"* to avoid garrulity and to escape the temptation of redundancy. His volume, printed in the antique style, is entertaining throughout. It is divided into three parts: the first treats of the whims and oddities of Judaism and Christianity; the second, of the superstition of other religions; and the third, of various strange and rare books on subjects connected with religion. A copious index enables the reader to find any anecdote or story related in the volume. Four fifths at least of all that is mentioned will be new even to those who have studied long and diligently in theology. The shelves of the Imperial Parisian Library must have been very diligently ransacked to furnish such a mass of matter.

The worst fault that we have to find with the book is a somewhat too prominent fondness for anecdotes of a doubtful taste. The tone of the book is not, however, vulgar or immoral, and the coarse quotations are rather given for their absurdity than for their pruriency. They are amusing, rather than disgusting. Our "Bibliophile" is certainly not troubled with reverence, and does not hesitate to show how preachers, doctors, creeds, and sects have done and said foolish things. But he is impartial. He draws from orthodox not less than heretical

* Curiosités Théologiques. Par un Bibliophile. Paris: Delahays. 1861. 16mo. pp. 358.

sources, and treats Christianity and the Rabbins no better than Islam and the Brahmins. Perhaps the most extraordinary chapter in the volume is that which treats of the *excommunication of animals and insects*, which would overturn the gravity of the most austere Puritan. This chapter is really a capital satire upon the pretensions of the Church; and we cannot help thinking that there is a covert sarcasm in this whole presentation of the ludicrous side of religion. There is a degree of care in the statement of Herder's argument about the rat that ate the consecrated wafer, which shows that M. Jacob was not unwilling to show up the whole absurdity of the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

ERNST HERRMANN, whose History of Russia has come to the sixth volume,* is Professor of History at Marburg. The work was begun in 1832 by the late Prof. Strahl of Bonn, who lived to complete the first two volumes; the remaining four have been written by Herrmann. The work has excited little interest in Germany, yet it is said to be not without permanent value. The past of Russia is not of much interest, perhaps, to the reading world of Europe or America; its history, like ours, lies in the future. The last hundred years grow dull and heavy to us fervently shaping the next. Yet he who anywhere adds to the knowledge of men deserves of men at least the tribute of recognition of his doing. For those, then, seeking knowledge of Russia, it will be worth while to know of Herrmann's work. He has travelled to Stockholm to explore the Swedish archives, and has delved in the State Paper Office in London, — searching also in the archives of various German courts for material, — unable to conceal his chagrin at the occasional narrow-mindedness which in these last has limited his explorations.

This sixth volume treats of the last decade of the last century, and is occupied for the most part with the foreign relations of Russia, so that it becomes rather a history of the political relations of Eastern Europe during this period. In the foreground stands Catherine II., — not the vicious woman whom the *Chronique Scandaleuse* will depict, but the great queen whom the world fears. In respect to Germany, it was doubtless one of the objects of Catherine to keep that country in as helpless a condition as possible; for that purpose she multiplied her agents. Russia had formerly had ambassadors only at Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, — it had its representatives now at Regensburg, at Frankfort-am-Main, and Hamburg. And how it was the fixed purpose of Catherine to win Poland and Finland, how she yearned after Stamboul, and seized the Crimea, — these things, of course, are explained; — and how England, now the fiercest enemy of Russia, was its earliest friend; but France, seeing further, said, "If we let Russia have the Crimea, France and Austria and Prussia must see to it that she has no

* ERNST HERRMANN, Geschichte des Russischen Staats. Sechster Band. (Heeren- und Ukert'sche Samimlung der Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten.) Leipzig. 1860.

fleet there"; — and how, seventy years later, that frightful wrestling for the Crimea was only the re-affirmation of French policy laid down long before.

It was a poor part which Germany played in those days. Prussia and Austria sought in Russia a support against one another; and while they were congratulating themselves in Berlin upon a Russian alliance, Catherine had already, on the 18th of May, 1781, entered into a secret understanding with Austria, — the particular nature of which is first developed by Herrmann, — by which the Porte was sacrificed to Russia, and Joseph II. on his part thought to absorb the whole Venetian territory, "gone masterless, alas!" Thus long before the treaty of Campo Formio did Austria lust after the Queen of the Adriatic. But Catherine of Russia was more cunning than Joseph of Austria; and you may read in Herrmann how the hopes of the latter were ever made vain. As Louis XIV. kept Charles II. in his pay, so Catherine is reported to have won the Austrian diplomats with Russian gold, — a system of conquest kept up long into this century, if one may believe the historians. Thus covered by Austria, Russia opened its war with Turkey, in 1787. But the time of the Turks had not come, and the king of Sweden rose to harass Russia on the other side, frightening Catherine to such extent that she kept five hundred horses harnessed day and night, ready for flight from St. Petersburg. But if Russia did not gain Turkey, neither did Sweden recover its lost provinces.

There has been much dispute in Germany whether Prussia or Austria gave occasion to the second partition of Poland. Herrmann inclines himself to the latter view, but leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions from the copious material which he supplies, — modestly disclaiming thus to do his reader's thinking for him. But into that question we are indisposed to enter by so much as a single remark. It was a shameful deed for those who did it, — one of those crimes against race for which the retribution comes in the end, the judgment of God in history, weighty and awful, if long deferred. Doubtless Poland was in the bad condition which Herrmann sets forth; but, taught by calamity, it had begun to make a healthy progress, of which you may see evidence in the Life of Hugo Kollontai by Sniadezki, if you can read it; but you cannot expect to get Aristideses and Catos in twenty years, says the contemporary critic. But that the Poland of the second partition was not the Poland of the first, will be the sober judgment of history. We must not forget, in speaking for a moment of Russia, her recent action in freeing her serfs. It deserves, as it has won, the applause of Europe. However bad the condition of the servile class, to deny the hope of amelioration is the last worst thing on earth. It invokes the judgment it defies; and threatens not only the destruction of republican freedom, but the coming on of that barbarism in the black darkness of which civilized society itself droops and perishes.

THE official position of Monsieur Arthur de la Guéronnière, as state counsellor and mouthpiece of the French government in the *Moniteur*, gives great importance to any words, however vague, which he may

choose to utter. The pamphlet on "France, Rome, and Italy,"* which has made so much stir, justifies the excitement rather by what it *does not* say than by what it says. It does not assert, in so many words, that the Papacy has done its work as a temporal power, and must now give up its secular charge; but the conclusion of its review of the "situation" and the circumstances that have led to it is, that the Court of Rome can no more be allowed to hinder Italian liberty, than Italian liberty to annihilate the Papal rule. The clear inference from the whole is, that Napoleon proposes to let things take their course, and to stand in the way of Victor Emanuel only in defending the private rights and the person of the Holy Father. The problem which he proposes, if possible, to solve, or to wait upon, is the problem of an Italian nation *with* the Pope. "France," says M. de la Guéronnière, "will *wait patiently* for the *near hour* when the pontifical government, at last rid of the dangerous allies who have imposed their support upon it, will know how to distinguish between those who have done everything to destroy it, and those who have done everything to save it."

Non-committal and evasive as it is, the pamphlet is well written. The friend of Lamartine and the editor of the *Pays* has lost nothing in force or elegance of style by becoming an imperial tool. He is much more respectable than Cassagnac or Capefigue. His satire is dignified, and he indulges in no invective or abuse. He gently hints that the Ultramontane French bishops are deceived by their "earnestness of faith," and does not go out of his way to rebuke Monsignor of Orleans. Pleasant compliments are not spared; and the French clergy will be delighted to hear that they are "the most enlightened, the most pious, and the most disinterested in the world." The Church is assured, too, that it is constantly growing, that heresies are waning, and that wherever the "eldest son" of the Church has influence, its rights will be carefully protected. Perhaps the most neatly turned flattery in the pamphlet is in calling the election of Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic the "giving back of power to the hands of the heir of the Empire."

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE new work of Count Gobineau† is not, as a glance at the title might at first lead one to think, a book of travels in the United States. It is simply the narrative of a few weeks spent in the waters and territories which lie in and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Terre-Neuve" is the rather awkward French name of Newfoundland. So far as we can judge by the volume, Count Gobineau seems to have been the clerk of an inquest sent out by the French government to ascertain the exact condition of the French fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland, and their relations to the fisheries of other nations. The work

* La France, Rome, et l'Italie. Par A. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE. Paris: Dentu. 1861. 8vo. pp. 61.

† Voyage à Terre-Neuve. Par LE COMTE A. DE GOBINEAU, Prémier Secrétaire d'Ambassade. Paris: Hachette. 1861. 16mo. pp. 308.

was not arduous; and the results, we are bound to say, do not seem very important, — certainly in the head clerk's narrative of his adventures. The first chapter, which describes the voyage from France across the Atlantic in the steam-frigate Gassendi, prepares us to expect more triviality of detail than solid fact and observation. The sketches which follow, of Saint Pierre, Sydney, Halifax, the west and east coasts of Newfoundland, and the town of St. Johns, are more interesting from the easy flow of their style than from the accuracy or value of the information which they give. The closing chapters of the book, on the "Fisheries," and on the "Morals" of the people in these regions, illustrate only the inventive faculty of the writer. His account of the way in which courtships are conducted is ludicrously imaginative, and his statement that elopements are very common is quite wide of the truth. Elopements in Newfoundland, on a barren island! The book is not wanting in variety of scene and topic, and there are passages of genuine humor, somewhat exaggerated, perhaps. The exercises at the Normal School of Truro, on the occasion of the annual visit of the Governor of Nova Scotia, are given in a style worthy of Dickens. Count Gobineau is much more at home in describing social absurdities than in describing natural scenery, or in philosophizing about cause and effect, about duties and tendencies. His book fails wholly to show us the shape and color of the countries which he visits, and, instead of wise conclusions, gives French prejudices. A more serious objection lies against his book than the objection which he urges against American books, that they are so badly printed: he gives judgments on topics which he does not, and seems not to have tried to, understand.

If the volumes upon Chili and Peru which M. Holinski proposes hereafter to publish are as spirited and entertaining as this first volume upon Ecuador,* he will gain an honorable place as a traveller and a writer of travels. He is one of those tourists who see a great deal in going only a little way, and who overlook nothing of importance, whether in the aspects of nature or in the life of men, — who are able to set in their proper place ordinary as well as extraordinary events. He simply tells how he journeyed from Guayaquil to Quito and back again by the same road; yet in this single and frequented path he gives a picture of the real life of the land, far better than Dr. Barth in his various and ramified African travels. M. Holinski is at once a good observer, a good critic, and a good writer, not egotistic and yet not abstract, keeping the human interest in all his descriptions, and saying what he has to say in the most natural manner. His full and curious scholarship comes in incidentally, just when it is wanted, and is never forced; and the moral tone of the volume is high and humane. M. Holinski sympathizes with the largest liberty, and has as little respect for religious as for civil and social despotism. He is emphatic in his denunciation of negro slavery. His only dislike of the system of government in the

* L'Équateur, Scènes de la Vie Sud Américaine. Par Alexandre Holinski. Paris: Amyot. 1861. 16mo. pp. 262.

United States is that it contains the false principle of toleration of slavery.

Some misapprehensions M. Holinski authoritatively corrects, — such as that tropical birds do not sing, that alligators will not attack men, that South Americans are stupid, and that Quito is a dangerous place to live in on account of the thieves and assassins. He denies all these false notions. His account of the "Molle" tree, which is fatal by its odor to all insects and vermin, but entirely harmless and agreeable to man, is new to us, as it probably will be to most readers. The diligent compilers of the New American Cyclopædia have not included this in their list of titles. The discussion of "leprosy" in the volume, too, is very original and interesting. Whatever, in fact, M. Holinski touches, whether it be legend or history, scenery or manners, mountains or plains or sea, industry, language, or religion, he brings out something fresh and racy. From comparatively slender material he has made a very entertaining book.

ALFRED MICHIELS, whose full name is Joseph Alfred Xavier Michiels, is one of the most prolific and the most popular of living French writers. In the graphic delineation of local scenery and of manners and customs he has no superior. His passion for travel is equalled by his facility in description, and he has done very much to make known to his countrymen, not only England, Germany, Holland, and other lands, with their literature and their life, but also the neglected portions of his own land. His most recent researches have been among the mountaineers of Eastern France, in the region of the Vosges, and he describes the homes and the habits of this region from an intimate personal acquaintance.* The simple faith, the moral purity, and the pacific spirit of these Mennonites captivate his heart so thoroughly, that it is hard for a reader to resist the attraction, and not consent to their strange theories of life and of religion. There is a warmth of sympathy which is rarely found in the descriptions of professional tourists; and, without any attempt at exaggeration, a poetical beauty is given to what is probably a prosaic and commonplace existence.

There is a delightful variety in this volume. We have history, legend, personal sketches, family life, rural industry, romantic scenery, bright and sad very skilfully mingled. There is not a dull sentence from beginning to end. The style is at once light and dignified, and free from any taint of license. The only errors of statement are those which speak of the customs and numbers of the Baptists in foreign parts. We are not prepared to accept as strictly accurate the Mennonite disavowal of all historical connection with John of Leyden and his fanatics, nor do we think that in the praise of the ultra peace notions of this sect, and of their successful practical working, sufficient account is made of their isolation and their numerical insignificance. They are so few, and they live so separate from the rest of France, that their system has no influence and very little importance. It mingles curi-

* Les Anabaptistes des Vosges. Par ALFRED MICHIELS. Paris: Poulet-Malassis et De Broise. 1860. 12mo. pp. 339.

ously a close and scrupulous Scriptural literalism with a superstitious credulity. The Mennonites have great faith in signs and wonders, and are quite ready to believe marvellous stories, though they reject as needless and impious the practices of other churches and of secular life, such as fasts and the wearing of arms.

One who would get an accurate idea of the changes and improvements which the nine years of the Empire of Napoleon have brought in the French capital, can find satisfaction in the small volume recently published by M. Veron.* Besides the enlargement of the Louvre, he gives a list of structures which, since 1852, the city of Paris has continued or finished,—churches, public buildings, barracks, fountains, markets, schools, asylums, and the like,—surprising not only in the number, but in the grandeur of the undertaking. The whole city, old and new, has within its limits sixty-six Catholic parishes, five Protestant chapels, and two synagogues, yet all these churches scarcely are adequate to the accommodation of one eighth of the inhabitants, the number of whom at present, including the garrison, M. Veron estimates at 1,700,000. Paris, indeed, is more poorly supplied with religious conveniences than any large city in the world. But a small fraction of its people have any regard for religious institutions, or feel any obligation to attend public worship. And it is a significant fact, that the Emperor finds it even more desirable to open public squares than to open new houses of prayer. No less than six of these have been recently completed, involving great outlay and the demolition of hundreds of houses. In these, the common people prefer to spend their Sunday. The catalogue of new streets which have been opened in these years is very remarkable. Miles of narrow and dirty lanes have disappeared, and in their place straight, wide, solidly paved avenues, with symmetrical rows of houses, give magnificence to what was before meanness. In these street improvements, 4,349 houses have been demolished. The number of houses built in the city, however, more than makes good this deficiency. In this period, 9,617 houses have been built, and the increase of tenements is from 25,000 to 30,000. But we have no space to mention in detail the interesting facts of M. Veron's volume. His sketches of the new hospitals are especially complete. Bourdelin's well-executed engravings add to the value of the book.

NOVELS AND TALES.

We have recently given our readers an estimate of George Eliot's characteristics as a novelist.† Whether "Silas Marner"‡ will be as popular as "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss" is doubtful. It has less variety, its pathos is more quiet, the dialogues are sometimes

* Paris en 1860. Les Théatres de Paris. Depuis 1806 jusqu'en 1860. Par M. L. Veron, Député et Membre du Conseil Général de la Seine. Illustré de 15 Dessins par Bourdelin. Paris: A. Bourdilliat et Cie. 1860. 12mo. pp. 150.

† See Christian Examiner for March, 1861.

‡ Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By the Author of "Adam Bede," etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 12mo. pp. 265.

tedious instead of amusing, and the humor seems more an accident than an element of the book. The tale begins tragically and ends quietly, and in this respect is exactly the opposite of her former publications. The interest is rather painfully kept up. The reader is constantly expecting startling and unpleasant developments, while the apprehensions thus excited prove in the end groundless.

The village of Raveloe, with its simple aims and pleasures, and its vague, though deeply rooted superstitions, is graphically described. Like all George Eliot's pictures, it is minute and faithful, and it is impossible to detect an incongruity. With the exception of Silas Marner, the characters are only outlines; but they are outlines so boldly sketched that they have all the effect of more rounded and finished delineations. Dolly Winthrop is the cleverest of these sketches. Her simple theology, as expressed in her homely dialect, and with strange perversions of the pronouns, is very pure as well as touching, for it is plain that her love and faith enable her to grasp truths which often escape a more subtile intellect. Dolly's personalities are very quaint and amusing, and the expression of her resignation to her husband's love of ale and jollity, "considering that 'men would be men,' and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkeycocks," is very characteristic of George Eliot. So is the retort, "You 're a doctor if you 're only a cow-doctor, — as a fly is a fly if it 's only a hoss-fly"; and the dog, returning from his chase of poor puss, with a face as if to say, "You see I have done my duty by this feeble creature"; and afterwards, at dinner, in rivalry for scraps, "remonstrating with a growl on the greediness and futility of her conduct." Though a less elaborately drawn character, Godfrey Cass resembles that of Arthur Donnithorne, and thus it has not the charm of a fresh delineation. But Silas Marner is a masterly creation. It is evident that the author, with even more than her usual singleness of purpose, has concentrated all her power on the artistic development of this, her leading character, and her efforts have met with signal success. The successive changes slowly wrought in this man's soul by the vicissitudes of his life are portrayed with marvellous effect. The insight which enables George Eliot to lay bare so thoroughly the heart, is only equalled by the rare skill shown in delineating these hidden springs of thought and action, which, being so subtile and undefined, are more difficult to embody than to conceive.

In depicting the solitary life of the outcast weaver, the author has also clearly solved the problem of how the love of gold for its own sake alone can become, in a nature generous as well as intense, not only an absorbing passion, but an all-satisfying enjoyment. No one, after reading of Silas Marner's nightly revels over his shining hoard, can wonder at such an infatuation, even while forced to deplore it. The loss of this gold, and the dawning of a new life upon the enfeebled intellect and heart of the weaver through the gentle influence of a little child, which not only brought him nearer to God but to the world, is most tenderly and charmingly told. And the gradual way in which

this transformation is effected commends itself particularly for its naturalness.

The little incident of Silas's visit to the home of his youth is a great stroke of genius. Most novelists would have deemed it needful, for the success of the story, to have removed at last the thick clouds which had so darkened the life of Marner, and had shattered the religious faith, not built on the foundation of the Gospel, but on the authority of a narrow sect. But George Eliot, while recognizing the mysteries of life, wisely does not attempt to elucidate them or adjust them to suit a petty purpose, and there is a great truth contained in these simple words of Dolly Winthrop's: "It 's the will o' Them above as many things should be dark to us; but there 's some things as I 've never felt i' the dark about, and they 're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you 'll never know the rights of it; but that does n't hinder there being a rights, Master Marner, for all it 's dark to you and me."

We do not know whether it was accidental coincidence or publisher's stratagem which issued the fictitious autobiography of Mr. Herbert Fitzherbert* almost simultaneously with the veracious autobiography of Alexander Carlyle. The books are unlike in every respect. The one is as silly as the other is sensible, the one is as dull as the other is entertaining. Perhaps the word "dull" is not the most accurate in describing Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng's production; it is a word too weak to express the reader's sense of such dreary trash, in which the rules of morality and of grammar, of probability and of prosody, are alike outraged. The genuine "Curate of Inveresk" was no Puritan certainly, but he was a gentleman and a pleasant companion. The spurious "Curate of Inveresk" is neither Puritan nor gentleman, — is only what Dogberry wished himself to be written down. The "Tub," which is described as his dwelling-place, fails equally in giving him the wit of Diogenes, and in cleansing him from impurities. Slang is his substitute for wit.

A volume like this illustrates the absurdity of the "muscular" style of religious novels, when weak men try to write them. This book is apparently the production of a youth fresh from college, where he has devoted more time to sport and dissipation than to the study of science or his mother tongue. He has chosen a clerical subject, in deference to the fashionable public demand, but he has been able to give us for ministers only fast men and fools, and to put into their mouths only the dialect of his set. He dedicates the book to his "father," who "has watched its growth." The father must belong to the order of pachyderms not to feel the smart of such a dedication. No humiliation could be greater to a sensitive mind than to have contributed even indirectly to the production of such a book, such a libel upon clerical life, and such a cheat upon confiding readers, who will be led by its title to try it. The book has no power in any kind. Its scenes are melodramatic,

* The Curate of Inveresk. A Clerical Autobiography. By Bracebridge Hemyng. London: James Blackwood. 12mo. pp. 156.

but after the style of the low theatres. Its tragedy is laughable, and its fun is dismal. The most brilliant stroke of humor in the volume is in the change of the words "medical students" into "stedical moodents," and in representing a gathering of these as the "Young Men's Christian Association."

It is not often that we find purity of sentiment joined in a French story to purity of style. The French novels that are chaste are usually dull, and to enjoy brilliant periods in that language one must always take the chance of scenes and descriptions repulsive to the moral sense. Most of the writers who have so zealously undertaken in these last years to illustrate the rural and provincial life of France have carried into their work a Parisian taste and a Parisian morality. M. Eugène Muller, whose series of stories illustrating village life has been for the last two years in course of publication, is a writer of another kind.* He does not preach or teach preceptively an austere morality, yet it is evident that he means to present virtue as better than vice, honesty as better than falsehood, and good men as more worthy of respect and love than profligates and villains. The love which he commends is conjugal, and not illicit. The state which he praises is not ambition, but contentment. And the moral of his stories is, that a pious, pure, industrious, and disinterested life will make any soul happy on earth, while it gives a hope of heavenly beatitude.

In the story which we notice, La Mionette, the pure daughter of a vile family, becomes the good angel of her kindred, and brings them back to decency and comfort. Through her mediation the lost are saved, and the wrong which society and bad influences have done is neutralized. Her purity, love, and self-sacrifice are made to overcome prejudice, pride, and passion. In simplicity this story of Mionette is almost childish; yet in its moral meaning it has food for a reflective mind. How much calmer, how much nobler, the impression of such a tale, than the impression of the high-wrought stories of Dumas or George Sand!

No book could be more acceptable to lovers of broad humor, who have no conscientious scruple against white lies, than a new and complete edition of the Travels of Baron Münchausen. Such is not, however, the volume which comes to us from a New York publisher.† Its first half, indeed, contains a portion of the Baron's authentic adventures, though even here we miss some of the most remarkable, and are annoyed at a new arrangement; but "the second part," we are bound to say, is a greater attempt on the credulity of readers than any of the original stories. It is abominable to attach such dreary trash as this to a name so justly famous. These meaningless yarns about "Gog and Magog," "Wauwau," and "the Sphinx" have no more resemblance

* Histoires de mon Village. La Mionette. Par Eugène Muller. Gravure de Léopold Fleming. 3me edition augmentée de Mon Village. Paris: Alphonse Tavide. 1859. 16mo. pp. 179.

† The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Münchausen. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. New York: James Miller. 1860. 12mo. pp. 251.

to the real "Travels" of the Prince of Liars, than the poems of Tupper have to those of Shakespeare, or the poem of Pollok to that of Milton. This attempt to make of Münchausen an allegorical satirist is full as ridiculous as the style which the "spirits" adopt in restoring the sages of the ancient world. It is Plato improved and renewed in the lucubrations of Andrew Jackson Davis.

The author of this imitation does not seem to have any idea that "Münchausen" is the name of a real personage. And the name has become so the synonyme for monstrosities of lying, that probably most have ceased to associate it with any historical character. Baron Münchausen nevertheless was a personage as real as Beau Brummel, Alexander Dumas, or the Chevalier Wikoff. The Münchausen family is one of the most ancient and respectable of Germany, and has kept up its dignity to the present day. Baron Alexander Münchausen is one of the most eminent statesmen of Hanover, and has held many of the highest offices in that realm. A century and a half ago, Baron Adolf Münchausen was renowned as a scholar and diplomatist. Charles Lewis Münchausen was famous not only as a writer, but as a valiant officer; and Otto Münchausen in the last century, and Philip Otto Münchausen in the present century, were popular novelists. The most famous of all the race is the Baron Jerome Charles Frederic Münchausen, who was born in Hanover in 1720, and died in 1797. The pride of this gentleman was to be reckoned the "Prince of Liars," and the account of his wonderful adventures in the Russian campaigns against the Turks had made him notorious long before these adventures found a publisher. The first collection of Münchausen's travels appeared in London in 1785. Within two years, five editions appeared, the last with numerous and grotesque additions. From the fourth English edition, a translation into German was made by Bürger, and the improved fifth English edition speedily followed in the German language. In 1846 there appeared at Leipsic, under the name of "Münchausen's Lying Adventures," a new work, which was translated by Döring from the original of Raspe, a Hessian exile in London.

The originals of Münchausen's most amusing tales are found in older writers in a more crude form. Some of them are in Bebel's "Facetiæ," published at Tübingen in 1542; others in Castiglione's "Cortegiano," published at Venice in 1528, and in Bidermann's "Utopia," published at Dillingen in 1640. Ellissen's Introduction to the German edition of 1849 contains some curious details concerning Münchausen and his adventures, and Charles Immermann made these the basis of a most comic novel, in four volumes, published at Düsseldorf in 1838–39. The artist Adolf Schrödter anticipated Alfred Crowquill in illustrating Münchausen, and made these adventures the subjects of sketches and paintings in oil, which still retain their popularity as works of comic genius in art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEDICAL literature has seldom received a more brilliant contribution, or one that is more likely to be read by non-professional readers,

than Dr. Holmes's new volume.* The style has all that crispness and epigrammatic force which we are accustomed to find in the prose writings of our first humorist, while the general interest of the themes, and the luminous manner in which they are presented, are equally noteworthy. No man knows better than Dr. Holmes how to make scientific knowledge popular, and in none of his writings which have fallen under our eye has he been more successful in this particular than in one or two of the papers before us. Into the vexed questions of therapeutics, which are discussed in several of the addresses, we shall scarcely be expected to enter; but we may hazard the opinion that the tendency of medical science at the present day is clearly in the direction indicated in the first address in this book. Dr. Holmes, it is true, has been much criticised by his professional brethren for some of the positions maintained in this address, and in others of an earlier date; but it must be obvious to every one that the side espoused by him is likely in the end to be supported by a numerical majority of the profession, as well as by the authority of the greatest names. The "heroic practice" is quite certain to yield to "rational expectancy," and, notwithstanding the strong exceptions taken to Dr. Holmes's address at the time of its delivery, we are inclined to think his book will do much to recommend the views which he then urged.

Beside the celebrated address from which the volume derives its title, and which was delivered at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society in May, 1860, there are seven other addresses and essays. Of these the first two are lectures delivered before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, nearly twenty years ago, and designed as an exposure of "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions." Both addresses are replete with curious and useful information, conveyed in the writer's best style; and the account of Perkins's once famous Metallic Tractors in particular will be both new and interesting to the majority of readers at the present day. Following these lectures is a very sharp and piquant little paper, entitled "Some More Recent Views on Homœopathy," suggested by a new Homœopathic manual for domestic use. Next we have a reprint of the well-known and much-abused essay on "Puerperal Fever as a Private Pestilence." The last three papers in the volume are an address delivered in 1844 on "The Position and Prospects of the Medical Student," a Valedictory Address to the Medical Graduates of Harvard University in 1858, and a very admirable essay on the "Mechanism of Vital Actions," to the general reader perhaps the most attractive paper in the collection.

If Dr. Holmes's address had produced no other good fruits than to have afforded an occasion for the publication of Dr. Jackson's volume,†

* Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 406.

† Another Letter to a Young Physician: to which are appended some other Medical Papers. By James Jackson, M.D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 16mo. pp. xii. and 179.

we should still feel grateful for its delivery. Dr. Jackson has reached such an age that his opinion on any medical question comes to us with the sanction of an experience which no one else in this community possesses, while the marvellous clearness and force of his intellect, undimmed by the lapse of more than eighty years, show that he has not outlived his usefulness. The larger part of the volume is devoted to an argument in defence of the utility of medical science, written in a style of great simplicity, and enriched by the ripened fruits of his various experience. In the Appendix are several illustrative notes, together with a sketch of Rebecca Taylor, for many years an honored nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital; a paper on Mr. Prescott's case; and the luminous discussion as to the propriety of the treatment in Washington's last sickness, which has already been printed in the Appendix to Mr. Everett's Life of Washington.

In its "intermediate" and "preliminary" chapters, its expostulations with the reader, its monograms and diagrams, its lists of words, etc., Doctor Oldham* recalls the whimsicalities of Southey's "Doctor." But it is solely in the manner, not in the matter, that we detect the lurking resemblance. This similarity of design is unfortunate, as it provokes comparison between the books, and exposes the defects of the later publication. In Dr. Oldham we miss not only the sly but delicious humor, the curious bits of information, the half serious, half playful banter which mollifies the most impatient reader, and causes him to submit smilingly to every digression; but also that creative faculty which makes the simplest sketch in Southey's delightful volumes so intensely lifelike. Daniel the elder, William Dove, Richard Guy, are now personal recollections, as well as the worthy, unobtrusive Doctor Dove himself. Even "my wife's elder sister" has become a reality. Sam Weller's remark, that to "wish there wos more" is the great art of letter-writing, applies equally well to other modes of composition; and no author has understood this art better than Southey. Who does not wish to know more of "the Burgomeister's Daughter," and of that sad second attachment so mysteriously alluded to through the first half of the book? also of Deborah, and of the Doctor himself? Who does not admire the skill which, in saying so little, has contrived to tell so much? So Dr. Oldham and his surroundings would excite greater interest had there been a little more left to the imagination. It seems to us the author has failed in his grouping. His machinery does not work easily. The subordinate characters should be something in themselves, and not simply introduced as foils to the autocratic and somewhat egotistical Doctor; instead of which they are only puppets, of which he pulls the wires. The most memorable thing about Greystones is the library-table, which is cleverly described, and has an air of originality and reality about it, which cannot be said of the Doctor's horse, Dick; and we agree with the author in pronouncing him far

* Doctor Oldham at Greystones and his Talk there. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

inferior to the "immortal Nobs." But though the accessories of the book are not to our taste, we have no fault to find with the Doctor's talk, which is its sum and substance. He is a man of culture, and of broad and liberal views, and he discusses the subjects of the day in clear, forcible style, without fear of reproach or censure. His disquisitions upon Government, Woman's Rights, Children, Calvinism, and the Slave-Trade are notable for not a little of good common-sense, and will attract the attention of thoughtful readers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life. By C. F. Hudson. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 12mo. pp. 489.

Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena in the Four Seasons. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 176.

The Law of Impersonation as applied to Abstract Ideas and Religious Dogmas. By S. W. Hall. London: George Manwaring. pp. 54.

Christ in the Will, the Heart, and the Life. Discourses by A. B. Muzzey. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 371. (See p. 141.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Nathanael Emmons; with Sketches of his Friends and Pupils. By Edwards A. Park. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 8vo. pp. 468.

POETRY AND FICTION.

The Partisan Leader. By Beverly Tucker, of Virginia. Secretly printed in Washington (in the Year 1836) by Duff Green, for Circulation in the Southern States, but afterward suppressed. New York: Reprinted by Rudd and Carleton. 12mo. pp. 195.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of the Heir of Redclyffe, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 365.

JUVENILE.

Minnie Carleton. By Mary Belle Bartlett. New York: M. W. Dodd. 18mo. pp. 245.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Letter to a Young Physician; to which are appended some other Medical Papers. By James Jackson, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 179. (See p. 153.)

A Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling; containing a full Alphabetical Vocabulary of the Language, with a Preliminary Exposition of English Orthoepy and Orthography; and designed as a Work of Reference for General Use, and as a Text-Book in Schools. By Richard Soule, Jr. and William A. Wheeler. Boston: Soule and Williams. 12mo. pp. 467.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Collected and Edited by James Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. Vol. I. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 539.

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 28, 29, 30, 31. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (See last number.)

Volunteers' Camp and Field Book; containing Useful and General Information on the Art and Science of War, for the Leisure Moments of the Soldier. By John P. Curry. 24mo. pp. 146.

Hints on the Preservation of Health in Armies; for the Use of Volunteers, Officers, and Soldiers. By John Ordronaux. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 142.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XII. Mozambique — Parr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 788.

PAMPHLETS.

"Essays and Reviews." Anticipated Extracts from a Work published in the Year 1825, and attributed to the Lord Bishop of St. David's. London: George Manwaring. pp. 14.

The State and the Nation sacred to Christian Citizens. A Sermon by H. W. Bellows. New York: James Miller. pp. 16.

By-Laws of the Home for Aged Men, etc. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 22.

Truth not to be Overthrown or Silenced. A Sermon preached at Dorchester by Nathaniel Hall. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 19.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell: Stone and Huse. pp. 35.

The Necessities and Wisdom of 1861. A Supplement to the Sixth Edition of Slavery and the Remedy. By Samuel Nott. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. pp. 12. (The "Necessities" are, 1. The Spread of Slavery in the South and Southwest; 2. Union of all States east of the Rocky Mountains; and the "Wisdom," to accept this issue at once, without fighting.)

Earthquakes Instrumentalities in the Divine Government. A Sermon preached in Easton, Pa., by C. H. Edgar. Easton: Lewis Gordon. pp. 19.

Exercises at a Consecration of the Flag of the Union by the Old South Society in Boston, May 1, 1861. Boston: Alfred Mudge and Son. pp. 16.

A Sketch of the History and Present Organization of Brown University. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 15.

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THE

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"Fons et sapientiæ Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

ART. I. — THE THEORY OF A PERSONAL DEVIL.

The Mystery; or, Evil and God. By JOHN YOUNG, LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

We are unable to attribute any high merit to Dr. Young's book. We cannot perceive that he manipulates the mysterious problem into any more intelligible or less distressing form than it had when he approached it. He presents the ordinary considerations in the trite methods, without a spark of striking originality, power, or beauty. It is wearisome and unprofitable work. That portion of his volume in which he considers "physical and moral evil in the light of reason," is healthy, full of common sense, in accordance with science and philosophy, though its subject-matter is repeated here as it has been a hundred times before. But the portion where he considers "physical and moral evil in the brighter light of revelation" totally reverses the spirit and conclusions of the preceding part, and exhibits a painful abnegation of reason in abject submission to the authority of tradition.

In calling attention to the theory of a personal Devil, we desire to look fairly at the facts in the case, to seek their true explanation, and ascertain what import they have for us.

The fact that most broadly confronts us in the outset is the numerous varieties of form in which the belief in a personal Devil has appeared, and the remarkable extent to which it has prevailed in the world. The Egyptian Typhon, who dried up the Nile and blasted the fertile country with his breath; the

Iranian Ahriman, author of blackness and filth; the Scandinavian Loki, concentration of mischief and malignity; the Mohammedan Eblis, who, refusing through pride to obey Allah, became the king of hell and the arch-enemy of the human race; the Israelitish Satan, lying serpent, who compassed the fall of the primal pair, and is the indefatigable contriver of sin and woe; the Christian Devil, dread antagonist of God, compacted of guile and hate, who, impersonating no exclusive nationality, in the diffusion of his believers through many countries has taken a tinge from every creed, and a trait from each of his predecessors and counterparts in the pagan faiths, while preserving the central attributes distinctive of his Oriental origin; — these are the chief forms taken by that belief in a personal Devil which has obtained such continual acceptance as to entitle it to be called one of the cosmopolitan beliefs of mankind. For, in addition to the marked shapes given to it by the principal people represented in literature, every savage tribe has something rudely corresponding, — some horrid equivalent, before which they deprecatingly shudder, — some analogue of the diabolic personification.

It is the purpose of this article to discuss the foundations, not to exhibit the detailed history, of the belief in a personal Devil. Still, a bird's-eye view of the historic elements and development of the ecclesiastical doctrine of Satan may aid us in our survey. First, — after those pre-historic superstitions of the barbaric mind which have transmitted into the opinions of more rational times no philosophic formularies, only germinant influences, — we have the Persian personification of the principle of darkness, hate, and corruption. During the Jewish captivity at Babylon this was brought into connection with the Hebrew idea of Sheol, or a subterranean world of the ghosts of the dead. The result thus reached was subsequently, by Pharisaic and Cabalistic theorizings, developed into, or joined upon, a doctrine of the fall of man, and the incurring of death and the penal gloom of the lower realm of shades. These conclusions, still further complicated with the Oriental speculations concerning evil genii and the transmigration of souls, mixed with Platonic theories, the Greek and Roman notions of Pluto and Hades, Mors and Ere-

bus, seethed into a more composite mass of faith and fancy at Alexandria, and reacted on the Jewish mind at Jerusalem. From the vast confluence of ideas and beliefs which met in primitive Christianity, the materials pertaining to this particular, aggravated by a large infusion from the Manichæan heresy, were taken up and wrought out by the early Church fathers into the forensic scheme of perdition and redemption so familiar to the student of Christian theology; — namely, that Satan in the fall of Adam obtained the souls of all men as his prey; that Christ died to ransom them, descended and fought a victorious battle with the arch-enemy, broke the fatal spell by his resurrection, and established the rite of baptism as a redemptive seal, blotting out the diabolical mortgage. This exciting scheme of imaginative belief, wedded to the Gothic superstitions concerning magic and evil spirits, when Europe became Christianized produced the mediæval doctrine so pronounced and copious in romantic and ecclesiastic literature from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Since that time the portentous dogma has suffered badly from the shocks of science and philosophy, has been fading and lessening in the air and light of wholesome labor and common sense. Such are the chief *momenta* in the historic course of the faith in a personal Devil.

In view of this multifariousness of mode and this extended prevalence, we are, in the natural process of our minds, at once accosted by the questions, How did the belief in a Devil originate? What first suggested the idea of an impersonate Spirit of Evil? And what influences conspired to give that idea lodgment and seat, such a lofty throne and so tremendous a sceptre as we see it has had in the history of man? To answer these inquiries satisfactorily, — indeed, to give them any genuine answer, and not a mere verbal evasion, — a little philosophical explanation is necessary of the operations of the human mind in the formation of theories to account for the phenomena that greet it. The matter may appear somewhat obscure and difficult at first, but if the reader will have patience it will soon become clear.

The conscious experiences of man — his ideas, feelings, beliefs — depend on his being in relations with outward realities,

— with objects, appearances, events, other beings. He would be incapable of any experience were he not himself a force and susceptible to other forces. The realities, the forces and appearances, of the universe act on him, and he reacts on them. And thus — as far as our present object requires the analysis to be carried — his experience is made up. Now, different forces and appearances, different objects and events, act differently on him, in accordance with their varying natures. The crash of a thunderbolt affects him in one way, the song of a lark in another; the quality of honey in one way, that of wormwood in another. He also reacts upon things differently in response to their various effects upon him. He opens his breast to the bland sunshine and the cool breeze with confiding pleasure; he cowers and covers himself from the freezing tempest with disliking pain; he shrinks from the coiled rattlesnake's fang with horror. But not only does the human consciousness react upon things differently in accordance with their different qualities and relations to it; that reaction also varies, when the outward action is the same, according to the varying states of the man, the peculiarities of his constitution, his moods and whims, his transmitted tendencies and his education, his excitement or stupor, health or disease. Here, it will immediately be seen, a disturbing element of wide reach and fatal import is introduced, the workings of which we will now proceed to illustrate.

When everything is normal and harmonious, the action of realities upon us is in quantity and quality precisely proportionate to those realities, and conveys to us exact reports, deposits in us the truth, of those realities as they are, so far as we are concerned with them. For instance, under such circumstances, the rumble of a distant cart is recognized as the rumble of a distant cart, and not mistaken for rolling thunder; a tree-stump dim in the dusk is taken for an obscure tree-stump, and not supposed to be a bear. Furthermore, when everything is normal and harmonious, the reactions of our minds upon realities are precisely proportionate and concordant with the realities. Then the substance of our experience is truth, and its form is health; our organism is in perfect functional correspondence with its circumstantial

laws; our life is a harmonized fruition of the medium in which, and the forces by which, it subsists. But when by any cause this happy normal equilibrium is broken, when, through organic disease or transitory perversity, discord is brought in, then a wild perturbation commences; as far as it extends, all is flung out of its right relations and into confusion; falsehood, deformity, delirium, begin to reign where truth, beauty, and reason had before governed.

Another form of statement, and the help of some illustrative specifications, may make this clearer. When the reactions of the mind are in exact accordance with the actions of the given objects, that is, with the phenomena presented to us, the results registered in memory as ideas and beliefs are precise mental equivalents of the facts; they stand to us afterwards as perfect representatives of the facts. When the reactions of the mind, from want of energy and connection, are not up to equilibrium with the facts, then, partially subdued, baffled, it is full of unrest, anxiety, vague bewilderment, but ever repeats its attempts to grasp a solution of the problem, and will not be at peace until it has registered in the brain some formulary which, however inadequate to the facts, being all that it is adequate to, seems to it the genuine answer and equivalent. When the reactions of the mind, instead of just touching that equilibrium of consciousness with phenomena whereof truth is the balance-beam, and instead of swinging below it in that baffled suspense whose final deposit and poise is incompetent folly, vibrate high above it in consequence of an excess of uncoördinated energy or crude eagerness, the result is superstition, something aside from and additional to the truth; the abnormal idea or belief then left in the brain to be used as the mental equivalent of the facts, is a monstrous exaggeration. For example, in the first instance, the idea in our mind of an oak-tree produces the same effects on our organism, only in a fainter degree, as the veritable tree when we stand before it. In the second instance, our idea of the tree is a dim, inadequate, forceless representation, a vague image of a fading branchy mass, incapable of producing its due effects. But in the third instance, our idea of the tree is so inordinately vivid as to produce more than the proper effects of the original itself; the excess of

intensity registers itself in a surplus product, takes the stamp of our personality, adds to the arborescent form of wood a volitional spirit of life. Hence the faith in dryads. When the ancients undertook to explain the cause of the planetary movements, the task was too severe for them; baffled of the true explanation, they yet managed to satisfy, or at least to quiet, their prying minds by the somewhat arbitrary supposition that the planets were gods, serenely walking their skyey rounds. But when Sir Isaac Newton, aided by his great predecessors, and armed with the calculus, essayed the problem, his hypothesis of gravitation reached to equilibrium with the phenomena, was an accurate mental equivalent for the facts.

The human mind in all conditions — from the Digger Indians who burrow in the ground and eat vermin, to Plato and Leibnitz who geometrize the creative plan and gauge the contents of infinitude — will try to solve the great problems of nature and life. The character of the solutions attained will always depend much on the qualifications of the attempting mind. The operations of the savage mind in the purely barbaric state are simple and excited, instinctive and unreflective, to a degree scarcely intelligible to us. They knew very little of the complex and critical processes so familiar and so important to us, — the processes of inter-comparison whereby we are accustomed to neutralize mistakes and rectify conclusions so as to secure equilibrium with the standard of truth at last. Logical consistency, indispensable to us, is nothing to them, if the result only happen to appease the dominant impulse for the moment. Accordingly, in those early times and among those unscientific people where the germs of all great popular superstitions had their birth, the mind was quite at the mercy of caprice and fortuitous conditions for its beliefs. Scarcely any peculiarity of barbarous tribes is more marked than the astonishing predominance of the imaginative faculty in their mental constitution, their incapacity for an accurate discrimination of fact from fiction. The thought of the philosophic scholar goes back to a people and an age when such notions as are portrayed in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and the Tales of the Genii were received with as implicit a faith as that now rendered to our books of chemistry and geography.

Under such circumstances, it is obvious how easily any dogmas of faith, however incongruous and frightful, might spring up and get admission. When the brains of men are in a chronic state of suspicion, pride, lust, wealth, hate, and terror, — motived by the evil passions of savages, — of course their demoniacal reactions will eventually register in their memories a demoniacal set of ideas and beliefs. A crop of devils will spontaneously spring into being.

Bearing in recollection the preceding principles, we are prepared now to answer the question, How did the belief in a personal Devil originate? It is the perverse and inadequate solution of the problem of evil arrived at by crude and unbalanced minds. It is the result reached by the discordant reactions of unphilosophical and over-stimulated minds upon alarming objects and painful influences. An untrained mind, not fortified, restrained, and guided by logical discipline, at any startling representation losing its equilibrium with the facts, helps out its inadequate and baffled reaction by calling to its aid in the effort associated masses of its familiar experience, — or carries along with its mettlesome and excessive reaction a predominating mixture of its own elementary forms and passions, — and, spreading these from the known, of which they are the equivalents, over the unknown, takes them as the equivalents of that also. Thus we find the Norse hell cold and venomous, full of rocks and ice; the Greenland heaven abounding with whales, walruses, and birds, easy for hunters: but the hell of tropical countries full of fire and thirst, their heaven supplied with rosy bowers, marble fountains, and lovely houris.

The theory of a personal Devil arose just as the conceptions of all the other fabulous personages of the popular mythologies of the past arose; that is, from the perverted reactions of incompetent minds on the forces and appearances presented to them. Before science has classified the objects of the universe in orderly groups, and before philosophy has arranged the workings of things, the sequences of events, under general laws, the mind, unequipped with relevant lore and undirected by appropriate logic, of course must answer every inquiry that confronts and goads its curiosity according to the materials

and the forces it possesses, according to the data and the motives within itself. Men in such a state are conscious of the force wielded by their own wills. They know that they move by their own volition, and move other objects, and adapt means to ends, execute designs, do all sorts of things by their wills. This force of will impelled by thoughts, passions, love, hate, is the only force they immediately know, and this is made known to them by instantaneous and unequivocal consciousness. Under these circumstances, when they see objects with no life or force of their own moving and producing results, see all around them means adapted to ends, see innumerable designs of blessing and of ban, of beauty and of horror, wrought out in every part of the creation, and all this with no apparent cause, they instinctively attribute it all to beings like themselves, only invisible and more subtle and powerful, beings with thoughts, passions, and intentions, conscious wills. They must do so; there is no alternative; this is the only kind of cause they can conceive. Thus arises every sort of supernal and infernal personage entering into the fabric of the historic mythologies.

The primitive man, looking out over the world, contemplating alike its calm and beautiful phenomena and its portentous and frightful phenomena, the contrast and apparent conflict of sunshine and darkness, calm and tempest, summer and winter, devouring earthquake and blessing harvest,—looking out also over the mixed and contradictory ingredients of human life, its sacred prosperities and virtues, holy peace and joy, its dire convulsions of agony, crime, disease, madness, death,—no wonder he carries the only forces and motives known to him —intelligence, will, love, hate—up to the sightless causes of all this, and believes that conscious beings preside over every part, and recognizes in each blessing or calamity, each beauty or horror, a token of supernal favor or frown, an effect of benignity or malice. Whatever seemed lovely and beneficent was the work of a benevolent being, a good power, a god; while whatever seemed ugly and injurious was the work of a malevolent being, a bad power, a devil. In the tendency of the mind to group, co-ordinate, simplify its results, and at length to reach unity, the swarming throng of deities named in poly-

theism finally concentre in the Supreme God of monotheism; and by the same process the crowd of demons are gradually collected into one crowning Devil. The correctness of this analysis and explanation is demonstrated by the history of mythology.

Let us sum up the conclusion thus far in a brief statement. The conception and spiritual form of a Devil are given in the disproportionate reaction of the mind on the portentous phenomena of nature and the painful sensations of the soul; and the *animus* or character is furnished by the involuntary *projection into that form*, by the believer, of his own passions when he does evil things. For example, he murders an enemy in hate and rage; afterwards, seeing a man struck dead by lightning, he attributes similar hate and rage to the personified cause and wielder of the lightning. There is such an amount of diabolism in men that we need not wonder how man has come to believe in a Devil. The devilish material in our breasts flings its shadows athwart every landscape of life, and those shadows naturally adumbrate in gigantesque the shapes of the beings who fling them. Were there no opaque mass of evil in us, we should perceive no Satanic shape of evil looming in the sombre spaces of nature; as stood there no man in the light on the mountain-peak, no spectre of the Brocken would be seen, afloat in the air, hovering in Titanic outline above the valley.

The conception of a colossal Devil, the personal embodiment of all wickedness and malice, being thus lodged in the mind as a solution of that problem of evil which is constantly confronting us in some form or other, is at length registered in the memory as a fixed belief, through the combined force of four secondary causes, which operate to strengthen, to spread, and to perpetuate it. First, it is fostered, in accordance with the law of habit, by the repetition of the act of belief on each recurrence of the problem it is imagined to solve. The oftener any mental act is performed, the deeper groove it wears for itself in the brain, the stronger grows the tendency of the nerve to repeat it, the more nearly the function approaches to spontaneous performance. Now, the idea of a Devil as the author of evil once admitted by a man, every time there is brought to his experience any manifestation of evil not otherwise obviously

explicable, any earthquake swallowing a village, conflagration of a city, fearful depression of spirit, ravaging pestilence, shocking outbreak of crime, any mysterious calamity or omen, instantly the image of a diabolic impersonation rises in his fancy in the relation of cause to effect, and by the repeated emergence of the idea in belief it grows deeper and vivider.

Secondly, such a belief acquires an increased diffusion and tenacity of hold from its striking convenience as a makeshift, or evasion of questions too profound and complicated for ready solution, and yet whose importunate presence and clamor must in some way be quieted before we can have peace. This is a deep and singular characteristic of the mind of man, that it must give some kind of a solution to every problem which strongly interests it. When it alights on an answer which calms its own restless reactions, it is content, no matter how utterly inadequate to the facts, how absurd in itself, that answer may be. Thus some of the ancients, wondering what was the nature and cause of the Milky Way, concluded that it was an old disused path of the sun, and that the gleaming strata of stars seen there were the splendid specks and dust still left on the deserted road from the burning chariot-wheels of the mighty traveller. A yet more emphatic instance is that of the poor Hindoo, who asked a Brahmin what the earth rested on. On the back of an elephant, was the reply. And what does the elephant stand on? On a huge tortoise. Ah, that is it, said the inquirer, perfectly satisfied. The reaction of his infantile mind reached no further, and of course he was quieted. Now no problem is more frequently presented to man than that of evil in some one of its endless shapes. No problem interests him more intensely. No problem, to the ordinary mind, is harder of real solution. Accordingly, it is easy to see how powerfully and how widely any plausible formula seeming to meet the exigency with promptness and with simplicity would recommend itself. Just that formula we have in the theory of a personal Devil. Does the inquiry, What makes yon eclipse, portentously darkening the sun at noon? What aroused the spirit of jealousy and pride between those two diplomatists or kings, and produced this war with all its sumless horrors?

Whence arise these fell emotions that tear my breast, these mystic misgivings that so unspeakably oppress my soul? Who engendered the hate that burst into that shocking murder? What could have induced that good man so strangely to forfeit his honor and become a despised renegade? — does any one of the ten thousand questions like these perplex and perturb a man? There is the idea of a ubiquitous personage, who, with limitless means and presence of power, works against God, interferes to mar and blast the beneficence of nature, plots to seduce the loyalty and undermine the happiness of man. This dire image lies ready at hand. It is so compact, so convenient, seems so nicely to fit the exigency, that the tentative reactions of the mind, groping about in anxious perturbation, spontaneously clasp it, shudder into repose, and for the time there is content.

In the third place, the belief in a personal Devil is immensly strengthened by the weight of authority. Sacred teachers, priestly guides; looked up to with docile awe, inculcate it as a dogma which must be accepted without criticism. It is announced as a fragment of revelation in holy books regarded with entire veneration. The great poets, like Dante and Milton, whose strains sink into the imaginations of the people, — the great vernacular authors, like Bunyan and Defoe, whose compositions are familiar as household words to the masses of men from the credulous days of their childhood, — all embody it in their works, and heap about it quantities of the most appalling, piquant, amusing stories, images, and myths, appealing with great power to the faculties of wonder and wit. There is scarcely any end to the narratives surcharged with all the fascinations of faith and fancy, fun and terror, narratives embodying accounts of the Devil's doings, and copiously circulated among all classes, fair specimens of which are "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," "The Terrible Story of the Mysterious Spaniard," "The True Narrative of the Devil and Tom Walker," "The Marvellous Tale of Peter Rugg, or the Missing Man," and "The Wild Huntsman of the Tyrol." Whole generations trembled at the accounts of the Walpurgis-night revels of witches and fiends on the Blocksberg. A rich storehouse of such legends

is the chapter on the Devil in Grimm's German Mythology.* Thus the idea of the personage called Satan early acquires a familiar place in memory as an authoritative belief, tenaciously associated with whatever is venerable and commanding in the names of great authors, the pages of holy writ, the old voices of tradition, and the fresh announcements of the corporate Church.

The belief in a personal Devil has been fortified mightily by still another cause; namely, social habit, the gossip that fills the daily air, the epidemic contagiousness of fashion and conformity. The multitude of mankind no more work out their own beliefs, or decide the form of their own opinions, than they discover and arrange the scientific knowledge imparted in the schools, or determine the cut of the dresses they wear. They accept certain opinions because others accept them. They think, feel, talk, in a certain way, because previous generations have, and their neighbors do. In Arabia they wear turban and robes because their fathers wore turban and robes. In Europe they wear hat and pantaloons because their fathers wore hat and pantaloons. It is the same in the inner world of thought and faith. Doctrines rooted in the receptive imagination of bygone ages, handed down to the present with all the prestige of organized establishment, current profession, and observance, bear the same interior sway with the mass of society that fashion wields in external matters. It requires more independent earnestness of reflection and conscientious heroism of purpose than are usually furnished, for a man to break his moorings to the average custom and opinion, and openly reject a fundamental point of the public faith. It is natural, easy, comfortable; every lazy instinct, and every selfish instinct, and many a tender sympathy, too, prompt him to think as others think, hold by what is handed down and established, as others do. Conformity is one of the most pervasive powers of the world. He is a bold and strong man who does not

* Part III. of Grasse's *Bibliotheca Magica et Pneumatica*, "Lehre von Teufel," with the Appendix to it, gives the titles, with the places and dates of publication, of about a hundred and fifty volumes on this subject, in which the curious reader may find ample materials for entertainment and reflection. For instance, in 1750 John Melchior Krafft published at Hamburg "A detailed History of Exorcism, or the Conjuration of the Devil, by means of Infant-Baptism!"

yield to it. It requires a genius to leap out and defy it. For how many centuries the postulate of the central position of the earth, and the revolution of the sun around it, was universally taken for granted! He was an intellectual genius and hero of the highest order of audacity who first dared to assume the opposite opinion. So, in the faith of the besotted millions of the East, the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul seems imbedded with an organic inveteracy. So the whole air of Christendom, in the popular faith of the Middle Age, was loaded with the diabolic presence. The insane felt him in their ravings; the sleeping saw him in their dreams; the peasant shuddered at his fancied shadow in the forest; the baron started at his surmised whisper in the rustling arras; Pope Gregory often conversed with him in bodily presence; Martin Luther, long tormented by his disturbing visits, in a moment of hallucination flung his inkstand at him; even Melancthon threatened one of his pupils with a dungeon and chains if he dared to question the Satanic personality;—virtually all teachers taught, and all people credited, his being and his vast agency of ill. As late as the year 1797, a book was published in German, called "The Invisible Observer, or Man and Devil in Company," based on the belief that Satan secretly accompanied men everywhere, watching a chance to get them into his power. The faith thus rooted we in a degree inherit. The theory of a personal Devil, accordingly, comes within the range of the tremendous power of conformity. It is so ostensibly prevalent now because it has been so really prevalent before, and because we are indoctrinated with it in every form of education, from the pointed application of picture, ballad, novel, epic, catechism, and sermon, to the immense saturation of social establishment and fashion.

We have now seen how the theory of a personal Devil originated, and how it has obtained such a wide prevalence in the belief of mankind. But a more important inquiry is, Does this theory embody a truth or a falsity? It is the result of an attempt to solve the problem of evil. Is it a correct or an erroneous solution of that problem? It is a baffled attempt, a falsity, a mental phantom, and no solution at all. Instead of answering the question, it simply removes the question one

step farther off, and wins a factitious peace for the mind, not by overcoming, but by eluding, the genuine problem. By the supposition of a Devil, it is plain that we evade, instead of explaining, the origin of evil; for then the Devil is the evil, and we ask how his existence is to be accounted for. To say the Devil is the cause of evil, and be content with that empty piece of verbal dexterity, is like asking what the elephant stands on, and being perfectly acquiescent with the oracular response, "The tortoise, you know!" Probed and provoked by the persistent demand, "Well, but what then supports the tortoise?" In other words, "If the Devil originates all evil, how did the Devil originate?" And attempts have been made at a reply. First, it is said that far back in the ancient periods of eternity, before "the wild time had begun to coin itself into calendar months and days," a great angelic leader rebelled against the Supreme, seduced a throng of his compeers to join him in his impious design, was hurled out of heaven with them, and became the arch-apostate of the universe. He gathered all bad spirits under his banner, moved down to the nether region of space, and there set up an empire of blackness, fire, and horror, the antitype and antagonism of heaven. Thence he emerges, and prowls abroad to execute all manner of mischief. Obviously there is nothing scientific or philosophic, nothing reasonable, coherent, and sober, in this scheme. It is a purely arbitrary freak of fancy, merely an attractive bit of poetry. It takes its rank at once with the other striking fragments of mythology, — Scandinavian Hela and Nastroud, Persian Ahriman and Dutzak. The irrationality, the futile irrelevance of it as a representation of truth, appear herein, that it starts with the object of quest in its hand, and ends just where it began. Seeking the origin of evil, it says the Devil is the cause of it. Then, seeking the origin of the Devil, it says, Evil, pre-existing, led him to rebel and fall, and thus become the Devil. An absurd medley, — fair material for imaginative attraction and poetic handling, but the opprobrium of reason and the scoff of logic. The other answer which has been offered is, that the Devil never originated at all, but is the uncreated, everlasting Principle of Evil, the nadir of that infinite pole of being whereof the zenith

is God. Is not this likewise an arbitrary conceit of the speculative faculty,—a reaction of the mind into the abyss of fantasy, upon no correspondent reality? It is like Shakespeare's "dagger of the mind, a false creation" resulting from the abnormal reaction of an oppressed brain. Who can possibly know any such thing? And it cannot be pretended that any such proposition has been given by revelation, and is in the Bible. What text of Scripture affirms the existence of an uncreated and everlasting Devil? It is a wild leap of the imagination. It contradicts the infinity and omnipotence of God, thus to give him a co-eternal opponent and invincible negation. In fact, the origination of the theory of a personal Devil is not so much to be accounted for as a conscious attempt at the explanation of evil, but rather on that principle of reverberation and symmetry which has played so cryptic, yet important, a part in the formation of mythologic opinion. The mind, whenever it sees or imagines anything on one side, by a profound instinct spontaneously demands a correspondence or equivalent on the other side, and is distressed if the missing proportion and balance be not furnished. Thus hell is an infernal echo in the pit of what heaven is the celestial opposite to in the sky, and the idea of Satan is the inverted and antithetic reflection of the idea of God. In the Middle Age this was partially recognized, and in one of the favorite forms in which the Devil appears in the mediæval legends, he is consciously represented as a parody of God. He even has a mother who diabolically mimics the Virgin Mary. Dilherrus published, at Nuremberg, in 1640, a book called "The Devil the Ape of God,"—*Dei Simia Diabolus.*

The fatal refutation of the hypothesis in question is, that it has no supporting basis, hangs on the air of wilful assertion. There is no evidence, not a scrap or hint, of the existence of such a being. There are no traces of positive and designed evil in the creation,—pure evil as such. All evil is the limitation or the perversion of good, a necessary condition and accompaniment of a finite system of things progressing towards perfection. There must be an adequate force or cause that produced and sustains and governs the universe; and so we cannot avoid the theory of a God. But since all evil can

be accounted for by the necessary limitations of good in the complicated changes and contingencies of a finite world, there is no need of the theory of a Devil, no room for it. It is wholy gratuitous. A special illustration may set the justice of this view in a clearer light. We behold a nail-machine in operation, rattling out a hundred nails a minute. In trying to account for that machine, we cannot avoid the supposition of a man of inventive genius. But we do not need to suppose another man opposed to the former, to account for the friction and clatter, wear and tear, of the machine. These are the accompaniment of its operation. So, while we must suppose a God to account for the universe, we need not suppose a Devil to account for evil, or the friction in the working scheme of the universe. Nearly all the greatest thinkers in the history of philosophy have agreed with Plato and Augustine, that evil is a privative condition, not anything positive, — a negation, not a substance, — a defect, not an end. Limitation is the true Devil. To quote from Epictetus, "As a mark is not set up in order that the aim may be missed, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world."

Evil, then, is not the positive work of a Satanic personage, but a limiting accompaniment of the plan of the creation, an inevitable part in that plan. Why some different plan was not adopted, it is beyond our power to know. But the plan being such as it is, evil is unavoidable. For instance, we look on death and its concomitants as a part of the evil in the world; but if death were taken away, there could be no succession of new generations, — and that would imply a fundamentally different plan of life from the present. If man has freedom of thought, error must be possible to him as well as truth. If he has the power to stretch out his hand to lift a fallen brother, he must have the power to raise it to strike him down. If he can taste of sweetness, he must be able to taste of bitterness. If love and peace be possible to him, hate and wrath must be; if industry and honesty, then laziness and theft. These opposites imply each other. They are the essential condition of the noble destiny of free self-direction and virtue. Certainly no Devil is required to explain all this, or any of it. In fact, the supposition of a Devil, in

relation to any of the phenomena of evil, is not an interpretation of the facts, but *an addition to the facts*. For example, a volcano suddenly vomits a deluge of lava over a vineyard, drowning the neighboring population, and blasting the region into desolation. The fact is explained by physical laws. The theory of a Devil only adds an extraneous and artificial element to them. When we use the term explanation, we do not of course mean to imply the removal of all mystery, but only the removal of confusion of fact and perplexity of mind. We are not able absolutely to explain anything. On every side we come at last to an unfathomable abyss. The difference between what we call unexplained and explained phenomena is this. The former show us *confusion* based in mystery; the latter show us *order* based in mystery. Both are equally swathed and enveloped in mystery; but those wear the aspect of confusion, these of order; and we are so constituted that confusion distresses the mind, while order satisfies it. Apprehending phenomena with unperceived connections, we wrestle in uncertainty; but understanding the connections, we rest in content. And thus it comes that, in the historic evolution of mythological belief, confusion, wherever dispersed in the universe, is the nebulous halo of Satan; but order, wherever discerned, is the starry crown of God.

There is an apparently chaotic mystery in the origination of our impulses, emotions, thoughts. We seem to lie in passive waiting, whilst sensations, intellections, and the various other states of consciousness, follow each other across the psychical stage without our effort. Whence do they come, and how? Swedenborg accounts for all our experiences, good and bad, by the theory of an influx of angelic or demoniac spirits from the heavens and the hells. Do we hate, lie, steal, kill? Infernal spirits are possessing and actuating us. And the contrary results are produced by celestial spirits. Such a representation may recommend itself as seeming to be easier, more definite and tangible, than any other hypothesis; but in reality it complicates and eludes, instead of simplifying or solving, the problem. If we do not account for these things as products of our own organization, in its working correlations with the universe, we do not really account for them at all;

because, if our feelings, thoughts, and deeds are infusions of disembodied spirits, the same old question, merely at one remove farther off, still meets us, and demands whence and how arise the feelings, thoughts, and deeds of these *spirits*. And then, besides, we are confronted with the additional query as to how these spirits are able to interpenetrate us and enact their wishes through us. It is much more in consonance with reason and nature to suppose the original genesis and birth of our various experiences in ourselves immediately in correspondence with the operative forces and phenomena of the environing world. There is no need of palming off our wicked propensities on any diabolic personage. Goethe said, "I have never heard of any crime which I might not have committed." Lady Macbeth, in unhallowed soliloquy, purposing the murder of Duncan, with the true mythologic animus, breaks into the horrid invocation: —

> "Come, come, you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
> And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty! . . . . . Come to my woman's breasts,
> And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
> Wherever in your sightless substances
> You wait on nature's mischief!"

She might have made much shorter and more rational work of it by conjuring her own devilish impulses, and have let alone the needless conception of foreign workers of a mischief altogether of her own domestic manufacture. A matter is explained, as far as we are able to explain anything, when its phenomena are grouped under an intelligible law, or arranged in a regular order of coexistences and sequences. Now, this may be done, in regard to our experience of personal evil, by studying the operations of our mental organization, as we have seen, much better without than with the supposition of an extraneous spirit of evil. The theory of a personal Devil, therefore, we conclude from the whole survey, is a mistake. There is no such being. The only conception of a Devil which can stand the tests of philosophical investigation is the totality of limiting conditions inhering in a system of finite things and powers, an evil possibility hovering beside God

from eternity, waiting to become real the moment the fact of creation gives it opportunity.

But, some reader may ask, accepting this view, what are we to do with those words of Jesus, and those declarations of Scripture in general, which represent the Devil as a lying and malignant personality, an actual individual, with a will of wickedness antagonistic to the purposes of God and the welfare of men? We shall not pause to discuss this extensive question in detail, but merely set down the results of the most thorough investigation it has been in our power to make. In the first place, we admit that the actual existence of such a diabolic personage as has since been embodied in the popular creed of the Church is taught in the New Testament. It seems to us impossible to evade this conclusion without the most arbitrary perversion of the plainest language. The New-Testament writers, as on some other matters, so concerning demoniacal possessions, Beelzebub, Satan, entertained the common notions of their contemporary countrymen. And they report Jesus as cherishing and inculcating the same convictions.

Now Jesus himself may really have believed and expressed these doctrines, or his hearers may have misunderstood and inaccurately reported him, giving a concrete and literal significance to what he intended in an abstract and metaphorical sense. Teachers of the loftiest order and most advanced position are almost always subjected to this honest misrepresentation on the part of reporting auditors so far below their level, and so inadequately prepared to grasp and restate new and finer ideas. If Jesus used language implying the existence of a personal Devil, it does not, in our regard, derogate anything from the genuine rank and authority of the mission given him by God. For we do not conceive that that mission made him the bearer from heaven of an infallible set of intellectual instructions, but the impersonate and distributing medium of a regenerative energy, — a divine force of spirit to purge humanity of evil and consecrate it with holiness and love, to build up in men a new type of character, representing the image and mirroring the attributes of God. In such a mission, absolute correctness of dogmatic conception need be no part.

But while our Christian faith would not be disturbed in the least by such an interpretation of the language of Jesus, several considerations strongly incline us to think that he did not accept the vulgar notion of the personality of Satan. It seems to us out of keeping with the purity and elevation of other portions of his faith, unworthy of his genius and incongruous with it, irreconcilable with the wonderful penetration and the sublime harmony of his principal declarations. This view was long ago maintained by such profound thinkers, learned theologians, and consummate critics as Semler, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, Röhr, Wegscheider. Unquestionably, he employed on many occasions various current phrases in an interior and sublimated sense, far different from the low, coarse sense in which they were currently used by his hearers. For instance, by the word Messiah, the phrase "kingdom of heaven," the words baptism, regeneration, he denoted ideas of a far profounder and more spiritual import than was commonly understood by his contemporaries. So, in the matter immediately before us, it is undeniable that he sometimes used the language popularly taken as implying his belief in a personal Devil in a figurative manner, dropping all regard to the tangible form and dress, intending merely the spiritual significance. Thus, when the seventy disciples returned and reported their great success, he exclaimed, as in a prophetic rapture, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." Again, he addressed to Peter, in presence of the other Apostles, the very same words he is said to have uttered to the Devil in the desert, "Satan, get thee behind me!" Now, if Jesus used the term metaphorically in some instances, he may have used it so in every instance. We think he did. But in some cases its figurativeness was so clear that none could escape perceiving it. In other cases his auditors and reporters caught their own beliefs from his tones, and put the cast of their own literality on his freer words. Instead of interpreting the language just cited from him with dogmatic narrowness, as containing a temporary Jewish figment, we think it should be explained with the broad flexibility which characterized his mind, extracting essential and eternal truth from every phenomenon of experience. Thus considered, it yields a moral lesson penetrating and sublime, exhorting us to say

to everything that would corrupt or mislead, "Get thee behind me"; not to yield, not to flee, not to stand looking and tampering, but with resolute firmness, and faith uplifted to God, instantly exclaim to every tempter who would seduce or detain us from duty, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The Devil, taken as a metaphor, is the personification of all that is false, impure, destructive, opposed to the will of God. So we personify an endless number of individuals and particulars in one totality when we say, "Sober England teaches her sister nations a noble lesson of carefully guarded progress in constitutional liberty." In the same mental process by which we say, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other," we gather all limiting conditions of good, all temptations to evil, in one grasp of thought, and personify the whole as Satan. It is an artifice of the mind, when the multiplicity of related materials is such as threatens to bewilder and baffle, to group and condense it into a unit, and name it with one symbolic word. It is then surveyed and handled with rapidity and ease. Then the mind, unless guarded by critical thought, is in danger of coming, through vague processes, to contemplate the entire material thus gathered and named as a concrete being, and not as a collective abstraction. Thus, sometimes what began as free poetic fancy ends as consolidated dogmatic belief. But in such cases — among which is to be reckoned the theory of a personal Devil — there is no more justifying ground for a literal accrediting of correspondent existences, than there is for looking on Fortune, with her cup and ball, as a real being.

The belief whose superstitious origin and spurious supports we have been examining, is one of the most obstinate of the errors of the early time which still linger with us, the children of a wiser and happier period. It too, however, like its congeners, must die. It must disappear as a mist dispersed by the breeze of rising intelligence. What horrid superstitions, now forgot, once held tyrannic sway in the savage state of humanity. Think of that custom, prevalent as late as the classic epoch, of burying persons alive under every important building, to appease the *genius loci*, the demon of the place, that he might not overthrow the structure: an instance of which is given in the Bible, in the sixteenth chapter of the First Book of

Kings, where it is related that Hiel, the rebuilder of Jericho, "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub." Tidings came to us not long since that a powerful chief in Central Africa, his sable majesty, the king of Dahomey, was about to celebrate the death of his father, the late king of Gezo, in accordance with a time-honored custom, by sacrificing two thousand human victims upon his grave, accumulating their blood in a pit until it was deep enough to float a canoe! The fact is a red jet of horror suddenly spirting through the superimposed strata of civilized usage, sentiment, and law, from the core of a barbaric past. It leaps up in a spire of blood and flame, a terrific vestige of what in most races has long been extinct; as here and there the lurid tongue of a volcano still speaks to us of the time when all the world was fire.

In the slow, incessant progress of discovery and enlightenment, as province after province has been brought within the obvious domain of divine laws, how the sphere of supposed diabolic agency has been steadily narrowed! Once the production of all storms, earthquakes, floods, pestilences, wars, murders, disease, death, — every range and realm of sin and discord, violence and misery, — was ascribed directly to the Devil, without the least hesitation. Little by little doubts crept in, little by little wiser views were adopted, and little by little the infernal dogma faded from the foreground and began to disintegrate in the background. Emancipated research into the facts of the world, and adequate synthesis of their order, totally ignore the idea of Satan. Scientists and philosophers smile at it, or turn away in scorn; only the priests hold to it, and even they less and less. Enlightened reason and faith have long since excluded it from the sphere of nature, only superstitious ignorance and traditional conformity to the past still cling to it in the sphere of morals. But the theologians themselves are loosening their hold on it. One after another of the more advanced, even within the "orthodox" sects, openly disavows it; as Dr. Bushnell, who, in his remarkable work on "Nature and the Supernatural," says: "Satan or the Devil is not a bad omnipresence over against God, — that is a monstrous and horrible conception, —

but an outbreaking evil, or empire of evil, in created spirits. It is not the name of any particular person, but a name taken up by the imagination to designate, in a conception the mind can most easily wield, the total of bad minds and powers." By and by, in a more rational and a less slavish age, all the world will combine to say to the outworn and rejected theory of a personal Devil, "*Get thee behind me!*"

Already, to an extent quite remarkable under the circumstances, the expression of this antique doctrine has ceased to imply any genuine belief in it, and has become a merely verbal form, an unmeaning acquiescence. It has passed up from solid existence as a dogma into aeriform existence as a trope. Not in one instance out of a hundred where the phrase is now used does it denote any clear faith. It is simply a metaphor of convenience, an artifice whereby the mind works off its excitement, without signifying the slightest deliberate belief. The immense disparity between the former condition of intellectual conviction and the present condition of imaginative habit may be seen in the contrast of two examples. Luther believed the Church proposition of a Devil so vividly, that, whenever he had any experience of evil, it immediately took the form of a proof of that proposition. His whole experience of evil was cast into the shape of an ever-recurring verification of his belief in Satan.* When Edmund Kean played Shylock in London, on a certain occasion, he expressed in his tones and eyes such a demoniacal intensity of hate and revenge, that a man in the audience started up in terror, and cried, "It is the Devil!" In the former we recognize thorough sincerity of belief, a deliberate decision of the biassed judgment. In the latter, an instinctive start into a convenient metaphor, a sudden vent of the impassioned fancy. The difference is broadly characteristic of the two periods. Civilization brings men to live more in the light, in comfort, in regularity, in law. They thus avoid the startling shocks so abundant in the irregular ways, in the rustling and teeming darkness, of rude and ignorant ages. The trite displaces the

* See in Fraser's Magazine, December, 1844, a very interesting and instructive article, by Professor Masson, entitled, "The Three Devils; Milton's, Goethe's, Luther's."

terrific. And as the feeding stimulus to the faith in a personal Devil diminishes, naturally the faith itself shrivels and pales.

Nor let us fear any ill from the inevitable dying out of this long popular belief. Rather let us anticipate great and lasting good from the decease of so portentous a superstition. The loss of that horned and hoofed impersonation of malignity will certainly not leave the universe in orphanage. Other errors, once thought vital parts of life and religion, have gone with good result. So will this. True, the denial of this pervasive dogma goes pretty far, and shakes the compact body of fancies built up into the fashionable scheme of faith. With the departure of the Satanic personality, the myth of Eden goes. And with that much else also. But it is only mythology that is shattered, not religion; only the products of abnormal fancy that are lost, not the conclusions of veracious experience, healthy insight, and sound reasoning. And happy the man who, amid the shock of shifting opinions, can quietly let old errors go, yet keep his faith in God and good serene and whole. The rock is not removed when the mist that enveloped it vanishes. When the rainbow over the waterfall fades, the torrent stays. Let us not, then, be alarmed because the grotesque defacements of falsehood peel and crumble, because the tinsel tracery-work of superstition perishes and drops from the adamantine fabric of theological truth. That structure will only stand so much the firmer and lovelier, — the superfluous mistakes and stains that marred and discolored it being removed, — the glory of its inherent strength and symmetry more sharply defined.

ART. II. — ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

1. *London Times.* April, May, June, 1861.
2. *The Message of the* PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES *to the Thirty-Seventh Congress at the Opening of the Extra Session.* July, 1861.
3. *Letter of the* SECRETARY OF STATE, *transmitting a Report of the Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Nations for the Year ending September* 30, 1860. Washington. 1861. 4to. pp. 730.

THE government of England from the time of William the Third to that of William the Fourth was in the hands of an hereditary aristocracy. This aristocracy held all the seats in the House of Lords, and named the majority in the House of Commons. It gave the inspiration to the policy of the nation. The political contests of the nation were contests between its great divisions.

That gradual growth of wealth in the hands of the mercantile and manufacturing interests of England, of which the war with Napoleon marks well enough the beginning, destroyed, in the end, this system of oligarchy. Different movements, in the first half of this century, — of which the Reform Bill of William the Fourth and the Corn Laws of Victoria are good symbols, — showed that the old landed aristocracy of England no longer held the power of the English empire. That power was passing, through the first half of this century, into the hands of those who are called the third estate when people want to compliment them, but are called shop-keepers or Bourgeois when people want to insult them. They are not the people of England, any more than dukes and marquises and earls are the people. They are the men whose enterprise, pertinacity, and skill — with the wealth created by enterprise, pertinacity, and skill — saved England from destruction by Napoleon the First. They are the men who make England now the richest, and, so far as material resource goes, the strongest nation in the world. They are the merchants and manufacturers of England.

These men now hold in their hands the power of the British

government. But, for different reasons, not difficult to discern, they have not yet undertaken its administration. And at the present moment, therefore, the Constitution of the British empire may be thus described.

Its administration is in the hands of an hereditary aristocracy, some of whose members administer it in very humble, even abject subjection to a great mercantile aristocracy.

There is no want of analogies in history to this division between the real government of a country and its administration. For some centuries the Roman Consuls administered the Roman empire under the direction and inspiration of the Augustus or Imperator of the day. The *Rois faineans* did so, for a while, under the direction of Mayors of Palace. Here, at home, cabinets administer government under very humble obedience to the inspiration of a great popular sentiment. In England, at present, the system has some conveniences. The hereditary aristocracy always has enough men well trained for administration; and, excepting the duty of shooting partridges, which only occupies a few weeks every autumn, they have nothing but the administration of government to attend to. On the other hand, the real government of the country, the mercantile and manufacturing aristocracy, has vast enterprises on hand. It is running railroads through India, caravans through Australia, steamboat lines through Africa, and is sending on all seas the *conductas* of its wealth. At home, it is clothing, arming, amusing, and making comfortable the world, by the various processes of its workshops. With no want of able men, therefore, well fit for administration, it is quite willing to leave that bit of side business in the old hands, on the simple condition that they do just what it chooses.

To insure their obedience, it has the old machinery which has changed ministries all through the century and a half of the Whig and Tory dynasties. The hereditary aristocracy still affects to govern England. Members of it do administer the government. They govern England in just the sense that bricklayers and stone-masons built St. Peter's, — of which the credit, however, generally attaches to Michel Angelo. They make believe, however, very hard, that the inspirations are their own. And about once in five years an incautious

prime-minister tries the experiment of kicking in the traces. He announces some bit of policy which is his own. This is generally foreign policy, because there is a tradition that the merchants and manufacturers do not care so much about this. But the independence is always fatal to him. Be he Lord Palmerston encouraging the struggling Italians, or Lord Malmesbury encouraging their oppressors, — be he never so mild or so canny in offering his advice, never so ambiguous in his promises, — the great sleeping sea-turtle, which has been holding him above the water so steadily that the poor fellow fancied he was on an island, gives one little toss of his back, and the agile prime-minister tumbles into the sea. "Do what you please," says the great sea-turtle, "but do not make fires on my back." As soon as the offending prime-minister is tumbled over, the governing class says to some other people in the hereditary class, that this man has been naughty, but that if they will be good, and mind what they are told, they shall be the ministry. And they, having nothing else to do indeed, take it on those terms.

It is necessary to make this succinct statement of the distinction between the English government and the English administration, before we can discuss with accuracy what is called the policy of the English government, or the English people, towards America at the present time. For the double-headed arrangement which we have described is so new, that its results are not always estimated with sufficient discrimination. In former times England has had systems of policy, to some of which, indeed, she has held with true English vigor. The policy of Walpole was an intelligible system, adhered to through the better part of a generation. The policy of the wars with which the last century ended and this century began was that of interference in Continental affairs to protect legitimate kings. The policy of the ten years which followed the treaty of Vienna was a mild imitation of that of the Holy Alliance. The England of the present time is trying to form a system of policy equally distinct. It is not yet thoroughly adjusted, however, and hence a certain crudeness and inconsistency in the movements of its machinery. The central aim, however, is to increase as largely as possible the

productions and the markets of her merchants and manufacturers. In internal administration this policy works by throwing taxation as largely as possible upon property, and relieving as much as possible the movements of trade and manufacture; in external administration it shows itself in submission to any state which will offer to it facilities for trade. In both it shows itself by making no sacrifices, either at home or abroad, for anything so intangible as "an idea." "Certainly," says a great English economist, in ridicule of Napoleon III., "England will never make war for an idea."

This is a frank statement, which has the advantage of being epigrammatic. It is probably true so far as it expresses the feeling of the aristocracy which governs England, and the other aristocracy which administers the government. It states no new system, but one which the world has tried a great many times, — with one definite lesson of immediate success and eventual ruin always attendant upon it. This inevitable lesson comes because God is. He chooses to govern the world by ideas. In his empire, which is certainly coming, principles are omnipotent. But men are very apt to feel that perhaps his empire will never come at all, and that probably it will not come in their lifetime. They are very apt, therefore, to try the experiment — indicated by this great economist and attempted by the English policy of late years — of living for material interests alone, and letting ideas go.

Whenever the great mercantile and manufacturing aristocracy of England shall itself take in its own hands the business of administering the government, it will wield enormous power. There has, perhaps, never been such material power in the world as it will have at command. It will have more capital in hand than any Xerxes or Cambyses has had, and more faculty for administration. When it shall choose to say that it is tired of circumlocution offices and white staves and red tape and orders of precedence, — possibly that it is tired of first, second, and third readings, of warrants for elections and of Chiltern Hundreds, of the Alphas of Parliaments and their Omegas, — perhaps, indeed, tired of Parliament altogether; when it shall choose to say that it will build the English navy as it built its Atlantic and Mediterranean mail-

squadrons, and will thus get for its fleet the best ships in the world, instead of certain A. No. 2's; when it shall choose to say that it will build its Parliament-House as it built its Crystal Palace, and govern India as it governed it in the days of Clive; — it will exhibit the same nervous activity, the same promptness, resource, and rapidity, the same elasticity under defeat, and the same pitiless energy for conquest, which have been shown by all mercantile aristocracies when they were intrusted with government. There are pieces of the history of Carthage, Florence, and Venice which will very well illustrate the method. If it should still be grovelling in the hope that it can do all this without making any sacrifice for ideas, the world will have a sad time of it for a while, and this English government will have a very bitter overthrow in the end.

Let us hope better things for England and the future, and meanwhile let us observe that the merchants and manufacturers have as yet taken no such business into their own hands. They occupy themselves with their own individual affairs, and tell the noblemen and their nephews and the second cousins of their nephews' wives, and all such people, to administer the government for them. The consequence is, that from year to year England gets along as well as she can, in an effort of the officials to do things much as they have been done before. If a new casualty insists on taking place, (as in a finite world untoward casualties will,) "we will tide over it as we can." If it is absolutely necessary to write anything, why "something must be written." If it is absolutely necessary to say anything, why "something must be said." But in saying it, it will be best to say that it is with regret that we say anything at all, — that, in fact, all England has to do on any occasion, is to do nothing, — that her policy, indeed, is to have no policy, as is by this time generally understood, — a policy, in short, of non-intervention.

So soon as the administration clerks, the secretaries, ministers, and the rest, have learned their lesson completely in the modern system, they will pursue this policy, simply and without parade, as any well-trained clerk attends to his master's affairs. When that time comes, there will be great advantage to the world at large in this determination of England not to

interfere in other people's business. But the training of confidential clerks, though they be viscounts and marquises, is no easy matter. Many a well-laid plan has gone agley because a clerk too ardent in his master's interests has put out his hand too quickly to help it on, not understanding sufficiently what was the policy proposed. And even when the clerk has been drilled to understand the thing to be done, there is a noisy way of doing the right thing, which makes it only one grade better than the wrong thing. And many a green clerk sent on his quiet master's business has made so much noise about his commission, that he has upset the very speculation with which he was intrusted. Such are precisely the two misfortunes which have just now befallen the English policy of non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. To these blunders on the part of the noble agents of the great mercantile and manufacturing interests in England is due what has been absurdly called the alienation of America from England. In fact, there is no alienation. There is only the sadness with which we see any betrayal, by a nation which we love and which we wish to honor, of the ignorance and the confusion of those who hold the assertion of her rights and the preservation of her good name. To these blunders of her administration we are now to devote a moment's attention.

1. There was no necessity for the English ministry to say a single word in regard to the relations between the American government and the rebellious States. Silence and inaction, which it has now found out to be its true policy, were always its true policy. The merchants, bankers, and manufacturers understood this from the beginning. There was no more need for the English administration to make any statement of faith in these troubles, than there was when we were in our Kanzas troubles. It might as well, indeed, now state its views on the Hoosac Tunnel or the Gridiron Railroad Bill. For the only American government it knew was the government of the *United States*. A hundred times it had had occasion to say, that it did not know, and would not recognize, the State governments, in any way or degree. Thus, when the courts of the State of New York seized and imprisoned the Canadian Captain McKenzie, for his alleged violation of her territory in

the affair of the Caroline, the British government said that it knew no State of New York, and would know none. It called on the American national government to give up the man. And the national government, though it had to make new machinery for the purpose, had to give up the man. If all the English precedents in American affairs had any weight, the English government could not know of the existence of separate States in this nation, nor deal in any way with their authorities. All that it had to do was to keep its ears shut, and its eyes.

Considering that the great Italian insurrection had just passed, and that the English government had succeeded in ignoring that completely, — that it had even slumbered so happily that hundreds of Irish recruits joined the Pope's army against the liberals, leaving England for that purpose without arresting the attention of any English official, — one would have said that in the case of the American rebellion, which defied all those rights of man for which the Italians were contending, a civilized government could have slept on.

Considering that England has just suppressed the great rebellion of India, brought on, as she had admitted before the world, by the inadvertence and ignorance of her own administration, — considering that she was still quivering under the excitement and distress of that great adventure, in which the rebels were a conquered race rising against their conquerors, — one would have said that in the case of the American rebellion, where the rebels were an oligarchy, fighting for human slavery and the destruction of constitutional government, England could have slept on.

Nay, without considering ideas so intangible as human rights or national gratitude, it appears that, if the administration of England had only understood the wishes and the policy of their rulers, her merchants and manufacturers, they would have slept on. Had these men been themselves administering the government, they would have adhered to the safe policy of silence and inaction, which in this case was the true policy. The misfortune of England was, that her administration, eager to please the manufacturers and the merchants, did not at the first know how. Not knowing how, they blun-

dered into talk, and permitted the prejudices of an aristocracy against the "bubble of republicanism" to give tone to their unauthorized stammerings.

They knew that the supply of cotton was of vast importance to the manufacturers. Eager to please their masters, they tried to show that they had come thus far in political science. It was nothing that they had all committed themselves, in happier days, to the rose-water of anti-slavery. The England of their administration has no more sacrifices for an idea.

They thought they knew that their masters, the merchants and manufacturers, must have cotton. There is, indeed, an impression in England that the whole gigantic fabric of English wealth and English industry is so supported by her system of manufacture, that the laboring people in the factories are so many Atlases who are holding up that great world. It is not from Chartist orators alone, but from the gravest of capitalists, that the opinion is let fall sometimes, that so soon as these laboring men and women find out their power in the economies of England, it will prove that the pyramid of her wealth has been standing on its point, and that it will topple over. The ministers of England do not, perhaps, share this opinion, but they knew there were many men among their masters who did share it. They knew, of course, that one of the largest elements in this great system was the manufacture of cotton. They did not simply dread, therefore, a loss so enormous as the loss of a year's production of cotton goods, and all the suffering which follows where one great branch of industry is thus paralyzed. They dreaded lest in that loss the whole complicated fabric of the economies of England might be overthrown, — the fabric in which a few million working people, at work for a shilling or two a day, hold up the capitalists who for the present permit the hereditary gentlemen of England to conduct her administration. They wanted to show that they knew their danger. Like noisy militia officers manœuvring their companies in presence of the commander-in-chief, they all spoke at once. And they said just enough to show America that in her greatest trial they cared only for their own material interests. They said this in a few fatal weeks, which it will be long before they will recall. But,

alas! as soon as they said it, they found that they should have said nothing at all. The real policy of England, even on the selfish hypothesis, was not only inaction, it was silence. And when the poor ministers looked for applause to the manufacturers, these stern masters told them crustily that they had best hold their tongues.

But the mischief was done. When English noblemen, in high places in the English government, condescended to say that they cared nothing for constitutional government in itself, nothing for the freedom of the human race in itself, nothing for the American alliance in itself, if these ideas endangered their supply of cotton, they gave to this sad rebellion of ours the only ray of hope which has ever shone upon it. When, the next week, all the voices of England changed tone, — when we were told that the great North was worth conciliating as well as the great South, — when the ministry proclaimed that, in the future, silence as well as non-intervention would be its policy, — the ministry earned the same contempt from the rebels in America which it had earned from the nation before; but it could not unsay what it had said. And now, when English journals and English friends plead with us, publicly and privately, to ask what they have done which Napoleon has left undone, and why we despise them as we do not despise him, our answer is, simply, that they spoke when he was silent. They have done nothing of which we complain, nor he. But he was silent, when silence showed sympathy. And the English ministry was not silent. The eager clerk was so anxious to tell the world that his master had a secret, that before his chattering could be checked the secret was gone.

Thus, the English ministry could not wait to receive an envoy specially commissioned to represent the views of the American government. It hastened to say that certain States, who had not at that moment a public vessel or a privateer at sea, were a belligerent power, in view of its maritime law. They were adopted into the same position that England granted Greece only in the third year of her revolution. At the conferences of Paris, England had lately affected great horror of privateering. She now showed herself thus eager to offer a first-rate bounty to Southern privateers. As to a blockade,

"Let the United States see that it was an effective blockade! No paper blockades for England!" As if the American government had not fifty years since forced upon the world the necessity of effective blockade, in eight years of efficient diplomacy and efficient fighting! As if that canon of international law were not the especial canon on which, as a great maritime nation neutral by policy to European broils, we had always insisted! As if the American government had shown the least desire to proclaim a blockade of the fifteen or twenty Southern ports without enforcing it! Then as for arms. When rebellion was in another continent, when England wanted arms against the Sepoys, she was glad enough to buy our pistols and our rifles. But now all that is changed. It is understood in England that the American rebels have seized on hundreds of thousands of stands of arms belonging to the national government. It is just possible that America may want now to buy some arms in English workshops. Therefore, "our subjects are warned on their peril" not to sell munitions of war to either combatant, — to the rebels, who are supposed to have enough, nor to our allies, who are supposed to need them, of whom, but a few years ago, in our own straits, we were so glad to buy.

A few such expressions as these are enough to show the sympathies of the men who administer the English government. As such they have been noted in America. It is perfectly true, that they have done nothing offensive. England has done as little in our cause, we being strong, as it did in the cause of the poor Italians, they being weak, — as little for us, and as little against us. It is understood perfectly, that England never does anything now that she can help doing. The only regret in America is, that, when she lost the habit of biting, she did not lose that of barking as well.

As we have said, however, the English ministry had scarcely shown this ill-natured disposition towards one of the best allies of England, and one of her most attached friends, than it was bid to hold its peace by that great mercantile aristocracy which is its master. And very promptly it obeyed. By the time Mr. Adams arrived in London, the views of the

English ministry were such as he found "entirely satisfactory." The loyal American States had shown their loyalty in a sublime expression of faith and power such as few generations see. An army started into being. The government of America proved equal to the emergency. It showed also that it was as true to international as to constitutional law. It proclaimed its blockade with most cautious deference to the rights, even to the convenience, of neutrals. All complaints on this subject thus far sink into nothing, in comparison with the complaints with which England rang as to the occasional failure of her own blockade of Russia. Of the successive steps in these great movements the real government of England, the merchants and manufacturers, were possessed, day by day, very precisely. They knew the difference between Northern friendship and Southern, — between Northern wealth and Southern, — between Northern arms and Southern, — between Northern honor and Southern. They knew better than their noble servants whether New York and Massachusetts were better customers and allies than Arkansas and Mississippi. They knew that the government of America was a power not easily blown to pieces. And they silenced, therefore, so soon as they could, their noisy friends who were committing them to a policy which insulted this government, if it did not threaten. There was scarcely a fortnight of the noisy talk about "republican bubbles bursting," before the merchants of England had established a very efficient blockade on all the tongues of her spokesmen. That blockade has not been lifted to this day.

2. Yet the merchants and manufacturers of England had their own grievance. Not only did they want to buy cotton, and more than they could get, even in peaceful years; but they wanted to sell cotton goods, and woollen goods, and particularly iron goods. And it happened that, as the American rebellion went on, the Southern free-traders having deserted the American Congress, the Northern manufacturing interest had been so strong there as to enact new and higher duties upon the manufactures of foreign countries. The English iron goods, in particular, were thus taxed for

the benefit both of the American treasury and the American manufacturer. The indignation which the manufacturing aristocracy has proclaimed at this blow has been represented as much more deep-seated than their anxiety at the loss of the cotton crop. "The Americans could not help the rebellion," they say, "but they could help putting a heavy duty on the import of our iron." All public and all private accounts agree that this is the real grievance felt against us in the hearts of the real government of England. At the moment when we wanted English sympathy, we struck this blow, it is said, in the very house of our friends.

We do not propose to discuss the protective system, in discussing this charge of unfriendliness thus made upon "the other side." The very history which we have been tracing, and every essential element in the position of this country to-day, supply a sufficient answer to this complaint, without any need of the general discussion. Nor is this answer a mere *argumentum ad hominem*. It involves a principle on which the government of any nation might well rest, in the development of its resources.

The English manufacturers beg us, as matter of friendship, to let them make for us our cotton goods, our woollen, and our iron. When we ask what we shall do, they say, "Make corn for us, and tobacco, and butter, and cotton. We have been kind enough to receive our food from you without taxing it. Return the kindness by taking our iron without taxing it."

We might rest our answer to this complaint by saying that it is only by the most rapid harlequinade that the policy of England has received our food thus untaxed; and that, if she needed near fifty years of peace to adjust her revenues and her internal economies to that point, she ought to give us as much time now for the readjustment of ours. In 1900 we will not be uneasy about the competition of her manufactures. We might say, again, that she is sadly irresolute about her own application of her own pet system. Here is our tobacco, which she taxes with a duty of a thousand per cent upon its value. She collects twenty millions of dollars annually upon American tobacco alone. Will it satisfy our English friends

if we adjust our tariff so as to collect twenty millions on English iron? She does this, of course, without any thought of encouraging the domestic growth of tobacco. Does that policy become wrong which has a home motive, which is right when there is none?*

But we prefer to consider this complaint in the light of the "non-intervention policy," which in our political relations with England is said to be her fixed policy. That is a poor rule which will not work all ways, and in all contingencies. Our friends the manufacturers say that we had best make their provisions, and they will make our goods for us. "Let all do what they can do cheapest." Will you, then, make our goods for us? Will you make us just what we want, just when we want it? If we want Enfield muskets, will you make them for us? If we want bomb-shells, will you make them for us? If we want plated iron ships, may we send to the Clyde and buy them? If we want rifled cannon, may we receive them by your steamers?

When we put these questions with a little eagerness in the close of last April, our sentimental friends, who in March had been so touched by our unkindness in taxing their iron, told us, as we have seen, that we must not have any of these

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* The statistics on this whole subject are very conveniently arranged in the volume just now published by the State Department, which we have named at the head of this article. Our commercial relations with the rest of the world have never been so well presented. We wish the "Annual Abstract of Commerce and Navigation" might be combined with it in one volume.

In the particular matter of tobacco, the receipts into England from America for ten months of 1860 were, —

Stemmed tobacco	4,184,855 lbs.
Unstemmed "	12,217,508 "
Manufactured "	2,100,207 "
Total	18,452,570 lbs.

Our export to England for the whole year is not precisely stated in these returns, but was about 23,000,000 lbs.

In 1859, the receipts from all quarters were 34,493,074 lbs., on which were collected duties amounting to $26,677,908. These duties were *considerably augmented* in May, 1860, when the extra customs duty on this article of five shillings per hundred came into effect.

The title-page of the volume from which we quote describes it as bringing up the returns to September 30, 1860. The tobacco returns, however, are brought up to October 31 of that year.

things. Their policy was non-intervention. The Queen's proclamation warned her subjects not to sell us munitions of war. None of us could have them. We might have scissors and jack-knives and log-chains. But we must not have guns and swords and steamships. We might have pocket-handkerchiefs, but we might not have gunpowder. England would not intervene. That was her policy.

On that policy of non-intervention let England stand. Nobody objects to it. Her interference in the affairs of France from 1793 to 1815 has not wrought any such marvellous fruits that anybody wants to see that repeated. Her sweet promises to the Italians in 1849 were not so well kept that anybody wants them repeated. Let her stand on the policy of non-intervention. But let her not expect to intervene when she chooses, and to stand aloof when she chooses. She must not intervene with pocket-handkerchiefs and rose-water, unless she is willing to intervene when people want to buy shot and shells. Is her policy non-intervention? So be it. Only if it is, the rest of the world must learn the same policy. Does she care for nobody? Very well. Only the rest of the world will learn not to care for her. If that is the policy of her manufacturers, we must learn to be independent of her manufacturers. We must learn to build our own ships in armor, to bore our own cannon, and to cast our own balls.

The charge made by the manufacturing interest is, that the tariff of last winter was enacted in a selfish interest, which neglected the good-fellowship of nations. A month had not passed after it became a law before the necessity of independence in the supply of the great essentials of life was very terribly demonstrated. It is very clear to all men now, that we want iron at home, not iron in Lancashire. We want to be certain that our arsenals and our dock-yards are supplied, not to take chances of war and the sea and "non-intervention" for that supply. What England offers us is, munitions of war as long as we do not need them. But the moment we do need them, her policy is to refuse them. No independent nation can take the chance of such a refusal. America does not choose to submit to it. She chooses to raise her armies in a day if she needs, — nor will she wait for the chances of At-

lantic voyages, nor take her munitions at anybody's will and pleasure, risk and peril. She has developed a system of manufacture, therefore, of which in every hour of this crisis she is reaping the reward. If our Southern friends had been willing to adapt their system of labor to the same results, they would not find themselves in the straits they are in to-day,— dependent on robbery for the supply of their arsenals, and defeated anew every time a foreign power refuses them munitions of war. In raising an army of hundreds of thousands of men, America has experienced no considerable difficulty in equipping them, from her own resources, on the moment. As a temporary provision, we bought a few thousand stands of arms in England, to find they were imitations of our own patterns, higher in price and poorer in manufacture. That temporary provision proved unnecessary. America rifles her own cannon, weaves her own tent-cloth, builds her own ships, and, in a word, has abundant resources of her own for her great campaign. How would all this have been had she listened to the gentle and affectionate whisper of her English friends, offering to take all these cares off her hands? Where would have been at this hour the army of two hundred thousand men, whom she has armed and equipped without any help of the slightest moment from the resources of other lands? She accepts the policy of non-intervention. She carries it so far that she does not propose to have other nations intervene in those civilized arts whose results are essential to a nation's being. It is as a direct corollary of the policy of non-intervention, then, that she adopts the revenue system which shall develop and reinforce her unequalled resources in the production and manufacture of cotton, linen, woollen, and iron.

3. In concluding this article, we need only speak of the surprise which has been expressed in America, that the anti-slavery sentiment of England has not appeared more distinctly in her view of our great rebellion.

The truth is, that that sentiment was probably never so strong as it appeared, and that it has been steadily declining for many years. It culminated in its full glory in the great

victory which secured the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies. But that victory, honorable as it was to the unflinching perseverance and the exalted faith of those who won it, was not, in any sense, a victory won by the general sentiment of the people of England. Here was one of those unflinching bodies with "one idea." They were not a majority, they were only a small minority of the people of England. But they had wealth enough, principle enough, and determination enough to command a certain number of seats in Parliament. Those who represented them there were men of conscience, integrity, and resolution, perfectly indifferent to defeat, because they were entirely resolved on ultimate victory. One need only read the debates on the slavery questions from the beginning, — more than half a century, be it remembered, — to see that the gradual conversion of the public men who successively lent themselves or gave themselves to the cause of emancipation was not simply a tribute to the arguments of the anti-slavery hierarchs, but to their power. Here was this knot of voters commanding this considerable Parliamentary influence. Here was a cause absolutely right in principle, which could not be gainsaid, on which this knot of men insisted as the *sine qua non* in legislation. "There will never be a session of Parliament," it is evident the Liberal leaders said, "till this is got out of the way. Let us adopt their measure for ours, win their gratitude forever, do what is right, and strengthen our majority at the same time." We have no desire to undervalue the moral forces which won this great victory. But they were certainly moral forces which worked through all the various agencies of finite human ambitions. They won their victory and freed England, at the expense of posterity, of the responsibility for slavery. But with that victory the anti-slavery principle and power of England of necessity culminated. From that moment it began to decline.

First, because it had nothing at home to act upon, it declined. Englishmen, of all people, dislike dealing with matters which are not exactly their own concern. The very policy of non-intervention, or no policy, came in, to work the decline of a sentiment which could only work henceforth in interfer-

ence with the affairs of others. Again, the loss of a well-knit nucleus of Parliamentary leaders was a severe loss for it. It was impossible that the sentiment should have any longer any efficient organized action. We must add, that the pecuniary failure of the experiment of emancipation had its effect. Too much had been claimed, when it was urged that free labor would produce as much sugar as forced labor. And the whole interest of West India proprietors, whether they had lost their fortunes by their own fault or not, was a positive unit in presenting constantly the picture of this partial failure, which, in fact, to a nation under Adam Smith's tutelage, ought to excite no regret at all. To sum up all these causes, England, with regard to anti-slavery, has been for twenty years in the condition of a large capitalist, who gave twenty years ago a very handsome endowment to a great philanthropic enterprise, but who is not well pleased when the begging "proctors" or "agents" of that enterprise return to him every year, with some tale of new necessities, and ask him, because he has done so much before, if he will not now do a little more. We do not always find that such solicitations are well received. Certainly they are not in this case. The anti-slavery sentiment of England has steadily declined. It is now left to the guardianship of a few of its older friends, who are thoroughly committed to maintain it, but who have themselves but a vague understanding of the way in which, and of the reasons why, they should seek for its revival. The Southern assailants of England, who try to show her inconsistency in maintaining the systems of service in the East Indies, while she loosens those in the West, waste their ammunition. The Northern dreamers, if there were such, who fancied that any very eager anti-slavery enthusiasm would be called forth in England by the great crisis on which hangs the fate of slavery in America, dreamed of a brilliant handful of "good men," whose day went by twenty years ago.

Such is a rapid review of the sentiment entertained towards America in England by her hereditary and mercantile aristocracies, her acting government and her real government, and the influences which are brought to bear upon them. Aside from these temporary and material interests, there is no

doubt, of course, that the real wish of the people of England is for the triumph of law and liberty. The people of England are a Christian people, holding very stanchly to the firm anchorages of Christian morals, and not easily seduced by fanciful speculations which would make the right appear wrong. They are a loyal people, who sympathize with loyalty wherever it shows itself. With them and the men of their race constitutional government had its birth, and they and their race are the only people in the world in whose hands it has thus far succeeded. They will not look carelessly, therefore, on the great question of to-day, "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" It is true that in ordinary times the great body of them know, care, and think as little of America or American politics as we do of Australia or of Brazil. They are also a slow people, — a very slow people. They have no fondness for ideas as ideas. The same bluntness which deprives them of the conception of wit, therefore, takes away their interest in any speculative argument. But when ideas clothe themselves in the concrete, the English are sure in the end to be true. They can distinguish between a true man and a liar; between him who keeps an oath and him who breaks it; between a loyal citizen and a traitor; between the maintenance of law and its overthrow; between the liberty of a race and its oppression. There is no fear, therefore, but in the end the people of England will understand aright and express themselves aright regarding the issues of this great rebellion.

Art. III. — MYSTICS AND THEIR CREED.

Hours with the Mystics. By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B. A. Second Edition. London. 1860. 2 vols.

Mr. Kingsley, reviewing in Fraser's Magazine the first edition of this pleasant book, speaks of the author as a young man, and predicts for him a useful and brilliant career. Unless we have misunderstood a few words in the Preface to the second edition, which lies on our table, this prediction has been disappointed by an early death. The Preface alluded to is from the pen of Robert Vaughan, the father, perhaps, of the author, and it speaks of one "who now finds the solace of her loneliness in treasuring up the products of his mind, and in cherishing the dear ones he has left to her wise love and oversight," — sad intimation that a laboring, learned, and liberal scholar has closed his books.

This little work was first published in 1856, and in four years had been "some time out of print," the welcome of the English public agreeably disappointing, we may hope, the young author's mistrusting fears, and soon taking up his small venture. Mr. Vaughan clearly expected no very cordial reception for a book about mystics. He thought the theme an uncongenial one both to the age and to the people. In fact, he betrays, by some unequivocal signs, a want of personal confidence in the subject he has undertaken to treat, which would go a little way towards producing the very indifference he deprecates or dreads. Not only in his Preface does he offer "some words of explanation, if not of apology," speaking of mysticism as "an error, associated, for the most part, with a measure of truth so considerable that its good has greatly outweighed its evil"; but on almost every page of his volumes he writes like a half-hearted man, who has no profound sympathy with the modes of thought he describes, no decisive judgment respecting their worth, and no earnest desire either to repel them or to advance them. Of the mystics he hardly knows what he ought to think; of mysticism he certainly is doubtful how much he ought to believe. Of course his chap-

ters are lacking in that warm glow of enthusiasm which would have commended to a larger and a better public a book far inferior as an intellectual production to his own. The very form in which the author has chosen to cast his materials is a timid confession of distrust in their power to win regard. No deeply convinced and earnest man, treating a subject like mysticism, would have availed himself, we think, of the well-used and well-worn device of parlor essays and conversations thereon; a device requiring the utmost skill for its successful management, and even then demanding more variety of theme and discussion than is afforded here. The gentlemen and ladies to whom Mr. Vaughan introduces his readers are extremely well-bred, intelligent, and refined. They are rich, comfortable, eupeptic. They meet in an elegant library, with warm curtains and bright coal-fires, in winter; in the summer, their less frequent sessions are held at a most delightful and luxurious retreat in the country, where music and flowers, hunting, fishing, and sketching, divide the hours with Master Eckart and John Tauler. A likely set of people to do justice to the terribly earnest "Friends of God"!—people whose opinions on such mortals as St. Theresa and John of the Cross one would be very careful not to ask, knowing that they could have none but the most dapper and conventional opinion to give, and that they would be very glad when this was given briefly as possible, and they could go to supper. The talk of these felicitous people, who by the way are not people, but only labels on the various opinions which the readings of the intellectual Mr. Atherton call forth, is of the superficial and *dilettante* kind. We should greatly prefer listening to the words of the grand old mystics themselves, though the Champagne was not. The comment is largely and tiresomely out of proportion to the text, filling up the pages with irrelevant matter, which the author vainly hopes may be entertaining to the light-minded. We would not have Mr. Vaughan's book shorter by a single paragraph than it is; but we would have somewhat less of Mr. Gower, who spreads the sheeny vans of the imagination, and of Mr. Willoughby, who furnishes the philosophical criticism, and of Mr. Lowestoffe, who puts in the common sense, and somewhat more of Ber-

nard, and Jakob Behmen, and Emanuel Swedenborg. In a word, Mr. Vaughan, with all his reading, which is enormous, and all his patience, and all his nice Churchman's sagacity, does not master nor fully appreciate his theme. How could he be expected to, young as he was, and inexperienced as he must have been in the struggle and sorrow out of which Mysticism came? He could but survey from the outside a matter which is only to be understood from within; he runs, of course, into platitudes, dogmatisms, levities, and conceits, a great deal of which we can nevertheless pardon, in consideration of the many rich passages which he transcribes from precious books that are beyond the ordinary reader's reach, and which speak for themselves in a way that makes the author's comment unnecessary and his criticism powerless.

It is when Mr. Vaughan undertakes to tell his readers what Mysticism is that we find him most sadly at fault. "Philosophers and monks," he tells us, "employ the word as involving the idea, not merely of initiation into something hidden, but, beyond this, of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition or in the feelings of the secluded soul." He then adds, as if the philosophers and monks who were the expositors and believers in mysticism knew nothing about it: "I think we may say thus much generally, that mysticism, whether in philosophy or religion, is that form of error which mistakes for a Divine manifestation the operations of a merely human faculty." And again: "We shall all agree in employing the word as equivalent generally to spirituality diseased." On the whole, we shall do wisely to let Mr. Vaughan's definitions alone; doing him, however, the justice to admit, that in this unhappiness of definition he does not stand solitary. Thus a German writer, Heinroth, "is sure that the root and essence of mysticism is a *selfish* longing after the hidden Supreme." Another, Bretschneider, calls it "Faith in direct and immediate operations of God in the soul, for its illumination, improvement, and constancy." A third, Erbkam, considers the intercourse and communion of the personal God with the souls of men as being the heart of mysticism. A fourth, Lange, in Herzog's *Encyclopädie*, says: "The mystic is one who by immediate religious contemplation would sink himself in the

bottomless abyss of God." Charles Kingsley, in his loose way, states the point thus: "The mystic believes that the invisible world is so by its very nature, that it is spiritually discerned, that he lives in it now, and will live in it through eternity. This is the mystic idea, pure and simple." We will give no more definitions, and will only say of these, that, while some of them seem to us too broad, others of them seem to us too narrow; while some would reduce the number of mystics far within its proper limits, others would bring into the number of mystics a great company of those who have no right there whatever. The last, it must be owned, is the common failing. To the average apprehension, all misty schism is mysticism. But this is a mistake. Because mystics have been fanatics, enthusiasts, visionaries, it does not follow that all fanatics, enthusiasts, and visionaries are mystics, or that every mystic partakes in a measure of the fanatic, the visionary, and the enthusiast. Mystics have claimed the gift of prophecy; and yet the prophet is not, as a thing of course, a mystic. Mystics have claimed the power of beholding the forms of the departed, of holding intercourse with angels, of going behind the veil and looking into the mysteries of the spirit world; but the clairvoyant, the seer, the receiver of communications from the land of shades, is not of course a mystic. Mystics have told us of their raptures and ecstasies, and states of high feeling; but all who enjoy the delights of interior piety are not of course mystics. Mysticism is a very distinct, definite, and peculiar phase either of thought or of experience. It is a phase that is peculiar to no sect of believers, to no church, to no religion; it is found equally among orthodox and heterodox, Protestants and Catholics, Pagans and Christians, Greeks and Hindoos, the people of the Old World and the people of the New. It is a thread that connects the most ancient worshipper of Brahma with the last enunciator of modern thought. Its principle is as intelligible as any other principle; it is as susceptible of statement and argument as any; none offers a more solid nucleus for the gathering of a full-orbed creed.

The root of the word *mysticism* is the Greek μυέω, which means to shut one's self up, to retire into the recesses of one's own consciousness, to sink into the depths of one's own

being; — not for the purpose of going to sleep in the impalpable dark, but for the purpose of exploring the interior world which that being contains, — for the purpose of discovering how deep and boundless that being is, and of meeting in the holy silence of its retreats the form of that Infinite Being who walks there in the evening, and makes his voice heard in the mysterious whispers that breathe over its plains. Mysticism is an earnest and powerful striving after the absolute in its ultimate character. It places everything in the light of the absolute. It brings the finite subject into immediate concourse with the ultimate principle of its whole being and existence. The more deeply and interiorly the intercommunion of life between the creaturely intelligence and the absolute ground of life is apprehended, the more completely does mysticism move in its own sphere. For the mystic is one who believes that the absolute in its immediate presence fills and pervades the whole created universe, and he would so penetrate into the secrets of this universal process and communication of life, as to become one with the divine principle that causes and conducts it. Mysticism, therefore, is a distinct form of philosophy. The mystic is a philosopher; and if he differs from other philosophers, it is not in the object of his search, but only in the manner in which the search is conducted. He is a philosopher in his aim, though he may not be in his method. That is to say, while the philosopher so called seeks a knowledge of the absolute by means of the intellect, using induction and deduction, and availing himself of logical processes in order to creep step by step towards his goal, the mystic appeals at once to the testimony of consciousness, claims immediate insight, and, instead of hazarding a doctrine which he has argued, announces a truth which he has seen. The philosopher studies the mystery of being in its outward manifestations; the mystic studies it in its inward revealings. The philosopher observes phenomena and their relations to each other; the mystic contemplates ultimate laws and data in his own soul.

Mysticism, we assert, has its speculative, or rather its intellectual side; it has a clear and positive element of thought. It has a psychology. This is expressed under an active form

in the doctrine of intuition. The mystic affirms the existence in man of a separate faculty, which he calls the intuitive faculty, whose office is to gaze directly on the pure and abstract and ideal truth. The soul, he contends, possesses an eye, which beholds spiritual things as palpably as the eye of sense beholds the world of sense. There is an interior illumination, sometimes described as a natural endowment of the human soul, and sometimes as a special gift of the Divine grace. "There is something in the soul," says Eckart, "which is above the soul, — divine, simple, rather unnamed than namable, not so much known as unknown. Of this I am wont to speak in my sermons, and sometimes I have called it a power, sometimes an uncreated light, sometimes a divine spark. It is higher than knowledge, higher than love, higher than grace. This spark rejects all creatures, and will have only God, simply as he is in himself. This light is satisfied only with the super-essential essence. It is bent on entering into the simple ground, the still waste, — into the unity where no man dwelleth. There is it satisfied in the light."

The purest speculative philosophy has always contended for the existence of this spiritual faculty, and has thereby placed itself in the mystical category. It is abundantly confessed in Neo-Platonism. Plotinus called it intuition, which is absolute knowledge founded on the identity of the mind knowing with the object known. "You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are your finite self no longer, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you." Schelling calls it "the intellectual vision," by which man, carried out of himself, does in a manner think divine thoughts, — views all things from their highest point, — mind and matter from the centre of their identity. It is the pure reason of Kant, the oversoul of Emerson, the inner light of George Fox, the spiritual consciousness of Theodore Parker. Spinoza, Hegel, Schleiermacher, all recognized as the foundation of their systems this transcendental faculty by which the finite and the Infinite "realized their identity." In fact, the German mysticism of the fourteenth century seems in some of its characteristic traits to have anticipated the severest German philosophy of the eighteenth. As Bunsen says,

"The 'Friends of God' paved the way for that spiritual philosophy of the mind of which Kant laid the foundation." Hegel called Eckart's system "a genuine and profound philosophy"; and when Eckart says, "God in himself was not God, in the creature only hath he become God," — when we hear him speak of the trinity of process, of the incarnation as ever renewing itself in men, of redemption as being a divine self-development, — we are strongly reminded of the great master who has wielded his *Logische Idee* so mercilessly over modern thought. Jakob Behmen was early known as the "Teutonic Philosopher"; and a distinguished member of the Hegelian school admits that he came rightly by the appellation, "for his doctrine had a truly speculative import, and his method comprehended completely the spirit of the latest philosophers."

So far, then, in this their crowning doctrine of intuition, the mystics rank with the severest of ancient or modern thinkers, and may claim the same intellectual respect that is awarded to them. But their speculative doctrine had another side, which was peculiar to themselves, and which they loved to make conspicuous. It presented a passive aspect, and resolved itself into a profound contemplation, almost into an entire suspension of intellectual effort. Instead of *exploring* themselves to find the Absolute, they sometimes sunk to the bottom of themselves, and waited for Him. Instead of straining their vision to see Him, they shut their eyes, hoping he would come as a light in the dark. Instead of training their powers of subtlest thought, they did what they could to erase all traces of thought, and present a clean tablet for God to write his name upon. Hear Tauler speak about this: "When, through all manner of exercises, the outward man has been converted into the inward reasonable man, — and thus the two are gathered up into the very centre of the man's being, and thus he flings himself into the divine abyss in which he dwelt eternally before he was created, — the Godhead, finding the man thus simply and nakedly turned towards him, bends down and descends into the depths of the pure, waiting soul, and draws it up into the uncreated essence, so that the spirit becomes one with Him." Descartes, the

philosopher, taught that certain notions of the laws of nature are impressed upon the human mind, by reflecting on which the secrets of the universe may be discovered; how far is this from Bernard the Mystic, who declared that each soul contained a perfect copy of the ideas that were in the Divine mind, so that the pure in heart, in proportion as they have cleansed the internal mirror, must, in knowing themselves, know God also. "The Greek Church, at the Synod of Constantinople," says Lange, "innocently canonized somnambulism, as a highly sanctified form of revelation." This spirit of calm, absorbed, and passive contemplation had its genial side, which is beautifully expressed in the following poem by Jelaleddin Rumi, a Sufi author of the thirteenth century. Chinese and Greek artists dispute before a Sultan.

"The Chinese ask him for a thousand colors.
All that they ask he gives right royally;
And every morning from his treasure-house
A hundred sorts are largely dealt them out.
The Greeks despise all color as a stain, —
Effacing every hue with nicest care.
Brighter and brighter shines their polished front,
More dazzling soon than gleams the floor of heaven.
And now at length are China's artists ready,
The cymbals clang, — the Sultan hastens thither,
And sees enwrapt the glorious gorgeousness,
Smit nigh to swooning by those beamy splendors.
Then to the Grecian palace opposite,
Just as the Greeks have put their curtain back,
Down glides a sunbeam through the rifted clouds;
And lo, the colors of that rainbow house
Shine all reflected on those glassy walls
That face them rivalling: the sun hath painted
With lovelier blending on that stony mirror
The colors spread by man so artfully.
Know then, O friend! such Greeks the Sufis are,
Owning nor book nor master, and on earth
Having one sole and simple task, — to make
Their hearts a stainless mirror for their God.
Is thy heart clear and argent as the moon?
Then imaged there may rest, innumerous,
The forms and hues of heaven."

The like admonitions are given us by all mystics. Thus Angelus Silesius says:

"Man! wouldst thou look on God in heaven or while yet here,
Thy heart must first of all become a mirror clear."

Nay, we may stay at home, and from our own genuine and glorious and beloved mystic hear the same counsel. "It seems as if the law of the intellect resembled that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire the breath, — by which the heart now draws in, then hurls out the blood, — the law of undulation. So now you must labor with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth." And again: "As the traveller who has lost his way throws his reins on his horse's neck, and trusts to the instinct of the animal to find his road, so must we do with the divine animal who carries us through this world."

We must not fancy, however, that the mystic in this act of withdrawal and waiting is inert. His activity is not stopped, it is inverted. The outgoing energy is repressed only that the energy may strike in; and it is only in order that the introspection may be perfect, that the vision which looks after objective truths is shut. No class of men in this world have done so much lonely, intense, persistent thinking as these "dreaming" mystics. No minds have been concentrated as theirs have been on the most abstruse problems of being. No books demand such patient exercise of the mind's most subtile powers. They are truly scriptures, full of deep meanings, which we take up in our loftiest moods of meditation, that those moods may be more exalted and more sustained.

We have spoken briefly, but not otherwise than clearly, we hope, of the intellectual or the speculative methods by which the mystic endeavored to penetrate the secret of the Absolute, and to detect the process by which the ultimate essence of things met and identified itself with the finite creature. But his favorite method, on the whole, was not intellectual, it was spiritual; and its organ of insight and knowledge was the heart, not the reason. Surely no earnest New-Testament Christian can deny that the mystic had the very highest authority for adopting this method of arriving at his object, which was the union of his spirit with the Infinite Spirit, and the knowledge of God through God's likeness. None can

deny that thus he was on the way, if not to a philosophy, at all events to a very profound and elevated wisdom. For does not John say, "God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him"? And doth not a greater than John say, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"? These words the mystics read, believed, lived on, and endeavored to live out, with a singleness of purpose that was all their own. Their books abound in the richest sayings. "In a man who is made a partaker of the Divine nature there is a thorough and deep humility; and where this is not, the man hath not been made a partaker of the Divine nature." "When the true Divine light and love dwell in a man, he loveth nothing else but God alone; for he loveth God as goodness, and for the sake of goodness, and all goodness as one, and one as all." "Then is God in the man, when there is nothing in him which is contrary to the will of God." "Did we all we should, God would do to us all we would." "Love is the noblest of all virtues, for it makes man divine, and makes God man." "If a man will give his heart to God, God will give him in return greater gifts than if he were to suffer death over again for him." "Speaking of things human, we say they must be known in order to be loved. The saints, on the contrary, speaking of divine things, say, 'We must love them in order to know them, and it is only by charity that we enter into truth.'" "The heart that abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all its works. In ascending to this primary and original sentiment, we have come from our remote station on the circumference instantaneously to the centre of the world, where, as in the closet of God, we see causes, and anticipate the universe." "Let man learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart: this, namely, that the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of nature are in his own mind if the sentiment of duty is there." The poetry of the Moravians and Wesleyans is saturated with this element of mysticism. We find it in the writings of Channing. The pages of Martineau are aglow with it. Yes, from the volumes of Theodore Parker we could quote paragraph on paragraph that might have been taken fresh from Kempis and Law. For example: "A man's power of con-

science is the measure of his moral communion with the Infinite." "In the sentiment of love man and his God are one."

The several paths of intuition, contemplation, and experience by which these holy mystics travelled on their way to their hidden shrine cannot be traced with distinctness across the region they traversed, nor can the various groups of pilgrims towards the Blessed Life be described with anything approaching Chaucer's minuteness of detail. The bands are constantly joining company. They who started by the road of speculation fall so easily into that of experience, and they who struck into the way of passion go such long distances over the highway of thought, — the philosophers make so much account of the spiritual sentiments, and the sentimentalists deal so largely in philosophy, — that our attempts at nice classification are futile. As a general thing, however, it may be said, that in the mysticism of the ancient Church the speculative element was predominant. As the Greek Church busied itself mainly with the theological aspects of the religious dogma, mysticism turned in the same direction, plunged into the transcendental abysses of the Absolute Deity, meditated on the union of the One with its parts, of the Infinite with the finite, of the real with the apparent, and built up the astonishing system of ranks and hierarchies which left such a deep impression on the leading intellects of the Middle Ages. John Scotus Erigena, whose vast intelligence is a marvel of grandeur even to us who look back upon him through the space of a thousand years, erected his comprehensive scheme of divinity on the basis laid by the Greek Dionysius; and Thomas Aquinas, known first as the "Dumb Ox" and last as the "Angelic Doctor," author of the most masterly compend of scholastic divinity, admitted premises into his theology that almost made him a mystic.

To this intellectual tendency of mysticism, which showed itself in endeavors to elaborate a complete system of Christian dogmatics, the mysticism of the later Church opposed the sentimental or religious tendency, which abandoned dialectics and occupied itself with the experiences of the inner, spiritual life, with a view partly of warming up the frigid logic of the Schoolmen with the glow of devotional feeling, and partly of

discovering, by inward and deep searching of the spirit, the point at which the soul met Deity and melted in the embrace of the Infinite. This tendency was encouraged by men like Bernard of Clairvaux, the St. Victors, Hugo and Richard, Bonaventura, Gerson, Ruysbroek, the contemporary of Tauler, and others of less note, who carried the leading thought into fantastic and fanatical results.

Eckart and Tauler and the author of the *Theologia Germanica*, in the fourteenth century, introduced a third form of mysticism, which may be called the Protestant, in which the two elements, the intellectual and the sentimental, thought and feeling, speculation and experience, are joined and intermingled. These are the mystics we most love. In these, mysticism becomes rich, ripe, and blooming. For while, on the one side, they satisfy the demands of the most exacting thought, and lead us away into regions of pure and noble speculation on the deepest problems of being, on the other side they meet the heart's most yearning and tender feeling, gratify the vague and infinite longings of the soul for rest and comfort and joy in a divine companionship, and win the holiest affections to the blessing of the holiest love.

No reasonable person will expect to hear that all mystics, in all ages and under all circumstances, have taken the same stand, taught the same doctrines, or sympathized with the same movements. How can we ask for perfect accord among those who with the eye of the spirit search for the God within them, when such sad and hopeless disagreements obtain among those who with the eye of sense search for the God without? The faculty of intuition, like the power of sight, will not in all cases make the same report upon the realities on which it gazes. The heart's feeling, like the body's sensation, will, in the various states to which it is subjected, make various representations of the world with which it deals. The contemplative mind may be exposed to changes of temperature and alterations in its degrees of power, as well as the speculative mind; and even the rapt and saintly soul may be liable to moods in its experience which will disturb the clear serenity of the gaze when it is turned full towards the Absolute.

Still, there are certain general tendencies that belong as

a rule to mysticism; and there are certain general principles which mysticism, as such, with only an occasional exception, holds in common.

Thus it may be said, that mystics as a rule have stood sturdily up for the soul's light, right, and freedom against ecclesiastical authority. This we should expect, for they build their whole system upon the capabilities and privileges of the soul. That it is that holds immediate intercourse with the Infinite Spirit of Power: to that God imparts himself; in that God dwells; that is his holy of holies, his secret and inviolable shrine. By virtue of this direct intercommunion, each man rises to the stature of his spiritual manhood, becomes a king and priest to himself.

> "Who stands already on heaven's topmost dome
> Needs not to search for ladders."

"Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away; means, teachers, texts, temples, fall." As Mr. Vaughan justly says, the best of the Romish mystics are questionable Romanists. Tauler and Madame Guyon were more Protestant than they knew. Fenelon himself, submissive as he was to his spiritual superiors, reading meekly his own condemnation from his own pulpit, had a spirit within him which drew down upon him condemnation, and made him, little as he suspected it, an uneasy slave of Pope and priesthood, — a spirit whose very loftiness and purity and deep inward calm saved him from revolt, by opening to him the mystic shrine where he found peace in communion with the Eternal and companionship with the Father, who was always with him there. Even the gloomy Spanish mystic, St. Theresa, whose miserable life of agony and ecstasy was wholly devoted to the maintenance of the doctrine of blind obedience to ecclesiastical authority, secretly undermined that authority by whatever was genuine in her mysticism. She tells us, that whenever the Lord bade her in prayer to do anything, and her confessor ordered the opposite, the Divine Guide enjoined obedience to the human; but then, she adds naïvely, the Divine Guide went to the confessor, and bade him reverse his counsel. She was to go through the form of obeying the priest, but the priest, in good sooth, obeyed her. "My daugh-

ter," she said, "I know that God fully enters into me, by an infallible assurance which God alone gives." This is said in the genuine spirit of mysticism; but it is also said in the true spirit of Protestantism; and nowhere but in Spain could it have been said without peril more or less immediate to the infallibility of Rome.

Again, it may be safely asserted, that mysticism has with remarkable unanimity of consent opposed the spirit to the form. The mystic is only by rare exception a ritualist or a sacramentalist. Even when he urges the sanctity of the sacrament, and presses the practice of the rite, he is not blinded to the distinction between a saving and a helping ordinance, nor does he forget that pious observances, however valuable they may be as aids to the spiritual life, cannot be accepted as anything more than aids.

> "The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
> The cross in thine own heart alone will make thee whole,"

expresses the mind of the mystics on this matter. It is needless to accumulate evidence upon a point which must be yielded without even a show of proof by every person who understands at all the genius of mysticism as we have described it. The truth is, that in this direction, more than in any other, the earnest mystics pushed their principles so far as to terrify their own friends. Eckart and Tauler felt called on to remonstrate against the spirituality that soars above ordinances. The Quaker would have no priest, no clergy, no ritual, no altar for sacrifice, no table for communion, no font for baptism, no symbol or emblem. He is the true and finished mystic in an age when mysticism dared to be sincere; for he retires into himself, and waits for the immediate word, saying: "In silence there is fulness; in fulness there is nothingness; in nothingness there is all things."

With even less qualification, perhaps, it may be held as a truth, that mysticism, emphasizing the language of St. Paul, has vindicated the supremacy of the inspired Word over the letter of Scripture and of creed. It has been the consistent and determined foe to literalism. The historical side of Revelation it holds in very small esteem, in comparison with the soul's immediate vision of the Divine truth contained in the

Revelation. "The three-leaved book is within me," says Behmen. "The literal Scripture," says Sebastian Frank, "contains nothing but discrepancies and contradictions. The believer must have a higher light, master, and witness of his faith than the mere letter of the Bible, for the sense and meaning is according to the Spirit alone, the Word of God, eternally abiding." In order to penetrate below the surface of the Scriptures, to their hidden sense, the mystics, from Asiatic Origen to German Swedenborg, Bernard of Clairvaux, Richard St. Victor, and all the rest included, resorted to the allegorical interpretation, and thus saved both inspirations, that of the written and that of the unwritten word. But not infrequently the mystic broke through all show of deference to the sacred letter, and made no scruple of setting it on one side when it seemed inconsistent with the interior revelation. Thus, Behmen, commenting on Genesis i. 14–19, remarks gravely, "This description shows sufficiently that the dear man, Moses, was not the original author thereof; for the first writer did not know either the true God or the stars, what they were." But in former days, as in these, there had been mystics who would not be satisfied with this so moderate emancipation from the "deadly letter," — mystics who discarded even a decent respect for the Bible, and deemed the inward utterance of the most earthly spirit a less fallible oracle than the Scripture word. Carlstadt, an eminent scholar and professor, sent his students home, laid aside his Hebrew and Greek, and went about among poor people, submitting to them the hard passages of Scripture, and putting down their crude guesses and senseless mumblings as the special revelations of that Spirit whose deepest things, hidden from the wise and prudent, are made clear unto babes. Let us not charge such extravagances as these to the great class of mystics, or regard them as involved legitimately in the genius of mysticism. The true mystic never failed to try the spirits, whether they were of God. Only the simple, transparent, pure, and humble soul was admitted to be blessed with the unspeakable privilege of receiving from the Highest the disclosures of spiritual truth; to none others was he pledged to believe that the Spirit of Truth came at all. He had no faith in the

inspiration of the unspiritual, whether they were wise or simple. Only in the inspiration of the spiritual had he faith.

From what has been already said, the general features of the mystic's creed may easily enough be inferred. The great points have been indicated, if not stated. But we shall have done very little unless we do more than this; and, accordingly, we must attempt the drawing up of a list of articles which shall contain the essence, at least, of the general belief of mysticism.

1. The first article announces itself. It is the belief in an indwelling God; faith that the Infinite enters into the soul, lives in it, works in it, communicates to it its life, blends with it, and becomes one with it in a union so close that the line of division between the human and the divine is wholly untraceable, and is in fact completely obliterated. This belief lies at the very root of mysticism, and without it no such thing as mysticism would be possible. That there is a point of contact at which God and man, spirit and flesh, pass into each other, and become one, is the persuasion from which the mystic departs and to which he continually returns. Sometimes this belief runs into pantheism; the Divine absorbs the human; God is all, man is nothing. Mystical writings abound in passages which, being literally interpreted, would commit the author to the pantheistic philosophy. "God became man," said Augustine, "in order that man might become God." And again, "From a good man or a good angel take away angel, take away man, and you find God." Hear Eckart speak: "The righteous man is, without distinction, in substance and in nature what God is." "He is a being that has all being in himself." "All things are in God, and all things are God." "All creatures are a speaking of God." "God and I are one in the act of my perceiving him." Almost word for word we read the same thought in Emerson, "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God." The charge of pantheism — for charge, and bitter charge, it has always been and is — lies at the door of Dionysius and Erigena and Behmen. None indeed escape it who, on the wings of meditation or by flights of rapture, lose themselves in the cloudy infinite, and are pleased to feel their personality overshadowed and absorbed

in the immensity of God. If the mystics were pantheists, they were religious and devout pantheists, who lost themselves in God in order that they might find themselves in heaven. Their pantheism was the pantheism of faith and love, the pantheism of feeling, which would tear off the Nessus shirt of sin, though the very substance they were made of came away with it. They would live and move and have their being in God, because he was the all-pure and holy; and if they could do this only by the annihilation of the personal will and self, then let these be annihilated. It will surely be pardoned such men, were pantheism ever so great a sin, that they forgot their dialectics for an instant in their adoration, and to such an extent lost themselves in the beatific vision, that they did not know whether or not they were themselves, and woke to the fact of personal consciousness with a disagreeable start of surprise. Why should we be so anxious to pull men down from the divine Pleroma into the prison of personal identity? If God is free, what ask we more? If God wills for us, why is that not enough? If God works within us and over us and through us, surely his working is better than any of ours, and may spare us some solicitude in regard to our own private share in the operations of the universe. The saintliest souls have always said in their highest hour, "Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory"; and, seeing that they who have willed most steadily and wrought most efficiently have ever been foremost to disown their will, we may venture, in spite of his pantheism, to take the mystic to our breast. "If any man hath understood this sermon," says Eckart, "it is well for him. He who hath not understood it, let him not trouble his heart therewith, for as long as a man is not himself like unto this truth, so long will he never understand it."

While thus, on the one side, the doctrine of the indwelling God toppled over into pantheism, on the other side it leaned toward idealism. If from one view it made God everything and man nothing, from another view it made man everything and God nothing. And this tendency was as natural, as logical, as inevitable, as the opposite. In this twilight region where the mystic dwelt, the recognition of persons could hardly be kept clear, and the interchange of identities was a

thing of continual occurrence. When the union of the Infinite and the finite becomes perfect, is it God who comes to consciousness in man, or is it man who loses his consciousness in God? The ocean may fill the creek, but the shore of the creek shapes the body of water it contains. The human personality has its walls and limits, and all within them is its own. There is no impugning the logic of the transcendentalist who said, "God is one of my ideas." However much thought may be expanded, however high feeling may rise, thought and feeling are our own. Nor can the ecstasy of a divine rapture take us absolutely out of ourselves. All the eternities become absorbed by the soul. Bustami, the Sufi of the ninth century, said: "I am a sea without bottom, without beginning, without end; I am the throne of God, the word of God; I am Gabriel, Michael, Israfil; I am Abraham, Moses, Jesus," — words which the New England mystic of the nineteenth century echoes in the stanza prefixed to his Essay on History. Language savoring more strongly of blasphemy it would be hard to quote. And yet the mystic idealist, who honored his mysticism and was true to its earnest spirit, was no blasphemer, nor was he chargeable with the sin of arrogance. Holding himself to be divine, he honored the divine in himself; in his imperfection worshipping his own Perfect, he did truly worship the most perfect he knew. No vulgar selfishness clung to the selfhood he revered; for that selfhood was the *inner* selfhood, the root of his most sacred being, by which he drew sustenance from the deep bosom of the Eternal. If he was the culminating point in the spiritual universe, it was Deity who culminated in him, and was as adorable, as holy, as ever. Whoso thinks himself a worm may crawl in the dirt, and will crawl. But how shall he do anything but soar who thinks himself a god? If he does not soar, he thinks himself not God. Idealist or pantheist, the mystic is devout, humble, aspiring, pure. Whatever he said he meant, — what at bottom is deeply true, and as such is confessed by all spiritual men, — namely, that God does live and work within us, and that his presence in the soul is as real as his presence in the outer universe. "You know, Doctor," said Ruysbroek to Tauler, "I have not your learning, and cannot so accurately as I

would say what I mean. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!"

2. The next article in the mystic's creed was, "Christ the spirit"; Christ taken out of Judæa, stripped of his Hebrew dress, divested of all local and historical integuments, and, as a purely spiritual person, brought to the sympathizing soul of man. The mystic was no heretic of the Arian or Unitarian sort; he was no humanitarian or rationalist; but no advocate of "Neo-Christianity" ever believed less in the Christ after the flesh. "The outward historical Christ," said Sebastian Frank, "like everything outward, is a mere figure, monument, symbol, like the letters of a word. The inward, eternal man is not flesh and blood, but pure spirit, — spirit of spirit, born of God." "The true Christ is not outside of us, but within us; the inborn centre of manhood; the Everlasting Word of God." In similar strain Angelus Silesius: —

> "In vain for thee hath Christ in Bethlehem been born;
> If he 's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn."

Some of the more extravagant mystics of the Catholic Church received this doctrine of the Christ ensouled with more liberalness than spirituality. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed in the right heart of the saintly Clara of Montfaucon a tiny figure of the Saviour on the cross, about the size of a finger, with the bloody napkin, the nails, the thorn crown, the spear, and all the emblems of the passion. The lance was so sharp, that the vicar-general, who was assisting at the ceremony, incautiously pricked his right-reverend thumb. Such things were accredited once, and are doubtless accredited now. The Protestant mystic was satisfied, through his self-examination, when the ideal man was formed within. The Christ became real in history by becoming real in experience, and was nothing except to the spirit.

3. The mystic, in his contemplation of the Absolute, denied the existence of evil as a substantial entity in the world. Evil with him was a dark negation, a shadow, a want. It was absence of good; it was the abyss of nothingness. Light and life only were positive and active powers, working with direct purposes towards direct results; the more there was of energy, the more there was of good; the more being, the more blessedness.

In the *Theologia Germanica* — the book of which Luther said that he owed more to it of his knowledge of what God and Christ and man and all things are, than to any writings save the Bible and those of St. Augustine — we find the doctrine of mysticism on this point fully and intelligibly set forth. In Chapter XXXVI. of that little volume we read: "Ye must know that no creature is contrary to God, or hateful or grievous unto him, in so far as it is, liveth, knoweth, hath power to do or produce aught, and so forth; for all this is not contrary to God. That an evil spirit or a man is, liveth, and the like, is altogether good and of God; for God is the being of all that are, and the life of all that live, and the wisdom of all the wise; for all things have their being more truly in God than in themselves. And also all their powers, knowledge, life, and the rest: for if it were *not* so, God would not be all good." Hell, according to Eckart, is the region where God is not. That which burns in hell is nothing. Here is his illustration. A coal of fire has something in it which the hand has not; it is the absence of this quality in the hand which causes suffering when the coal is laid upon it. "If my hand possessed all the essence and qualities of the coal, you might throw all the fire that ever burned upon my hand, it would not give me pain. In like manner, if God and those who are in the light of his countenance have aught of true blessedness, which those who are separated from God have not, it is that same *not* which tortures the souls in hell." "He has swept the universe as clean of the Devil as a housewife's platter at a christening," said the coarse priest of the Church.

Behmen admitted the two antagonistic principles of good and evil; but by placing them both in the original essence of God, — by making their antagonism necessary to the perfect unfolding of life, and by contrasting them as light is contrasted with darkness, joy with sorrow, pleasure with pain, — he would seem to teach that evil was not an absolute entity, not an essence, but only a dead oppugnancy or negation of essence. The essential elements of things are indestructible; and the man who regards evil as a providential factor in the evolution of the Infinite Love in the world, very effectually takes the diabolic element from the Devil.

But how shall we explain, consistently with this theory of evil, the fact that these mystics were such terrible believers in sin, as most undoubtedly they were? Whatever their theory of Satan may have been, they cherished a fierce hatred of something which they called Satan, and which they clearly supposed to be a most abominable and dangerous thing. What was it? We reply, it was precisely this absence and destitution of God. Sin with them was selfishness, — the claiming something for self, the asserting something as one's own, and so snatching it, and one's being with it so far, from the regenerating life of the Absolute. To abandon self, so that it shall be wholly forgotten and lost in God, is the one sure way to the blessed life. All virtues are summed up in self-renunciation. Whatever is tainted with egotism, whatever allows the Me, the Mine, to cling to it, must be put away. Sin flies before the incoming of the Divine Goodness as darkness vanishes before the light of the sun. "Whenever a man enters into this union with God, that God is so dear to him that he forgets himself, nor seeks himself either in time or in eternity, so oft does he become free from all his sins and all his purgatory, though he should have committed all the sins of all mankind." The pages of the mystics are crowded with the like thoughts and expressions. Thus Madame Guyon: "When the soul passes out of itself, which is *limited*, and therefore is *not* God, and *consequently is evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which *is* God, and therefore is the true good." We will say, with Charles Kingsley, to those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth, and who therefore wish to know what sin is, that they may avoid it, the writings of these noble mystics will commend themselves. They will find in them the most resplendent sunshine of cheerfulness, and the most serious exhortations to endeavor, — the utmost hopefulness of theory, and the utmost earnestness of purpose. If sin is a shadow to be dispersed by going out into the light, who will despair because of his sin? who will brood over his sin, and make himself melancholy about it? who will vex himself at all with it, or do anything else than turn his back upon it, and in God's light see light?

We do not deny, nor would we conceal from any, the fact that this doctrine of self-renunciation was associated here and there with austerities. Not always did the mystic resign in happy self-abandonment the desires which, having in them nothing of God, made him an exile from the bliss he professed to seek; not always did the Divine attraction draw him sweetly away from his worldliness; too often, turning his back on the heaven whose beauty might have won him to peaceful self-oblivion, he bent himself sternly to the task of uprooting the loves he should have quietly neglected till they died. Self-renunciation became self-torture and self-crucifixion. The lives of the Spanish mystics especially, but of nearly all the mystics in some measure, are stories of self-inflicted abuse. We are seldom permitted to forget the horrors of the scene on Calvary. Even Madame Guyon, in her earlier stages of enthusiasm, tore her flesh with thorns, stung herself to desperation with nettles, lashed her shoulders with iron-pointed scourges, persisted in eating what was most nauseous, and, if it was not sufficiently disgusting, put in wormwood and coloquintida to make it more so, walked with stones in her shoes, and rejoiced when the small-pox destroyed her beauty. But let us not hastily charge this wretched fanaticism to the mystic's creed, nor hold mysticism responsible for excesses it could not avoid in that age when religion always mentioned in the same breath the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and knew no way of subduing the evil principle but by scorning and bruising the body in which it was supposed to have its seat. There was nothing in the genius of mysticism that was peculiarly calculated to encourage, certainly there was nothing especially tending to originate, asceticism; and there was that in the genius of mysticism which would rather aid its devotees to neglect asceticism and put it away. The beautiful doctrine of disinterested love, for instance, had its genial, warm, happy, and spiritual side; and this side it put conspicuously forward when it dwelt on the infinite loveliness and grace of God, and assured men that all the Eternal asked of them was that they would let more wisdom into their minds, more goodness into their hearts, more faith, hope, aspiration, into their souls, and by so doing would scatter peace and joy

and blessedness over every portion of their existence. There was nothing gloomy in the doctrine, however charged with self-renunciation, that bade men walk in light and become children of the light. The sacrifice which such a doctrine inculcated was a sacrifice that was its own immediate and all-sufficing joy.

4. We come now to the mystic's deep spiritual doctrine respecting the human will and its freedom, for the intelligent appreciation of which it is altogether needful that we should put away our scholasticism, forget our logical prejudices, sweep clean from our minds the cobweb hypotheses of arbitrary choice and necessarianism, and enter the spiritual sphere where our mystics dwell. We must remember that the point from which they proceed, to which they go, round which they revolve, and at which they rest in permanent and blessed satisfaction, is the communion of life; the oneness of life between man and God; the identity of life in the absolute and the relative, the finite and the infinite. The creature in itself has no substance; as an individual, distinct, self-existing, self-moving, self-directing entity it is nothing. In God it lives and moves and has its being. The rational creature, man, is an instrument, a wonderful harp, so constructed that the great symphonies of creation may be skilfully and audibly played on its thousand strings. So long as his faculties are harmoniously attuned to each other, and offer themselves readily to the high purpose for which they were created,—so long as the Eternal Spirit breathes through him without obstruction, and in him expresses its perfect will,—so long the man is free, and his will is free; free, because actuated and informed by the Spirit, which is free by its own nature. Freedom belongs to the Absolute, and the child of the Absolute cannot be bound. Man falls into bondage when he falls out of the union with God in which his life is. The moment he claims anything for his own,—the moment he asserts and dreams that anything he is conscious of possessing, be it reason, love, will, or whatever else that comes nearest to his personality, originates with him, lies at his disposal, or may be used for his benefit,—that moment he cuts himself off from the everlasting life, and thrusts himself into the outer darkness. He, with all he has and is, becomes

a slave. The animal nature tyrannizes over him; he is constrained by blind, dumb instinct; he is at the mercy of every ignorant, random lust; he cannot soar, nor sing; he is not at liberty to go where the Father leads his happy children, or to do what they do, because the love of the Perfect Good compels them, and they cannot help it. Necessity is laid on them, as on him; they cannot swerve from the course in which the Spirit moves them; but their necessity is a privilege, their constraint is a release, their service is a joy; they never think of themselves as slaves because they are bound to worship and adoration; we do not speak of men as being slaves to truth and justice and love; they are constrained just as Christ was constrained, who had no choice to be other than lowly, pure, and beneficent, who could not help healing men's sicknesses, and comforting their sorrows, and whose indignation leaped forth on the scribe and Pharisee as inevitably as the lightning leaps from the overcharged cloud. They are constrained precisely as God is constrained, who cannot with all his omnipotence perpetrate an iniquity or tell a lie. But he on the other hand, the self-willed, the arrogant, feels no exultation in *his* chains, but only perpetual torment and wrath; if at peace, his peace is the mouldy quiet of the grave, or the desperate abandonment of hell. Man becomes free, therefore, when he ascends from lower to higher states; he comes to himself when he leaves himself; he finds his life when he loses it. Self-renunciation is the condition of liberty. That the mystic's doctrine is that of the New Testament, no one can doubt who has pondered the many deeply significant sayings of Paul and Jesus. That it is the teaching of a spiritual philosophy, must be equally evident to all who are read in that philosophy. It even escapes the steel fingers of the fatalistic logician, for the mystic abandons entirely the attempt to justify the vulgar notion of arbitrary choice. He admits that man, through all the departments of his being, is under law; the question is, What law? the law of nature, or the law of spirit? the law of corruption, or the law of life? "In the whole realm of freedom," says the *Theologia Germanica*, "nothing is so free as the will, and he who leaveth it in its freedom hath content, peace, rest, and blessedness, in time and in eternity; but he who maketh it his own,

and suffereth it not to remain in its excellent freedom and free nobility and free exercise, doeth a grievous wrong. This is what is done by the Devil." And again, "Could a man while on earth be wholly quit of self-will and ownership, and stand up free and large in God's true light, and continue therein, he would be sure of the kingdom of heaven." And this the mystic is confident any man may do if he will but resign himself to the working of that Being whose only wish is to make him his own.

5. Very naturally, from all that has been said, proceeds the mystic's doctrine of eternal life, a doctrine most impressive and inspiring. The eternal life is the life, the vigor, of the eternal part, of the spirit in man. Eternity with the mystic is an experience, not a date; it is inward life; time has nothing to do with it, for it is altogether *out* of time; it is life of purity, holiness, worship, charity, — elements that are wholly independent of hours, days, years, æons. God is eternal, not because he lives so long, but because he lives so greatly; because he *is* what he *is*, a free spirit of goodness; and man becomes eternal when he ascends into the region of thought and love. Though the term of his conscious existence ran on for millions on millions of ages, if his existence were low, grovelling, sensual, he would no more be a partaker of the life eternal, than the brute that on dying is resolved forever into dust. And though he shared the fate of the brute in so far as his conscious identity was concerned, though he lived but a single decade of years, and then passed away like an exhalation; if in that time, or for a portion of that time, he rose to the height of a pure hope, an unselfish purpose, or a noble love, he would receive and enjoy the life eternal, which is the full activity of the soul. Says Jakob Behmen: "I cannot describe unto thee the whole Deity by the circumference or extent of a circle, for it is immeasurable; but to that spirit which is in God's love it is not incomprehensible. If man's eyes were but opened, he should see God everywhere in his heaven, for heaven stands in the inmost birth. When Stephen saw the heavens opened, and the Lord Jesus at the right hand of God, his spirit did not first swing itself up aloft into the upper heaven, but it penetrated or pressed into the innermost

birth, wherein heaven is everywhere. Neither must thou think that the soul, when it departs from the body, goes aloft into the upper heaven, many hundred thousand miles off. It is introduced to the innermost birth, and there it is with God, and in God, and with all the holy angels, and can suddenly be above and suddenly beneath. For in the innermost birth the upper and nether Deity is an open gate; the holy angels converse and walk up and down in the innermost birth of this world, as well as in the uppermost world aloft. The Gate of the Deity in the upper heaven is no other and no brighter than it is in this world." "I shall be sorry," said Eckart, "if I am not younger to-morrow than I am to-day."

6. Our sketch of the mystic's creed would be incomplete without so much as a reference, at least, to his grand doctrine of correspondences. We are in the habit of associating this doctrine mainly with the name of Swedenborg; but it was held by every true believer in mysticism, and is indeed a natural, if not an inevitable, inference from his primary truth, the essential oneness of the natural and the spiritual. If the realm of nature and the realm of spirit have, at last, one root, then it would seem to follow that nature must be the form and manifestation of spirit; and in this assertion the doctrine of correspondences has its basis. Nature is form of spirit. The material universe is a book of symbols, each embodying some spiritual truth or law. The *Theologia Germanica* is not poetical, but in it we find this lovely passage, suggestive of more things than Swedenborg has revealed: "This world is verily an outer court of the Eternal, and specially whatever in time, or any temporal things or creatures, manifesteth or remindeth us of God or eternity; for the creatures are a guide and a path unto God and eternity. Thus this world is an outer court of eternity." The true and illuminated mystic cannot be other than a poet: he lives in a world whose every atom declares the power, wisdom, love, of the Infinite Father; whose lines all run out into infinity; whose shapes are decreed by unseen realities lying behind them; whose substances are representative of powers latent in the Godhead till thus expressed; whose very stones are hieroglyphics; whose every particle and part was formed after the pattern that was shown

on the Mount. The mystic is fond of metaphors and tropes; he deals in quaint emblems and allegories; his writings are rich in imagery and figures of speech. The German mysticism is not so distinguished for this poetic element as the Persian, the Greek, the Spanish, the French, or even the English; and yet Jakob Behmen, the Coryphæus of mystics, — the deepest, subtlest, boldest of them all, — more than all revels in the region of imagination. His fancy is inexhaustible; there is absolutely no bottom, no limit, to its wealth of symbolism. The charming forms actually crowd upon you, and confuse you with their motions. His chapters run over with myths, whose crystal urns catch and detain every passing rivulet of thought. His pages are loaded with color, like Turner's picture of Acheron, so that it is impossible to trace the design beneath. Behmen seems to have done the best he could to reduce the doctrine of correspondences to a science, by establishing fixed relations between the elements and the spirits, and attaching to each element the significance that belonged to it from the nature of things. He had evidently been studying Paracelsus, and living in thought among the sylphs and gnomes, the Undines and salamanders and green lions, in which the powers of life found their fantastic personifications. The beautiful doctrine of the microcosm was native to mysticism. Man, according to this doctrine, is a pocket edition of the universe; the whole word is printed in finest characters on his nature; there is nothing outside of him that has not its representative within him; and from the centre of his being the invisible threads of sympathy run out to all the ends of the earth. To know himself is to know the universe in all its parts, properties, and elements; to know himself is to know God.

"Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.
Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest star,

He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

Mysticism is naturally monotonous, for it has but one theme, and that the most abstruse of all, — a theme too vast to be taken in pieces, examined in detail, and subjected to varied treatment, and made preternaturally vast by the nebulous form under which the mystic undertook its survey. Were it not, therefore, for this picturesque and genial side of symbolism, the mystical books would be harder to read than any books whose study is a weariness to the flesh. But the combination of the dim, immense, and shadowy with the sharply cut and gleaming and fantastical, gives precisely the charm which no other literature possesses.

But the genuine mystics carried their symbolism very much further than we have indicated in this brief reference to their books. The finest symbols in which the truths of the spiritual world take form are actions. The true poet is the noble doer, who, instead of singing poems, enacts them in the lofty figurative style of deeds; and, judged by this standard, the mystic was a poet. No mistake is greater than that which associates mysticism with dreamy inactivity. Its history proves it to have been a very practical spirit, — rarely an idle one; and when it has been idle, it has owed its idleness to the times in which it flourished, and to the influences to which it was exposed. The Roman Catholic mysticism of Spain was a languishing, sentimental, useless thing. Mr. Vaughan tells us, and tells us very truly, that Saint Theresa "knew little of that charity which makes gracious inroads on the outer world, — no feet-washing do we read of, no hospital-tending, no ministry among the poor. Her ascetic zeal was directed not for, but against, the mitigation of suffering. It made many monks and nuns uncomfortable; but we are not aware that it made any sinners better, or any wretched happy." But Madame Guyon was a woman of most lovely, gracious, and constant beneficence, — a model in her way of what woman may do in the world for the temporal as well as eternal well-being of her human kind; and Fénelon was by all eminence the man of charity. All Christendom shows no grander example

of the patient, industrious, humble Christian worker than the mystical Archbishop of Cambray. What phase of outward goodness, wherein the happiness of others was implicated, did he not illustrate? It was he who, mightier in his virtue than an army in steel, went alone, unescorted, among the insurgent Huguenots of Picton, and bade the troubled waters, which the French Xerxes would have whipped into calmness, subside at a word. It was he who found the poor peasant's cow, drove it home at night himself, alone, through an unsafe country, and that too when he had already given the man golden words of comfort for his loss, and golden Louis too for the purchase of another milk-bearer. It would not be fair to say that mysticism made the good Fénelon the saint he was, but it is fair to say that this saint was a mystic, and that mysticism did not mar his morality.

Bunsen pays the noble tribute to the German "Friends of God," that "they were, like the Apostles, men of the people, and practical Christians; while as men of thought their ideas contributed powerfully to the great efforts of the European nations in the sixteenth century." Eckart was mainly a theologian, living in the region of speculation; but he was a very brave theologian, and his speculations had outlooks and tendencies which were so decidedly practical in their effects on the popular mind, that he was summoned as a heretic before the Archbishop of Cologne, to whom he refused to submit, and in spite of whom he went on bravely preaching his doctrine. Slander and persecution had no more power to break his patience, than praise and honors had to change his meekness into pride. John Tauler had a standard of duty that would have made him a hero in any age. A truly loyal and courageous soul he was. In the long and terrible conflict between Pope Benedict XII. and the Emperor Louis, Tauler uncompromisingly took part with the Emperor in advocating his independence of the Papal judgment. And when the Pope laid an interdict upon the Emperor, Tauler went on with his preaching and ministering precisely as if no bull had escaped from the enclosure of the Vatican. It was a bold thing in the fourteenth century to brave a Papal excommunication. The Black Death visited Strasburg, and fearfully augmented the

terror and distress which a renewal of the ban had brought on the people. But Tauler, amid a superabundance of corpses and a dearth of priests, continued his loving ministry to the sickening and the dying, with a devotion that endeared him to the hearts of the simplest people in the city. The clergy could not waste their substance in riotous living when this good man was nigh, and sorely they hated him for bringing his doctrine of the inward life so close to certain vile practices of theirs. "The measure with which we shall be measured is the faculty of love in the soul, the will of a man," said this plain mender of morals. "I tell you, if I were not a priest, I would esteem it a great gift that I was able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all." Very well that for a mystic in the fourteenth century. "If a man, while busy in lofty inward work, were called to cease therefrom, and cook a broth for some sick person, or any other such service, he should do so willingly and with great joy." It would not be easy to find anything more "practical" than that among those who are not mystics. Nicholas of Basel was unmystical enough to march straight to the stake that loomed up from an ugly pile of fagots; and two of his friends had so much beside the dream element in them, that they perished with him rather than be parted from his side. Heidelberg, Cologne, and Vienne had the honor of putting to the fiery proof the mystic's power of endurance. Several times in the course of this essay we have had occasion to mention the great mystic of New England, the "sage of Concord." His pages are redolent of the sacred lore of the East, and carry about them an air of contemplation which is very far above the dust and hurry of the street: he even ventures in the public lecture to commend Plotinus and Jamblichus to Boston audiences in 1861. But all who know Mr. Emerson, know that he is a practical man; that he can distinguish as well as another between a good bargain and a bad one; that he is singularly well acquainted with the events which transpire in the social world; that he is interested in every species of fact, scientific, historical, literary, artistic, and personal; and that he stands on firm and manly feet, with those terribly earnest and practical men who face the frown and the hiss as they do

battle for popular liberty against the aristocracy and the mob. Affected spirituality seeks the cloister, and finds expression for its sentimentalism in ecstasy and song. Genuine spirituality goes into the street, and will accept no forms as representative or expressive of its character, but the living forms of truth, justice, and humanity.

But while we earnestly vindicate mysticism against the charge of dreaminess and inutility, we confess that it is not on account of its charities that we hold mysticism dear. We love the mystics for their inward, not for their outward life; because they lift us up above the world, not because they make us faithful in it. There are others, and enough of them, who will keep us up to that. We crave more mist and moonlight in America; and that the mystics give to us. They come to us as evening comes, and take us into the cool, gray shadows of the border-land which stretches its irresolute line of shore between night and day. What they show us is little when compared with what they conceal from us; but what they show us is the vast expanse of the Infinite, dotted here and there with the faintly shining stars that stand as outposts to the invisible courts of the Godhead; what they conceal from us is the hard surface, the straight line, the sharp angle, the precise, individual form, which the simple mistake for positiveness, but which the wise know as limitation and narrowness. The atmosphere that surrounds the mystic is an atmosphere of religion, of worship, where fretfulness and care and impatient sorrow are quieted by the peace that reigns over the bottomless deep of the Infinite. The light that shines about the mystic is the twilight where the prying glance of criticism is at fault, and eyes that have no wonder in them, but only speculation, close for lack of objects to look on, and controversy lays down its weapon because it cannot descry a foe, and knowledge passes away and sinks into awe and faith. We love the mystics; we love them all the more for the age we live in, as we love the midsummer night best; and right glad should we be if such books as Mr. Vaughan's might be multiplied, and grace might be given unto men to read them and to enjoy them.

Art. IV. — TWO COLLEGE POEMS.

1. *Prolusiones Academicæ præmiis annuis dignatæ et in Curia Cantabrigiensi* [*Anglicæ*] *Recitatæ Comitiis Maximis A. D.* M.DCCC.LXI. *Cantabrigiæ* [*Anglorum*]. *The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington. A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement.* By Frederic William Henry Myers, Trinity College.
2. *Poem delivered at the Phi Beta Kappa Annual Meeting at Cambridge* [*Massachusetts*], *July* 15. By Elbridge Jefferson Cutler, Esq., of Holliston.

Two college poems reach us, within the same month, from the two Cambridges. This, indeed, happens every year, but that seldom happens which we now record, that the subjects of the two are in the least akin to each other. Mr. Myers's poem, "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington," obtained the Chancellor's medal at the English Cambridge. Prince Albert had selected that striking subject for the competition. The treatment of the subject is careful, perhaps too careful, — scholarly, perhaps too scholarly, — philosophical, certainly too philosophical, — in face of which one defect, however, the poem rises much above the level of "occasional poetry," and very much above the level of prize poems. The danger of the subject is, like the danger of most sermons, that the text will eclipse the comment; and Mr. Myers had, in fact, begun and finished one poem in his opening stanza: —

> "Behold, he reared a race and ruled them not,
> And he shall rule a race he did not rear;
> Warrior and prince, their former feud forgot,
> Have found a meeting here."

The criticism is superficial, that Washington, the warrior, never had any feud with Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, — excepting as he was included, on the Calvinistic scheme, in his great-grandfather, — and that Albert Edward certainly never had any feud with Washington. But, passing this, the stanza is a good one, and well versifies the text, which indeed it exhausts. The poet then lays out his new work into divisions. The first compares Washington to a fossil masto-

don, — a being of an earlier epoch, of which we have "one or two stiffened into stone," and one frozen up in Siberia, —

> "Locked in the arms of everlasting ice,
> A wonder and an awe."

The figure is ingenious, perhaps happy, but geology is yet a science too young to have wrought its way well into poetry, and Mr. Myers's great model, Mr. Tennyson, is the only person yet who manages it well. Indeed, it is only in a country as conservative as England that it is considered a compliment to say a man is an old fossil, or is like an old fossil. This is what Mr. Myers says, with the idea that it is the most flattering thing he can say of Washington. Mr. Emerson virtually said it of the English people, in his "English Traits," and it was evident that their critics regarded it as the highest praise.

The Prince looks on the tomb as he might have done at the Siberian mammoth, —

> "With such a marvel looked he on the tomb
> Of that the rebel chief, forgiven at length,
> With such a reverence pondered he the doom
> Of that departed strength.
>
> "And as he thought on him that lay below,
> Of what a mighty one the bones were dust,
> Surely by some strange sense he seemed to know
> The presence of the Just.
>
> "Surely, he could not his own thought control,
> But mute in expectation bent his head:
> Seemed it not silently a solemn soul
> Spake to him from the dead?
>
> "And thereunto he listened wondering,
> While thus it said, or thus it seemed to say,
> Live with the light and slowly vanishing,
> Dead with the dying day.
>
> "'I crave no pardon, Prince, that, led by me,
> This land revolted from thy fathers' rod;
> It was not I that set the people free,
> It was not I, but God.'"

Thus begins an address made by the shade of Washington to the Prince, which is well sustained through fifteen stanzas.

The Prince heard the spirit, but "answered not." In fact this was what he judiciously did on most occasions, when civic bodies or disembodied spirits addressed him in America. Mr. Myers treats him as carefully as Sir Walter Scott treated Shakespeare. When the Earl of Southampton spoke to him (in Kenilworth), the actor "bowed, but said nothing." The Prince said nothing, but went home. And here, in ten or fifteen very spirited verses, the poem describes the young man's education and his travels: —

"But when the time was ripe, she bade him go,
Nor to his ancient halls return again
Till he might wander far, and widely know
The ways and homes of men:

"For surely such a science well befits
The son who springs with half the earth his own,
And with more honor such a sovereign sits
Upon a reverenced throne.

"Not Alexander led so far his hosts
Across the earth, a never-travelled way,
Beyond strange streams and o'er astonished coasts,
Bound for the breaking day,

"Nor drove so far the victor youth divine
The linkéd tigers of his leafy car,
Nor did the robber of the royal kine
His course extend so far.

"Albeit he caught the brazen-footed deer,
And laid the curse of Erymanthis low,
And shook at Lerna o'er the affrighted mere
The terror of his bow."

With these capital lines the poem comes to an apostrophe to the Prince himself, who was fortunately present at its delivery: —

"Hail, flower of Europe, heir of half the earth,
Descendant noble of a noble line!
Blest none from heaven with half so bright a birth,
So fair a fate as thine!"

And with great spirit and success the prophecy of his reign, which closes the poem, is so inwrought with the picture of what it ought to be, that the sternest critic has no right to charge exaggeration upon it.

"For such thy mission, Prince, and such thy praise,
To war forever with the powers of wrong,
To lift the humble into happier days,
Yea, and to crush the strong."

At the Commencement fêtes at our own Cambridge, the Phi Beta Kappa had fortunately chosen Mr. E. J. Cutler to deliver their poem. We are in the habit of saying that a successful Phi-Beta poem is an impossibility. The precise business of genius, however, is to accomplish impossibilities, and in this line, if we are right, genius has achieved four successes, and only four, in seventy-two years. Of these, the last is Mr. Cutler's poem. Any one who will read it aloud to a fit audience can form some idea of the spectacle upon the platform at Cambridge, as gray-haired men sat in tears, following with enthusiasm the vivid and magnetic delivery of the young poet. We have a right to say, perhaps, that this effect was the more striking, because Mr. Cutler's modesty and ill-health have held him back from most public notice, and beyond the circle of his college friends, who remembered some of his early poems, there was no general expectation that such Tyrtæan trumpet-tone was to be sounded.

We have said that the subjects of these two poems were akin to each other. The kindred is the sad association between the peaceful pageant which welcomed Prince Albert Edward last October, and the "thunders of the rising war" which are sounding through the same nation now, — between the Prince's visit at the tomb of Washington and this wretched rebellion, which places that tomb — shall we say of course — between the watch-fires of the armies of his countrymen. The contrast is sharp, indeed; but none the less does each poem bring into view some of the same scenes, and dwell upon some of the same ideas.

Thus Mr. Myers makes Washington say:

"But through their tumult was I still the same,
And with one watchword kept the land in awe,
Forever steadfast to the single name
Of Liberty and Law.'

We do not forget that this was his watchword as well as ours. The other poet sings:

"O Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow, —
O Liberty, the soul of Law, God's very self art thou!
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green,
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in.
Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe, —
Twin flowers upon a single stalk, with equal grace that grow, —
O fair Ideas, we write your names across our banner's fold;
For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward bold.
O daughter of the bleeding Past, O hope the Prophets saw,
God give us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law!"

Our first feeling on hearing this inspiring lay was gratitude that our cause is a cause for poetry to deal with, — the cause of humanity, of the future, of liberty, and of law. What God shall be with poets who have to sing the glories of states who are "building their system on the corner-stone of human slavery," — as Mr. Stephens puts it, — or who do not dare call on *all* their men and women to help in the encounter? What God shall be with poets who, as they excite one half those around them to the conflict, have to keep an eye on the other half lest they should hear the echo of the words, "freedom, truth, and justice"? Yet our reader must not suppose Mr. Cutler's poem is a commonplace on such themes. It has all the local coloring of America, and all the atmosphere of this blessed year, — the year in which men are so glad that they live.

"Thank God! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay,
Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own the sons to-day!"

We congratulate the country, while we congratulate the poet, that here is one piece of patriot poetry which is destined to live on the lips of children and of old men, and to furnish epigram and inspiration to the camp-fires of this day, and to the literature and eloquence of our descendants.

It is hard to keep from contrasting at least the method of two poems, delivered in two Cambridge theatres the same year. The very names of the young poets contrast the English monarchy against the American republic; it is *Frederic William Henry* who speaks there, and *Elbridge Jefferson* here. Both of them essay the tempting but difficult introduction of our geographical names into poetry. Mr. Myers has the added difficulty which a foreigner must have, and his spirited stanzas

just suggest to an American criticisms which make him vow that he will never dabble in a like experiment with European names.

> "By many a wild wood, many a river fair,
> Where stately Susquehanna sweeps along,
> And where the nightingale on Delaware
> Shrills everlasting song."

This is a good verse to the ear; but alas! there never was a nightingale on Delaware!

> "And where the sun on broad Missouri sleeps,
> Or loud St. Lawrence speeds him steadfastly,
> And where the strength of Niagára leaps
> In thunder to the sea."

Good again. Mr. Myers knows that the Missouri is not on the east of the continent (where the Saturday Review placed it a few weeks since). But nobody but Goldsmith ever said Niagára. Nobody in America ever did, from the first Iroquois down.

> "Or those that sail Huronian deeps upon,
> Or tread Ontario's solitary shore;
> And all the peoples west to Oregon,
> And north to Labrador."

Good again; first rate, indeed. But what will they say in the "Loyal Colonies"? General Jackson would have been delighted by the concession that carried our boundary north to Labrador, giving us all the British Provinces; and Mr. Polk with the concession which gave us on the west "all the peoples west to Oregon."

Here is Mr. Cutler's geography. The first extract includes most of the English names.

> "That call was heard by Plymouth Rock, 't was heard in Boston Bay;
> Then up the piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way.
> New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame;
> Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame;
> The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent,
> And meteor-like across the North the fiery message sent;
> Over the breezy prairie-lands, by bluff and lake it ran,
> Till Kanzas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man;
> Then on, by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
> It rang exultant down the sea where the golden city stands.

"And wheresoe'er the summons came there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheek, as when the east with day's red current glows.
Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue!
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her forces flow;
'T is easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow."

Here are more of the Indian: —

"Oh! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay,
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
From where amid his clustered isles Lake Huron's waters gleam;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the southern air;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
From where between his fertile slopes Nebraska's rivers run;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon; —
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore."

We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to the New York Committee on a "National Anthem," that they have rejected all that were not fit, though there were none left, and twelve hundred were rejected. The "National Anthem" will write itself when the time comes; and very likely we shall soon know where it came from, or who was its author. Meanwhile, in Mr. Cutler's verses we have at least one national poem of Liberty and Law. For which, as for so many other blessings called out in this great calamity, we may exult gratefully!

"Hurrah! the drums are beating: the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town and bay and hill;
The thunders of the rising war drown labor's peaceful hum; —
Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come! —
The morning of the battle-call, to every soldier dear.
O joy! the cry is "Forward!" O joy! the foe is near!
For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land; —
Hurrah! the ranks of battle close, God takes his cause in hand!"

Art. V.—VINCENZO GIOBERTI.

1. *Opere inedite di* Vincenzo Gioberti, *publicate per Cura di* Giuseppe Massari. Torino: Tipografia Eredi Botta. 1856 – 60. 6 vols. 8vo.
2. *Ricordi Biografici e Carteggio di* Vincenzo Gioberti, *raccolti per Cura di* Giuseppe Massari. Torino: Tipografia Eredi Botta. 1860 – 61. 2 vols. 8vo.

To no man is Modern Italy more indebted than to Vincenzo Gioberti. An able writer, a disinterested patriot, an exemplary priest, his influence for good on almost every class of his fellow-countrymen has been immense. Nine years have already elapsed since he died. During this time the most exciting events and the greatest political changes have taken place. Distinguished and patriotic men have risen up, attracted attention, and acquired more celebrity abroad than he ever did. And yet his name stands first in the hearts of all that have known him. He is acknowledged as the prophet and the apostle of the Italian regeneration. When living, his political and religious opinions excited a great deal of opposition, and made him powerful enemies. At his grave all differences were forgotten, — the philosopher, the statesman, the Christian, was unanimously recognized and revered.

Gioberti's life is mostly the history of Italy during the first half of this century. From the beginning to the year 1838 he gathered up his strength by continual meditation and faithful, laborious study; from that time to the beginning of the year 1848, he stirred up and prepared his fellow-citizens for a new life, by numerous eloquent publications. In 1848 he found himself at the head of that wonderful political movement by which Italy was taught how to recover her independence and where to look for the reconstruction of a permanent nationality. He seems to have been one of those men to whom the office is providentially committed of arousing nations to the consciousness of their own existence, and pointing out to them those principles on whose complete realization their destiny depends. Now, since a longer experience has educated the Italians for the struggle, the wisdom of his doctrine, both political and religious, is evident to all.

Gioberti's life was not a long nor an easy one. He was born on the 5th of April, 1801. As his family was far from being rich, and his health was exceedingly precarious, he began very early to perceive the difficulties that were accumulating on his path. The following words, found on a memorandum dated May 31, 1819, "How well I can say with David, *Pauper sum ego et in laboribus a juventute mea*," record the whole of his private life. In Turin, in Brussels, in Paris, it never varied; it was always the same. The prime-minister of 1849, the voluntary exile of the three following years, could repeat with truth what the youth had written in 1819. His poverty, however, and feeble health, did not prevent his education. Few young men have ever accomplished so much, amidst so many obstacles and so great disadvantages. Supported by his natural energy, and by the love of his mother, he devoted himself with such ardor to the usual studies, that in the fall of 1815 he had already finished the regular course, and one year after, the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him by the University of Turin. At this period of his life a dangerous disease brought him to the brink of the grave. As soon as he recovered, his mind was turned to theology; and he became so proficient in that most difficult and complicated of sciences, that in January of 1823 he was publicly proclaimed Doctor of Divinity.

From a journal which he kept for several months, it appears that the young theologian did not confine his studies to sacred and ecclesiastical matters. All departments of literature, ancient and modern languages, history and philosophy, natural sciences, — anything, in short, worthy the attention of the scholar, — came in turn to divert his mind from its austerer task, and enrich his intellect with such treasures of knowledge as to render him second to none of his contemporaries. It is at once astonishing and interesting to follow the growth of his thoughts through the many works that he conceived, the sketches of which he wrote whilst yet a student. They are published in the collection of his posthumous works, and form most of the two large volumes containing his miscellaneous writings. As early as 1817 he conceived the plan of a philosophical treatise on Religion, which he intended to divide into

three parts, namely, on Man, on God, on Natural Religion. Each part was to be subdivided into books, and each book into chapters, the subjects of which he had already arranged in the proper order. "It is not without experiencing a sense of sacred reverence," says Giuseppe Massari, "that we peruse the manuscripts containing the thoughts which crowded the mind of that youth, who was destined to be, a few years after, the legislator of the Italian idea, and one of the greatest philosophers and theologians that ever existed. A boy who at the age of sixteen delighted in such difficult and elevated topics, could not fail in maturer years to reach the height attained by Vincenzo Gioberti. Nor is it to be supposed that the natural boldness of youth made him think he had struck at the mark, and enunciated incontestable maxims. How cautiously he advanced in his inquiries after truth, we can easily infer from the variety of notes on the same argument, as well as from the multiplicity of references to different authors." The following notes from his manuscripts will, better than anything else, give the reader an insight into the mental disposition and studies of the youthful writer.

"*The Valley of Josaphat.* — A description or representation of the last judgment, in which the Almighty calls to their account many persons, whose names are not to be mentioned, but may be easily known by the concomitant circumstances. The work will be written in the style and after the manner of Lucianus, Theophrastus, Shaftesbury, and La Bruyère."

"*Socratic Dictionary.* — A work in which, by alphabetic order, sciences, letters, and great men are treated and spoken of in the way we may suppose Socrates would have done."

"*The Spirit of Christianity.* — The true spirit of the Christian religion: its tendency to reform manners and governments; its uninterrupted progress, and by what means; how it is dishonored by men whose wickedness it has ever conquered; often abused to oppress them whom it was given to set free; its utility and beauty, to be described more philosophically than it has been done by Chateaubriand."

On the list of the works designed by young Gioberti there were, A History of Nature; Gospel and Politics; An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Languages; Crimes of the Roman Pontiffs; and Discourses on Religion, in which the subject

was to be treated, "not philosophically, nor a quotation to be made either from the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, or any other writer whatever." In everything he proposed to write, even from his earliest age, the great desire and aim of his life — that is to say, the reconciliation of Christianity and civilization, and their union for the moral, political, and religious renovation of Italy — was never lost sight of, and was evidently the principle that regulated his studies and guided his pen. Assiduousness and order, thoroughness and variety, earnestness and conscientiousness, co-operated to develop his mental faculties and make him what he was. As a proof of his constant and manifold application, we have the journal he kept before he was twenty years old. A single note from it, taken at random, is sufficient to acquaint the reader with the whole of his student life. Day after day, week after week, month after month, was entirely devoted to the acquisition of knowledge; and whenever something happened to interrupt his course, the omission was supplied with renewed diligence on the following day or week, according to the kind and duration of the interruption. Here is a leaf from the above-mentioned journal, or memorandum-book: —

"July 18. I made the usual translation of a Psalm from the Hebrew. — Read and commented on Martini's Preface to St. Luke's Gospel, as well as on the whole of the first chapter. — Read and wrote remarks on the ninth and tenth cantos of Dante's *Inferno*. — Continued the reading of Cesari's *Orazione sulla Lingua Italiana*. — Continued my German exercise on Meindeger and Borroni. — Commenced reading Lamy's *Entretiens sur les Sciences*. — Read the Discourse prefixed to the Collection of Metaphysical Classics. — Concluded Schlegel's Course of Dramatical Literature, and Condillac's Logic. — Read and commented on the Lives of Themistocles, Aristides, Pausanias, and Cimon, by Cornelius Nepos. — Read Bossuet's Funeral Oration on the Prince de Condé, and Condé's Life, published with it. — Continued the study of Tosi's treatise *De Sacramentis*. — Read the usual number of chapters from Müller's Universal History, and Goldsmith's History of Greece. — Wrote the Numbers 246, 247, and 248 of my Miscellaneous Collection."

Such was Gioberti's self-imposed daily task when yet a mere boy: is it a wonder if sometimes, after having accomplished

so much, he would go to his mother and say, "I am now so happy! I feel that this day is not lost for me"?

And lost it was not, either for himself or for others. Though his life was a most retired one, especially after his mother's death, which happened in December, 1819, his reputation as a scholar was so great, that, before he had reached the age of twenty-four years, his friends and the clergy of his native city prevailed upon him to prepare for the usual public examinations, in order to be received as a collegiate doctor and appointed a member of the State Theological Faculty. On March 19, 1825, he was ordained as priest, and in the month of August of the same year admitted to sit in that supreme ecclesiastical council. The Latin oration which he delivered on that occasion was listened to with unfeigned admiration, and obtained the most enthusiastic praises. The language and style in which it is written, although rather harsh, owing to the many unavoidable *scholastic* terms, evince a profound study of the Roman classics, and a proficiency in that branch of learning by no means common even in Italy. *De Deo et Naturali Religione*, *De Antiquo Fœdere*, and *De Christiana Religione et Theologicis Virtutibus*, are the three theses discussed in that paper, which occupies sixty pages of the first volume of the *Ricordi Biografici*. From this time Gioberti found himself surrounded by the worthiest men of Turin, and, being enabled to make a journey through Italy, he soon became acquainted with Manzoni, Leopardi, Pellico, and others. The light was now put, as it were, on the candlestick, and the eyes of all were turned towards it. The clergy were proud of him, and regarded him as the brightest ornament of their order. His friends were full of admiration for his moral as well as his intellectual eminence, and looked to him for instruction. Gioberti's method of life did not, however, change. His duties increased every day, but his devotion to study never lessened. What could not be done by day was accomplished by night, and it was only after his health had greatly suffered from the want of sleep and too close application, that he consented to take daily a longer rest and some recreation. Thus comforted by the affection of many, and enjoying a reputation without example, his life went on pleasantly for several

years, and was comparatively undisturbed by malignant opposition until 1833.

Gioberti had never looked upon the political events that were taking place in his country as an indifferent spectator, but took in them a lively interest from his earliest years, and anticipated with delight the moment when he should be able to share in the dangers of bettering its condition. The French Revolution of July, 1830, the change of dynasty that was the consequence of it, and the hopes revived all over Europe by such occurrences, produced no light impression on the mind of the patriotic priest. With Belgium and Poland, Italy arose from her slumber. In the Legations and Roman Provinces the revolution was open and complete, and only put down by armed foreign intervention. In the kingdoms of Naples and Piedmont a general agitation actually threatened the existing tyrannical institutions, and further manifestations were only prevented by the reverses of Central Italy and the disappointed hopes of non-intervention. From that moment it was more than ever manifest that the treaties of 1815, far from permanently settling the political affairs of the Peninsula, had thrown in every direction the seed of disorder and revolution. No year passed without some protestation against that unnatural act, and the lives of the best men had become the most solemn and efficacious ones. Gioberti's was not the least of this number. He commenced his work by using the influence which his genius, learning, character, position, and affability had given him on both the clergy and the laity. His ideas and his plans for the reconstitution of the Italian nation were eagerly accepted by his friends, and spread among the masses with the rapidity of the lightning. It soon became evident that he was the centre of a particular circle, the leader of a new school in politics as well as in theology and philosophy. Hence his movements were closely watched, his visitors arrested and examined, his intentions suspected, misinterpreted, and condemned. He had several times taken the side of, and openly defended, persons who were persecuted by influential men, or by powerful societies. What more was required to have him pointed out and doomed as a victim? It is the practice of all extreme parties, when they cannot subdue or conquer by arguments or

persecution, to get rid of their opponents at the first opportunity that is presented. Times were then difficult for Italy. Charles Albert had just ascended the throne of his ancestors, and his antecedents could not reassure the enemies of liberal principles and national ideas. They were afraid that, under the royal mantle of the King of Sardinia, the Prince of Carignano such as they had known him in 1821 might be lurking. To separate the king from the friends and admirers of the prince was therefore the chief aim of their efforts. Gioberti's learning and piety were considered dangerous to their cause in his capacity of chaplain to the king. With his views and aspirations, his courage and eloquence, he might have acquired such influence at court as to throw them into the abyss they were preparing for others. The chaplain's ruin was resolved upon, and nothing in their power was left undone that could accomplish this purpose. Talent and virtue united have seldom been prosperous at court, where calumny and envy too easily find their way to the ears and hearts of princes.

In the beginning of May, 1833, the following petition was received by the king: "Vincenzo Gioberti, knowing that his services as royal chaplain are no longer acceptable to your Majesty in consequence of slanderous charges brought against him, and the false representations of his principles and conduct, begs to be allowed to resign such employment." This request, which a dignified laconism rendered still more significant for those who knew its author, was immediately granted. In a letter to Charles Verga, dated May 12th of the same year, a full explanation is thus given for the course he had taken: —

"I have lately acquired a complete freedom by resigning the office held at court. It had been accepted when my mother was still living, in obedience to her wishes: it was kept after her death, because some relations on whom I depended did not consent to my giving it up. On all occasions, however, I so behaved in both words and deeds as to show that I governed myself, not by any consideration for my office, but according to the dictates of reason and conscience. I always had trusted that the freedom with which I proceeded would soon have given some cause, and presented an opportunity to retire. My expectation was not disappointed. The king showed himself of late ex-

ceedingly irritated against me on account of my free conversation, and even went so far as openly to charge me with atheism..... An intimation was then given me, in his name, to the effect that I should change principles and life. I answered that, as for my principles, the enormous falsity of the accusations dispensed me from justifying them: as for my life, I had no disposition to change it since I did not believe it deserved blame or reproach. Neither my conscience nor my honor would allow my renouncing opinions which I honestly held to be true, and a behavior which I deemed legitimate and good. I added, that, being aware my services were no longer acceptable, I had presented my resignation. It is a great satisfaction for me to hear how my friends unanimously approve my course: what courtiers and other slavish men may think, I do not trouble myself about."

Gioberti's enemies had obtained a first victory, and a most important one. He was no more in their way at court, and their boldness increased in proportion as their action was less restrained. Many of his friends had already been arrested, fined, imprisoned, or exiled, merely for having in their possession a political paper. That his turn would soon come he felt sure, but by no act of his did it ever appear that he was much concerned about his own fate.

On the last day of May, at seven o'clock in the evening, the blow fell. The noble priest was walking in the public garden, in the company of some friends, when he was accosted by an unknown person, dressed as a civilian, who asked him whether he was Doctor Vincenzo Gioberti. On his answering in the affirmative, he was requested to follow the questioner to the office of the police. Gioberti was a prisoner. At the same time, other police-officers were proceeding to search his house, where no evidence against him could be found, except his books and writings. By order of the competent authority, his name was soon after erased from the Album of the University, upon which doctors are inscribed. He was no longer a member of the theological faculty, for no other crime than that of entertaining views different from those of the rulers. The report of these facts, though anticipated, occasioned feelings of deep sorrow in the hearts of his friends, but did not in the least affect the prisoner. He had learned from his youth to be contented in whatever position Providence allowed him to be thrown, and to make the best of it. When not

absorbed in his meditations, he spent great part of his time in reading, occasionally in a loud tone, to alleviate the solitude of those who were confined in cells within the reach of his voice. He wrote also on the walls a large variety of sentences and passages from the best authors of different nations, and especially from the Scriptures, — for which he always entertained a deep veneration, — admirably suited to the condition of such persons as might be destined afterwards to occupy the room. A young man to whom the chamber he first occupied was given, derived no mean comfort from the provident solicitude and industrious sympathy of his predecessor. He was not acquainted with the philosopher, but conceived such an attachment for him that he afterwards became one of his most faithful friends. "Being transported," he says, "to the citadel, towards the end of June, 1833, it fell to my lot to be shut up in a chamber in which Gioberti had been, I do not know how long, confined. I say, *it fell to my lot*, in the best sense of the word, since no one can imagine what comfort the great man had prepared for whomsoever was to succeed him in that abode."

His prison life was not lost to his country. The four months it lasted were employed in consoling and encouraging his companions in misfortune, in strengthening their faith in the righteousness of their cause, and in reviving their hopes by assuring them that God would crown with success the love they bore to their native country. Gioberti's reputation for learning, patriotism, and piety rose to such a height whilst he was incarcerated, that the government regretted having yielded to the requests of the anti-national party. The only thing to be done was to let the matter drop. The difficulty consisted in finding an expedient to palliate the blunder, without retracing a step so rashly taken, and known to every one. No inquiry, however scrupulous, had discovered anything that could justify imprisonment, or give a pretext for a trial. Exile was resolved upon, not as a penalty, but seemingly as a favor granted to a petition to be extorted from the prisoner.

In a letter to the dearest of his friends, Pier Dionigi Pinelli, Gioberti himself thus gave an account of the whole transaction: —

"The petition was suggested, nay, imposed upon me. For an im-

position it was to offer me the alternative of writing a petition to be exiled, or accepting the confinement of a fortress. The contents of that petition were dictated to me word by word; the few ridiculous, not to say mean and revolting, expressions with which it is strewed, I was obliged to write against my manifested repugnance; and it was only after repeated efforts and a protracted struggle I succeeded in avoiding those words that, being expressive of an idea, could not be written without infamy. With regard to the others I was compelled to yield, in order to escape as if it were from the assassin's knife..... Openly and firmly I declared, first, that I would not submit to anything which might, however indirectly, convey the impression that I have changed or modified in the least my opinions; secondly, that I would not agree on a single word by which it might appear that I confess to have offended against the government, and repent or make a recantation; thirdly and lastly, that I utterly refused to say as much as a syllable concerning my mode of life and future conduct when exiled, according to the declaration I made before writing the minute of a first petition."

These conditions having been granted, the petition was forwarded to the king, and the result was that Gioberti, on the last day of September, 1833, found himself on his way to France. Before leaving home he had written to the above-mentioned friend a long letter, a few passages from which will better represent the man than the most elaborate essay.

"I have just returned from an interview with the commander, by which all hope was removed of seeing any one, except the curate, who has not yet returned from the country. He, moreover, engaged me on my honor to keep my departure secret, declaring that any violation of such an order would seriously compromise him with the government. So many are the tokens of true politeness and unfeigned kindness I received from him during my captivity, that his reiterated entreaties to obtain from me not only this but greater sacrifices were absolutely unnecessary. I beg you, therefore, to utter no word about my exile to any one before hearing about it from the voice of the public; and as for this letter, not to mention it at all, even to our most intimate friends, until sufficient time has elapsed to give the appearance of having been sent with other papers of mine from Lyons. Knowing you, I do not hesitate a moment to intrust you with a secret, on keeping which my honor, the commander's, and even the curate's, depends..... I recommend to you from the depth of my heart all my young friends, the youngest ones more particularly, who are in need of kind advice and proper direction. Love them as my friends, as your own, as the dearest hope of our beloved country."

Though somewhat prejudiced against the French, Gioberti chose France as the land of his exile; and the desire of going on with his studies determined him to establish his residence in Paris, on account of the many facilities it affords for that purpose. His first care, however, his first thought as soon as he reached that city, was directed to free himself entirely from all dependence on, and obligations to, the government by which he had been so unjustly banished. On entering the ecclesiastical profession, an assignment of two hundred and forty francs a year had been made to him upon some funds administered by the state in behalf of the Church. That stipend he renounced. It was nearly the only income left him after his resignation of the royal chaplaincy and his dismission from the theological college. But by continuing to receive it, a certain connection with the government would have been preserved, that might in the future cause some perplexity, or prove a hindrance to the execution of his plans. His reception in France, both by his most distinguished fellow-countrymen and the eminent men of that nation, was highly flattering; but not having succeeded as he expected in securing honest employment, he accepted an invitation from Brussels to teach in a private institution. Had he been willing to undergo the requisite formalities, he would have received the appointment to a professorship of philosophy, offered him by Cousin. His reluctance to do anything that might wear the appearance of solicitation, as well as the fear of compromising his freedom for future action by contracting obligations towards a foreign government, prevented him from accepting that honorable offer.

Shortly before receiving the invitation to Brussels, — in one of those moments of despondency that so often rise to sadden the exile's life, — thinking that his suffering from want in Paris would not better the condition of Italy, but rather disable him from rendering it any available service, he took the resolution of leaving Europe for South America. The opposition of his friends, and their entreaties to him to desist from his purpose, did not seem to avail on that occasion, and he would in all probability have carried out his plan, had it not been prevented by want of pecuniary means. Some time previous to his imprisonment he had deposited with a friend a few hundred francs,

which his frugal habits had enabled him to lay aside. Upon his determination to go to America, he wrote to have the money sent; but fortunately, that friend, having received information of its destined use, peremptorily refused to comply with the request. Thus compelled to remain in Europe, he left for Belgium, after a residence of a little over one year in Paris. The active correspondence kept up with his friends in Italy and elsewhere, the philosophical discussions with Terenzo Mamiani, and the long but eloquent answer to Mazzini, were written during that period, notwithstanding the perplexities of his precarious condition. They abundantly show how his mind was continually engrossed by the unhappy state of his native country, and ever meditating upon the means best adapted to its deliverance.

We shall not detain our readers with a detailed account of the exile's occupations in Brussels. To his cherished investigations in philosophy, politics, and religion, several hours of daily teaching were added, which afforded him sufficient means to provide for his moderate wants. In the main, his life until 1838 was very much the same, — a life of preparation and experience, entirely devoted to the noblest studies, afflicted by multiform suffering, cheered at times by sanguine, well-grounded hopes, and then saddened by persecution, disappointment, and uncertainty. In his familiar letters, in his unrestrained effusions to his intimate friends, he shows himself as he really is, with all his good qualities and all his faults, — with the fervent aspirations, the ungovernable impetuosity, the compassionate regard for the fallen, the active sympathy with the oppressed, the ardent love for the beautiful, the good, and the true, for his religion and his country, that have ever characterized his life. The same qualities, corrected sometimes and perfected by experience, at other times impaired or exaggerated by opposition and solitude, will be found in the author. A Catholic in religion, a Platonist in philosophy, an *Italian* in politics,* he often modified his opinions and correct-

* In Italy those were called, with reference to politics, *Italians*, who advocated the reconstruction of the peninsula into a nation, independent of any foreign power, and governed by liberal institutions. The *Municipalists* were opposed to that scheme, on the ground that its realization would affect the particular interests of the various states.

ed his views, not in their essence, but in their form, because he who sincerely aims at the discovery of truth cannot flatter himself with the foolish assurance of having found it, as if it were by enchantment, at the first start. His mind was endowed with the rare and enviable faculty of developing itself without undergoing any substantial change. He studied many years to find and establish the natural relation between faith and reason, and to reconcile Christianity, both as a science and an institution, with modern civilization. But never was he a partisan of any extreme idea or absolute form either in politics or religion; nor was he infected by that proud obstinacy which is so often mistaken for firmness, whilst in reality it is nothing but the persistence of a boundless vanity. In proportion therefore as he grew in knowledge and experience, his opinions were modified and his views improved, whilst his principles always remained the same. Certainly, if we compare him with the German philosophers, or with our liberal writers of twenty years ago, Gioberti may appear to us exceedingly cautious in his conclusions, and almost afraid of being too liberal, especially in matters pertaining to the dogmas of his Church. But when we take into consideration that he was a Catholic priest, who always lived in Catholic countries, and was by education attached to Catholic institutions, we must admit that he was by far the most learned and liberal of Catholic theologians, as well as one of the greatest writers of our times. The timid reserve of the theologian will not diminish our respect for the philosopher and statesman, when we remember that it was caused by a natural reverence and conscientious motives, and not by any interested regard for his position, or any human fear. He sacrificed everything to principle, — employment, comfort, honors, friends, and country. Had he merely abstained from alluding to religion in his writings, he would have enjoyed all these undisturbed, and attained, it may be, a wider reputation. His conscience alone imposed upon him such a sacrifice, and he cheerfully accepted it and followed her dictates.

The publication of Gioberti's writings began in 1838, four years after he had taken up his residence in Brussels. The free access to public libraries which he failed to obtain whilst

in Paris was granted him through the influence of the illustrious Quetelet, and from that moment he resumed his studies with renewed ardor. The *Teorica del Sovranaturale*, published that year, was the first fruit of his scientific labors. Then followed the *Introduzione allo Studio della Filosofia*, in 1840; the *Lettere intorno agli Errori Filosofici di Antonio Rosmini*, in 1841 and 1842, preceded by the publication of his treatise *Del Bello*, and followed, in 1843, by another, *Del Buono;* the *Primato Morale e Civile degli Italiani*, during the same year, with the *Prolegomeni* to it in 1845; and finally, in 1847, the *Gesuita Moderno*, whose *Apologia* appeared the following year. His celebrated work on the *Rinnovamento Civile d' Italia*, which was the last published during his lifetime, the *Protologia*, *La Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa*, and *La Filosofia della Rivelazione*, were all written between the years 1849 and 1852, during the author's voluntary exile after the overthrow of the Roman Republic by the French.* Besides these, we have a number of minor occasional writings on divers subjects, not only in Italian, but in French, among which the letters about the errors of Lamennais are the most remarkable. Much as we would like to give our readers an account of each work separately, we must forbear, as the space allowed for this article will not permit it. As philosophy had always been his most cherished pursuit, all Gioberti's works, not excepting those on politics and religion, are chiefly philosophical. The only object he had in view was the restoration of Italy to its former dignity and moral supremacy in the council of nations; and he understood early that, unless the minds of the Italians were educated by severe studies, and aroused to a deep sense of the duties they owed to their native country, it was utterly impossible to attain an object which seemed almost exclusively to depend on the intellectual energy and religious conviction

* The English titles of Gioberti's principal works are the following: — *Theory of the Supernatural*, 3 vols. *An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy*, 3 vols. *Letters on Rosmini's Philosophical Errors*, 3 vols. *A Treatise of the Beautiful*, 1 vol. *Of the Good*, 1 vol. *The Moral and Civil Supremacy of the Italians*, 2 vols. *Prolegomena* to the preceding work, 1 vol. *The Modern Jesuit*, 5 vols. *An Apology for the Modern Jesuit*, 1 vol. *Italy's Civil Renovation*, 2 vols. *Catholic Reformation of the Church*, 1 vol. *Philosophy of Revelation*, 1 vol. *Protology*, or First Science, 2 vols. The last three works are hardly finished. They were found among the author's manuscripts, and published by his friend Giuseppe Massari.

of the people. To initiate the regeneration of Italy in the orders of thought, to shake off the shameful yoke that weighed on the mind, to call back the Italians to the traditions of a national philosophy, to support and strengthen philosophy with religion, to reconcile the latter with the civil and political interests of the nation, to establish, in short, the principal truths from which the proper method of action was to be deduced, — such were his views, his plans, and the aim of his mental efforts. Their minds thus prepared, the Italians would take into their own hands the reconstruction of the Peninsula. If their rulers should join them in that noble undertaking, well and good; one of the first steps towards the revolution consisted in asking their co-operation, requesting them to assume the lead. In case they should refuse the proffered charge and honor, there was no reason why the nation should not proceed without them, and even against their will. By a great struggle, all foreign rule and influences were to be abolished, before attempting anything else; and religion, through her ministers, should bless the rising of a people to revindicate their independence and liberty. In his opinion, the attempt could not fail of success, if the nation were really in earnest about it. New Italy, such as he represented her to his own imagination, was to be "refined, without effeminacy; industrious, without prejudice to letters and science; commercial, without the known cupidity of merchants; warlike, without unjust ambition; learned, inquiring, and speculative, without rashness or incredulity; religious, without superstition; law-abiding, without servility; free, without license; pure in her manners, but strong; bold in her genius, but moderate and wise; happy at home, respected abroad; politically equal to other nations, and morally superior to all; powerful on land, free on the sea; united with the rest of the world by love, commerce, colonies, useful enterprises, peaceful and benevolent expeditions."

Gioberti was the first that dared openly to speak of the rights of the people, and to tell them it was their solemn duty to stand by those rights. To both people and princes he pointed out the causes of their degradation, rebuked them for their sluggishness and want of faith, and foretold the conse-

quences of their conduct, in case that either should refuse to fulfil the mission Providence had intrusted to them. His words to the king of Naples, called forth by the execution of several young men who had taken part in an armed demonstration against the government, are a prophetical announcement of the fate impending upon that dynasty, as well as one of the noblest and most eloquent rebukes ever administered by man to a tyrannical ruler since the days of Ambrose. The avidity with which his writings were sought for, received, and read, is not easily described or imagined. They affected too nearly the dearest interests of all to render it possible for any one to moderate his enthusiasm in regard to them. The severe penalties enacted against whomsoever should dare to sell, buy, read, or give them to be read by others, increased the number of martyrs to the Italian cause, but did not lessen that of Gioberti's readers. Three editions of his works were simultaneously issued from the press, as soon as he had them ready, in Brussels, Losanne, and Capolago; and neither the local laws, nor the decrees of the Pope, nor the bayonets of Austria, were able to prevent them from entering into Italy. No writer in that land has ever exerted a greater or a more salutary influence. By addressing those classes and orders of people whom he regarded as the natural instructors of the masses, by appealing to their honor and patriotism, he kindled a fire that has burned ever since, and produced the wonderful changes we have seen. All political demonstrations, all demands for reforms, were then made at the cry of *Viva Gioberti!* and only after Pius the Ninth had undertaken to carry on Gioberti's plans was the name of Pius added to, and often substituted for, that cry. If his future Italy and the Church of his imagination were the creation of a poetical mind, rather than the possible realization of some practical scheme, it was not so with regard to actual Italy and the Church of his country, such as he conceived and represented them in his works. He had not fashioned them to suit his particular views, but took them as they really were, with all their old and new miseries, their vices, their virtues, the good and bad things he found in them, and from these facts he argued the means which alone seemed to him efficient to revive them. Having

thus taken into account every circumstance, even the most trifling, he differed essentially from all Italian writers who had preceded him on the national question, though he agreed with them about the object to be attained. His *Primato* and *Gesuita Moderno* are by far the most popular works he wrote. Besides, their language and style being better adapted to the understanding of all classes than those of the others, their contents affect more directly the people, and correspond to the general feelings of the Italians. The author tells them what they would themselves say, had they the same capacity for saying it, and the knowledge of national things he had. The works of Durando and Cesare Balbo, published about that period, were received with but a moderate degree of enthusiasm; they were not a faithful exposition of the *hopes of Italy*, and the plan they proposed failed of obtaining the nation's approval. Gioberti alone, therefore, had the good fortune to witness in part the favorable result of his principles, when applied according to his direction.

Times were ripening: extraordinary and wonderful events succeeded each other with an incredible rapidity; what had a little while before been regarded as a dream suddenly became a reality; the ideas of a few men were soon those of the masses, and from thought to action no time intervened. A new man, not bound by any political antecedents, enjoying a high reputation for liberality and virtue, was unexpectedly elected to succeed Gregory XVI. in the pontifical chair. He was known to have read and earnestly meditated on the writings of the illustrious exile, and from his acknowledged goodness and meekness of heart better days were expected, — a liberal government not saddened by persecutions and banishments. It was anticipated that he would not delay alleviating the evils and sorrows which had for so many years afflicted the country. The first acts of his reign responded to the common hopes. Pius IX. seemed to realize Gioberti's doctrines, and change into facts the thoughts expressed in the *Primato*. The deeds of the Pontiff so well corresponded with the maxims of the philosopher, that the former appeared to have thoroughly identified himself with that conception of Papacy which the latter had represented in all his writings.

Liberty and religion, reconciled after a long and almost fatal divorcement, seemed to announce and begin a new era for both Italy and the Church. The name of the Pope and that of the philosopher, expressive of one hope, one desire, one faith, were from that moment inseparable in everybody's mouth, resounding in all popular acclamations, and echoing through the length and breadth of the land. Inveterate hatreds, secular dissensions, and fatal prejudices were dispelled by the charm of those names, and the thoughts as well as the will of the Italians unanimously concurred in the regeneration of their country. Gioberti's great attempt to unite and reconcile all opinions and interests had completely succeeded. So perfect a union of hearts and minds, aiming at the same object and obeying one impulse, the world never witnessed before. Twenty-five millions of men, after centuries of dissension, were following without confusion the lead, and gladly co-operating to execute the plan, of a brother. Events and men thus agreed in proclaiming the soundness of Gioberti's principles, and their practical character became every day better established. A new life ran through the Peninsula, which in a short time assumed an entirely new aspect. The amnesty, granted by the Pontiff, the first temporary reforms, the many important changes in the administration, the granting of a moderate liberty to the press, were followed by the proclamation of constitutional government in several states, and the revolution in some of the others. The events that took place in Italy, with an incredible rapidity, were responded to by greater and almost unlooked for events in all Europe. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the man who had, in the solitude of his exile, created, as it were, that ideal, was called by the national will to lead in completing its realization. The career of the writer was interrupted, and that of the statesman commenced.

Vincenzo Gioberti, deeming it to be his duty to support by his voice and action the holy cause for which he had meditated and written so much, after fifteen years of active exile returned to his native country. Like Cicero, he could say that he had "returned to Rome, carried there by all Italy." His visit to the principal, and politically most important cities, was a continued ovation. Princes and people united to honor

him, and Papal Rome was not backward in her demonstrations. The joy at his return had, however, scarcely subsided, when the country was suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation. Whilst Gioberti was recommending union among the citizens as an indispensable condition of success, the reactionary party was actively at work sowing distrust towards the government, and division in the national army. The Pope was induced to suspect the intentions of Charles Albert, the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples; the capacity of the leading military men was represented as utterly unequal to the contest the nation was engaged in; men of moderate opinions were pointed out, either as averse to constitutional liberty, or as Red Republicans; and the annexation to Sardinia of the provinces already delivered from the Austrian yoke was made a pretext, by the municipalists, for abandoning the national cause; by the democrats, for denouncing the existing power; and by the princes, who had entered on the way of reforms unwillingly, for retracing their steps before being compelled to go farther. As the result of all this, Pius IX., Ferdinand of Naples, and Leopold of Tuscany called home their several armies, and left to the King of Sardinia alone and his soldiers the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. The emboldened enemy, improving the moment, by a skilful, sudden movement fell back on the thinned Italian ranks, and, after a bloody contest, imposed on their commander an armistice, in consequence of which the state of affairs previous to the war was restored. Before the end of the armistice was announced, General Radetzky entered the Sardinian territory with fifty thousand troops, attacked the Italian army in the neighborhood of Novara, which resisted for a whole day, and then was overwhelmed by fatigue and numbers. Meanwhile, the King of Naples had abolished the constitution he had sworn to observe, and caused to be arrested, imprisoned, exiled, or executed the representatives of the people best known for their attachment to the national cause. The Pope and the Duke of Tuscany, after refusing their support to the constitution they had granted, fled from their capitals, and sought refuge under the protection of the King of Naples. The King of Sardinia alone re-

mained faithful to his oath, and, notwithstanding the reverses suffered and the threatening remonstrances of Austria, Northern Italy was internally free, and became the only place of refuge in the Peninsula for the persecuted citizens of other states. All hopes were concentrated there.

Shortly after his return to Italy, Gioberti had perceived how the enemies of the country were busily engaged in the overthrow of the established liberal form of government, and he apprehended the danger the more, that he knew they were aided in their work of destruction by a large number of honest and well-meaning men. He opposed the administration, and foretold to them from the beginning the fatal consequence of their policy towards the other Italian states, and of the manner in which the war was carried on. It is difficult to say whether, by following his advice, the terrible disasters of that year might have been avoided or not. Certain it is, that his predictions were fearfully accomplished. He had succeeded in uniting all minds towards the same object; he failed in persuading them to embrace the same means. He has no experience, it was said; by writing books no man learns how to govern states or direct revolutions. The natural good-sense of the masses instinctively inclined them to follow Gioberti's policy in everything. Several districts elected him their representative, and various demonstrations were made in his favor against the cabinet of the king. The learned minority, however, carried the day; and it was only when deplorable events concurred to confirm the wisdom of his views that he was appointed prime-minister and charged with the formation of a new cabinet. The men he had associated with himself in the government did not share in his views of the policy to be followed with regard to the states whose princes had fled. The danger Gioberti apprehended, and to avert which he thought no sacrifice too heavy, was the occupation of those states by foreign troops. He established the principle of non-intervention from without. Assuming that Italy was a nation, though divided into several states, he maintained the right of each state to interfere and settle the difficulties of the others in order to prevent the meddling of foreign powers with the internal affairs of their common country. Hence he proposed to

act as a mediator between the people and the fugitive rulers of Central Italy. An ambassador was accordingly sent to Gaeta, and the Pope seemed very much pleased at the course taken by the Piedmontese minister; so much so, that the mediation was accepted and its terms discussed. In a letter to the President of the Roman government, Gioberti explains his reason for such a proceeding. "Our government," he says, "would offer the Pontiff a number of troops sufficient to protect both his authority and the constitutional rights of the Parliament and of the people. This, I think, is the best way, and the most practicable, of putting an end to the difficulties. . . . . Unless we do this, foreign intervention is unavoidable; and though I should use all means in my power to prevent it, you easily perceive that Sardinia's voice could not prevail against the consent of Europe." The authority Sardinia had acquired by initiating alone, and prosecuting after the desertion of the other states, the war of independence, seemed to give her the right of directing the national affairs, inasmuch at least as they related to that undertaking. The war had to be resumed; the great majority of the people insisted upon continuing it, and circumstances rendered it inevitable. What would be its result, if all the governments of the land were overthrown, — if the energies of the nation were to be employed in establishing and defending new ones, neither respected at home nor recognized abroad? These and other considerations were more than sufficient in the mind of the statesman to legitimate an armed intervention between the contending parties, and compel them to cease from a domestic quarrel, that was to all appearances exitial to their common country.

Gioberti's policy was furiously opposed. The multitude could not understand its object, and insisted that no soldier should be otherwise employed than in the war against Austria. The few who were in power understood too well what the result of such bold measures would be; but it was their own interest to prevent them, and thus render the renewal of hostilities impossible. Timid patriotism, discouragement, ambition, and envy united in an opposition which, if it was not the only cause, certainly was the principal one, of all the evils by which Italy was for ten long years afflicted. The great

man had the mortification of seeing himself charged with partiality for the princes he had so boldly rebuked, and the institutions he had so powerfully contributed to overthrow. His best friends, those he had chosen to be his co-workers, failed to support him; so that he was forced to resign his difficult charge when the services of such men as he was were most needed. He left with the conviction of having done his duty, and retired to mourn in silence over the unfortunate conclusion of a political movement that only a few months before bade fair to show a new and glorious era for Italy. Things having turned out once more according to the prediction of Gioberti, he was requested to sit in the council of the government, no longer indeed to lead the nation to her political independence and civil emancipation, but to stop if possible her running backward into her former servitude, and thus completing her own ruin. As he did not feel at liberty to refuse, the king appointed him member of the cabinet *without a portfolio*, and sent him ambassador to France. Whilst he was endeavoring to obtain the good offices of that government in behalf of Piedmont, and to prevent all armed intervention in Central Italy, his colleagues at home were raising obstacles to his success, and, either through ignorance or malice, by hastening the negotiations with the enemy they frustrated the object of his mission. He retired, therefore, from public life, and remained in Paris, a voluntary exile, resuming the cherished studies he had only laid aside to serve his country. In his work, *Del Rinnovamento Civile d' Italia*, published soon after, he says: "No blunder was committed, no disaster has taken place, in which I shared. I always did with my words, and to the extent of my ability with my action, everything to obviate them, predicting the evil before it happened, and pointing out its causes. . . . . So that I have no reason to this day for repenting of any counsel given, or any political act committed, during my short public life." There seems to be no reason for questioning either the honesty of his conviction or the truthfulness of his assertion. His bitterest opponents, whilst denying his capacity as a statesman, were unanimous in recognizing the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his intentions. They regarded him as a fanatic, a man of

one idea, obstinate and proud, but frank and honest, loving his country to distraction, uncompromising with its enemies, and doing mischief by his impetuosity.

The injustice of his fellow-citizens did not turn Gioberti from his resolution to do all he could to benefit their cause. His pen and his great mind, unimpaired by the opposition he had suffered, and confirmed in the old principles by new experience, were still left to him. He still used them both. A thorough investigation into the events of the past few years revealed to him the fatal causes that had produced them. With his usual freedom and eloquence he exposed those causes. His friends were not spared any more than his foes; and means best suited to the times, in order to recommence the struggle, were suggested. Words of encouragement and hope were addressed to all classes, and the ultimate triumph of the national cause was established as a certain fact. He entitled his work "The Civil Renovation of Italy," and with it his last appeal was sent to the people in behalf of their independence. After its publication he returned to his philosophical and theological meditations, with the hope of finding in them some comfort to assuage the immense grief that filled his heart. As if he had a presentiment of his approaching end, he hastened to finish the *Protologia*, writing to a friend that, unless he did so, *time and strength would fail him* before the work was completed. He was not mistaken. At the end of October of the year 1852, he suddenly died in his study, whilst engaged in reading the seventeenth Psalm, as was inferred from the fact of his being found with a copy of the Scriptures open at that place. Probably his continued mental application, joined to an almost entirely sedentary life, undermined his naturally feeble health, and brought him to the grave.

There is no doubt that he died a Catholic. Though the manner in which he explained the fundamental doctrines of his Church widely differs from that of most Catholic theologians, no passage is to be found in his works where they are not at least admitted in principle. In his "Catholic Reformation of the Church" he advocates the immutability of the dogma, which, however, he would have divested of all human additions, and restored to its primitive simplicity. The personal infalli-

bility of the Pope he rejected, his authority on the minds and consciences of men he did not acknowledge, and constantly refused to submit his opinions for examination by any ecclesiastical tribunal. "Rome should instruct us by refuting heretical books, and not by forbidding us to read them," he wrote. The sole and essential condition of a Christian character he maintained to be a pure and useful life, strengthened and embellished by faith as revealed in Jesus. Therefore he denied the Church the assumed right of excluding any one from her communion on account of supposed or real errors, limiting such right to cases of great and public scandal, resulting from a wilful and persistent disobedience to Divine law. Her mission he taught to be at once conservative and progressive: conservative of the dogma, and of the purity of moral principles; progressive in the development and application of both, by adapting them to the exigencies of human progress. The power conferred on the Church he contended to be merely given for the purpose of carrying on by moral means the plan of her Divine Founder; that is to say, the restoration by faith and love of mankind to its former dignity. If the Church swerve from the right path, and become corrupted or tyrannical, it is the duty of him who has received the ability for that task to lead the way in bringing her back. The same duty devolves on capable men, whenever she abandons her progressive mission, and hinders by inopportune action the advancement of civilization. On such occasions every Christian should co-operate in the reformation of the Church, no matter whether the clergy approve of it or not. It belongs to the clergy, and especially to the episcopate, to superintend and morally govern the masses; hence it is necessary for them to be first in every good thing, virtue, learning, and piety. Heresy and moral corruption, persecution and defamation, should never induce a Christian, either clergyman or layman, to separate himself from the Church, since it is only when within her pale that our efforts for reformation can be effectual. Protestantism, as a principle, is an element of vitality in the Church, and necessary to her progress; but as a separate organization, and out of the Church, it is dead, and becomes an encumbrance to the fulfilment of her mission.

Progress being established by Gioberti as the natural law of mankind, everything that relates to man should, in his opinion, be governed by that law. Death itself respects it; why should not we? The present life is the beginning of a purer and more progressive life beyond the grave, in which all things were intended to bring us forward in holiness and perfection, the enjoyments of heaven and the torments of hell alike. The doctrine of hell's stagnant condition and useless tortures is the most anti-dialectic and pernicious invention of man's corrupted imagination.

These are some of Gioberti's views concerning religion and the Church. His two works on the Catholic Reformation and the Philosophy of Revelation are truly remarkable, much more so than the "Essays and Reviews," or "The Progress of Religious Thought in the Church of France." Admitting all the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church, the author reasons upon them, and explains their manner of being, by a strict application of the same principle upon which his philosophical system stands, — *Ens creat existentias*. Mysteries and miracles, grace and sin, redemption, angels and demons, paradise and hell, are represented as necessary parts of a whole, within whose circle the most divergent existences unite as in a common focus. It looks very much like an attempt — and not an unsuccessful one — to reconcile all religious opinions and systems with each other, and bring them to acknowledge the one Catholic Church. And really, if such a church exists, we do not see how all the good, of whatever religion or tongue, can refuse to recognize it, and bow at the feet of Jesus. So much is said about a Broad Church and the Church of the Future, that the aspirations of many are longing to see it established on earth. We direct them to the above works; they may judge whether the kingdom of heaven they are looking for is already in their midst. Gioberti certainly believed it was. Hence all his efforts to make it known, and gather all men within its boundaries. He claimed it as a right and a fact that he belonged to the Catholic Church, not in the sense in which the word is understood by Protestants, but in its true, original meaning. Neither his understanding of the dogma, different from that generally ad-

mitted, nor his opposition to the ecclesiastical authority by which his views were condemned, did he consider sufficient to annul the fact of his being a Catholic. He was not wrong in supposing that his voice would not have been listened to, that his influence on his fellow-countrymen would have greatly diminished, had he not stood his ground, and asserted such a right. A simple priest, who in his quality of priest, though persecuted or excommunicated, speaks to Catholics, if only his conduct be above reproach, will do more good among them than a host of Protestant missionaries, with loads of Bibles and tracts, were they ever so learned and virtuous. The faith of the Catholic in the Church is independent of the priesthood; he fully understands the difference between them, though often unable to define the nature of either. A society of Catholics will adhere and remain faithful to the Church, even when no minister of religion has for centuries visited them, as has been the case in China. Gioberti shared in that faith, and wrote accordingly.

In his investigations, he abandoned the analytic method as insufficient, and always proceeded by synthesis. Such innovation in theology was not generally approved, partly as being dangerous to preconceived opinions and settled prejudices, and partly as not being understood by those who were commissioned to teach theology. Gioberti's language and style are pure and eloquent; and, notwithstanding the excessive use he made of strange words, chiefly derived from the Greek, he is considered as one of the most elegant Italian writers. Seldom does he strictly adhere to his subject; but he makes digressions so numerous, that, though always exceedingly beautiful and entertaining, they are none the less a hinderance to the clear understanding of the main arguments. Of his finished works, the *Teorica del Sovranaturale*, the *Primato*, and the *Rinnovamento* are in our opinion those which do him most honor, and the *Gesuita Moderno* and its *Apologia* those which do him the least. Had they not been written, the philosopher's reputation would have been purer. Evidently dictated in a hurry, and with a mind excited by contradiction, like all literary attempts to justify a first blunder, they show how a great man can sometimes forget himself, when he en-

deavors to defend his own opinion rather than truth. We do not intend to say that truth in them is intentionally misrepresented, — far from that. But we think that facts are made to serve a particular cause; and, being considered independently from certain other facts, consequences are drawn from them which are not entirely in accordance with truth. They evidence, besides, a disposition to interpret everything for the worse, and judge of motives, which disposition we cannot reconcile with Christian principles. Their success was complete; but we rather fear it was owing more to the prejudices and passions of the vulgar they flatter and arouse, than to the intrinsic merit they otherwise possess. We sincerely wish we could tear that page from Gioberti's history. Though we knew him only for a short time, yet, like everybody who enjoyed that privilege, we loved, admired, and almost worshipped the man. His unaffected modesty, his affable nature, his frank and pleasant address, had an irresistible power that rendered it impossible not to become attached to him. His external appearance, far from diminishing, increased the affection one felt for him. He was tall, his complexion fair, and his manners refined. The forehead was high, the eyes soft and penetrating, the lips thin, and animated by that kind of benignant irony which is a scourge to vice without being an offence to the vicious. Habitually gay, cheerful, and cordial, the tranquillity of his mind was reflected by the unalterable calm of his countenance. Young men loved him with truly filial affection; their admiration for his wisdom and their confidence in his integrity were boundless. They had no secret with him, and there was nothing he could not obtain from them. One of the charges brought against him before his imprisonment was, that he had it in his power to revolutionize all the youth of Turin. The charge was true; only his enemies should have added, that he was incapable of using it for unholy purposes.

ART. VI. — STORIES OF PEASANT LIFE.

1. *Ulric, le Valet de Ferme, ou comment Ulric arrive à la Fortune.* Par JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Traduction libre de l'Allemand. Neuchatel: Chez J. P. Michaud. 1854.
2. *Ulric, le Fermier. Seconde Partie d'Ulric le Valet de Ferme.* Par JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Traduction libre de l'Allemand. Neuchatel: Chez J. P. Michaud.
3. *Hans Jacobus und Heiri, oder die beiden Seidenweber.* Von JÉRÉMIAS GOTTHELF. Berlin: Verlag von Julius Springer. 1851.

THERE are no books of foreign literature so interesting to us as American readers as those which introduce us to peasant life, or, more strictly speaking, to the life of the laboring class. With us this class has not yet assumed fixed limits, nor put on the picturesque character that brings it happily within the reach of art. Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holmes, and other American writers, have succeeded in picturing our village life, and in representing its characteristics as they differ from village life elsewhere; but our landscape, at least in New England, is so far too prosperous to present striking picturesque features in its human details for the artist. Around our villages, it is the Irish log-cabin, with its heap of dirt and its air of unthrift, that gives the element of the picturesque. In our streets, it is the foreign population that forms the artistic groups at the street corners. Careless of outward appearance, it is that which has the grace of carelessness and unconsciousness. There is a pretty group of children round a wheelbarrow-load of the pink laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), just brought fresh from our June woods. The children and tired-looking women gather round it with exclamations of delight, and the artist admires the coloring of the dirty, brown, rosy-cheeked children, of the gray, anxious-looking mothers, in shabby gay shawls, vying with the soft tints of the glowing laurel; — but it is all Irish color. The New-Englander, man, woman, or child, though he be stirred in the very depths of the heart at the sight of the gay flowers, — whether dear to him or new to him, — does not display the feeling, but passes by without any expression of pleasure. For this reason, such books as those whose titles we have quoted above come to

us with a foreign grace, as does the carved work, the wooden cottages, the gay-colored lithographs which our travellers bring from their wanderings in Switzerland.

The writings of Blitzius, under the name of Jeremias Gotthelf, have been translated into French, and have become well known as representing pictures of humble Swiss life. They are quiet delineations of human nature, and if their costume differs from our less picturesque home dress, we find a trace of ourselves in the characters represented. They would disappoint the reader searching for startling romance, the story is so little varied in character or incident; but the interest is wonderfully kept up by the simplicity of the style, enlivened by much quaint humor. The first of the stories begins with that of a farmer's boy, who, through the care and thoughtfulness of his master, and afterwards under that of his wife, passes to a higher position. It is to the picture of Ulric's wife, Freneli, that Ruskin gives high praise. He says of these books: —

"Many valuable conclusions respecting the degree of nobleness and refinement which may be attained in servile or in rural life may be arrived at by a careful study of the noble writings of Blitzius (Jeremias Gotthelf), which contain a record of Swiss character not less valuable in its fine truth than that which Scott has left of the Scottish. I know no ideal characters of women, whatever their station, more majestic than that of Freneli (in *Ulric le Valet de Ferme*, and *Ulric le Fermier*), or of Elise in the *Tour de Jacob;* nor any more exquisitely tender and refined than that of Aenneli in the *Fromagerie*, and Aenelli in the *Miroir des Paysans.*" *

"Hans Jacob and Heiri" is the story of two silk-weavers near Basle, telling how they each had a sweetheart, how the one married his Anne Marie, the other his Catherine; how the one couple were industrious and saving, and the other thoughtless and extravagant. There are no wonderful incidents, but in the development of the story there are many wise sayings and many humorous ones. The faults and follies of these Swiss farmers and silk-weavers are sufficiently our own and those of our nation to make the lessons of this moralist striking to us. The evil of extravagance is the one most earnestly bemoaned, an evil that needs to be preached against

* Modern Painters, Vol. V.

in our own country; and war may prove our most effectual preacher. In "Hans Jacob and Heiri" the story of Pharaoh's dream is well told, at the length of two pages, as a lesson in economy.

"So stands it written in the first book of Moses, in the one and fortieth chapter, where everybody may read it who has a Bible and knows how. That is a wonderful chapter, by the way, — four thousand years old, and still as good as new, — for written as it was for a warning, so it stands now at this very day; and well for him who permits himself to be warned and to believe in it, for he shall be saved when the evil days come. Good and evil years alternate with each other, and the evil eat up the good; whoever in the good years takes no thought for the evil days, upon him comes hunger, and, if he be not cared for by others, by hunger he dies."

This lesson finishes with the statement: "*This was the first Savings-Bank.*"

From "The Two Silk-weavers" we quote a few passages which show the tone of the book and some of its moral points. Its author has especial power in painting quiet characteristics which would fail to show themselves to an observer of less insight.

"Still more uniformly passed the life of Hans Jacob and Anne Marie. As they began, they continued their life in an extremely frugal and laborious way, and one day was almost exactly like another. Any one, however, who had observed them more closely, would have discovered in them an intelligence, a healthy judgment, which would not have been expected from their exterior. Yes, it happened sometimes that old acquaintances, who had not met them for a long time, were surprised at them, and said they had never understood them, they had hidden themselves so much. No, they had concealed nothing; what they exhibited now, if it had come to them recently, it had come unobserved by them, like the dew of heaven. The individual life of men is formed within, folly and wisdom appear from within. Man thinks in the day, he dreams in the night. But if, day and night, a man thinks and dreams of merely foolish things, of haughty imaginations and the gratification of his senses, — if he only thinks of the failings of his neighbors, if he compares their prosperity and his adversity, — he will become full of discontent, wickedness, and folly, which will increase day by day, till it is visible to others; the man will grow every day more wicked, more careless, more discontented, more disagreeable, — in a word, worse.

"Then people clasp their hands over their heads, and say they had never suspected this or that of such a person, — how suddenly he had changed, and what had possessed him all at once, — was it a man or a devil? But it was all very natural; the man had corrupted himself. He who feeds and moistens his inner life, not with the word of God and earnest ideas, but with light, useless thoughts and impure words, perhaps with bad books, — he subsists on his inner wickedness, as a boy does upon stolen sugar-plums, nourished and cherished by them every day. What he for a long time only thought, at last he does; what he has long been known only to himself, that at last becomes open and visible to others. We speak, let it be understood, not of single actions, which have no connection with the whole being, to which a man is tempted, or perhaps led on; that is an entirely different matter.

"But if the thoughts of a man go in another direction, if they feed themselves upon a better, stronger nourishment, the inward life of the man grows larger and fairer. There is, therefore, nothing more simple than to think a man must ever remain the same, or blame a man for changing. The man must and will change, and certainly for the better, or he can never see the kingdom of God. The dross must be separated from his soul, his feelings must clear up, dark places must be made bright, his views of the value of things must be rectified, his will must be strengthened; and this very change is his glory before God, and his example for others." — pp. 23, 24.

"It is curious, but it is ever so, that there are things often hidden from the wise which are revealed to babes. Men write cart-loads about school-keeping, about education, and commonly forget in their higher wisdom the main thing in education, — simple, unadulterated love. It is with children as with plants. To cultivate plants is a great art, and cart-loads have also been written upon the cultivation of trees and of flowers, agriculture, culture of meadows, grape culture; but for all kinds of culture one thing is necessary, and if that one fails all the rest is nothing, — there is no growth, nor sap, nor strength in the meagre stalks that rise up to a feeble life; and this one and principal thing is simply the sun. Labor, strive, sweat, watch, work, without the sun all is nothing; its warmth and its light gives the blessing to creating man. Now, certainly, if one were to undertake to write about this, he would not write, Take so many pounds of sun, so many buckets of rain. Sunlight and rain are not in men's hands and power; our Lord God mingles them himself above us, and, God be thanked, not like an apothecary, in infinitesimal measures and weights, but accurately, like the good God, whose hand is open at the right hour to satisfy every living thing. At the most they write, Honeysuckles grow best in the

sun, Fir-trees grow faster in the shade. One would think the pedagogues had done the same with love, and had written nothing about it, because they thought it was self-evident. But that is not our opinion. We rather believe that they have written nothing about it because some of them, in their higher wisdom, have thought nothing about it; and others, in their great wisdom, have known nothing about it; and still a third class, on account of their great wisdom, hate it, and, holding it not only superfluous, but even hurtful, in education, would ignore it altogether." — pp. 75, 76.

"The where to economize, — this is a notable subject, especially in our day. It is an important subject in many households, and even at households where emperors sit at table, at no meagre fare, and households where they do not willingly fare poorly, but yet do not know what should be put upon the table. High and low in the community have managed equally ill. In the good years they have not thought of the bad. Economizing in itself, though apparently the main question, does not occasion the most talk. This is a subject in which the best-informed people, who generally do not have much unanimity, are of one mind. But the where, — that is the little word which kindles so many fires and binds so many pairs together, — where to break off? That it is which suddenly brings out in the community all personalities, with their views, desires, inclinations, objects, expectations. Every one may lay on others insupportable burdens, but will not move a finger to lighten them. On the everlasting wars between ministers of finance and all other ministers, between ministers of finance and their majesties, meaning prince and people, we will not now enter. We have here, God be praised, nothing to do with the *Krausi Mausi* of a household of state, but with Heiri's household, in which the speculation upon the Where was actively carried on.

"Where to retrench? With the man, the woman, or both? Take notice, that, as things generally go, the more power one has, so much the less on him falls the economizing. The holders of the power take things comfortably. It comes either on the people or the children. If the husband is nothing, it comes on the husband; if the wife is nothing, it comes on the wife. As in all things, so in economy; where there is power, there is not always reason. In any case, it works worse where all the power is in the hands of the ignorant, be they children or the people. There is a struggle then, but, God be praised, it is not long."

"Ulric" in its two volumes, as its scenes are those of rural life, contains many pleasing pictures, some of which remind us of our New England farm life. Its hospitalities and the

character of its people contain many similarities, of which we present some sketches.

"Meanwhile, the peasant was seated, smoking, on a little bench in front of the stable, which he considered a good place for opening his conversation with Ulric. While he was busy lighting his pipe, he saw a wagon, drawn by a fine and well-harnessed horse, turn off from the road and come towards him. Directly he recognized his sister and her family, and hastened to receive her cordially, helping her to alight, and joyously jumping the children to the ground in his arms; then he hurried them all into the house except his brother-in-law, who could not bring himself to trust his horse in strange hands without going himself to look after him. He must make sure where Ulric put the horse, and how he cared for him; moreover, he was fain to witness Ulric's admiration of him. Poor Ulric had blessed the arrival from the bottom of his heart, for he had perceived but too well the intentions of his master, and he felt relieved from an immense weight by the timely postponement of an explanation; so it gave him no difficulty to satisfy entirely, by his praises of the horse, the vanity of his master. Meantime the peasant had directed his daughter to prepare some coffee, while he himself came to her aid by going down cellar to fetch cream, cheese, and a great loaf of bread. The little daughter did her best; not for worlds would she have lost this occasion of proving her capabilities to her mother and aunt; and her aunt did not fail to praise her coffee and all her arrangements, adding, that her Elizabeth, the whole of six months older, would not have got through with it so well. Afterwards the peasant asked his sister to superintend the dinner, but she refused, saying, 'No, Jean, I should not manage in your fashion, — I cannot use other people's stoves. Besides, I do not like to have my things interfered with, and I will not touch your wife's.' The brother laughed heartily; but Trini was not far wrong, for housekeepers never like interference in their *ménage;* and her sister-in-law, although expressing the contrary with more politeness than sincerity, approved of her discretion.

"She soon arrived herself in a heat. She had seen from a distance the wagon before the house, and was alarmed to think what she had to do to prepare a sufficiently distinguished dinner for her guests. 'If I had but just thought,' she said to herself, as she quickened her steps, 'to put some more meat into the *pot au feu*, for now it is too late. But it would never cross the mind of my husband, and Anne Babeli is so young!' Accordingly she was agreeably surprised, on entering her kitchen, to find a great piece of mutton on the fire. In fact, Jean, spite

of his *sang-froid*, was one of those men who never permit themselves to be taken by surprise; the little daughter's sagacity had ably seconded him. The repast passed off admirably, what with eating leisurely, talking, and waiting for the servants who had not yet got back with their bag of salt. When it was over, every one amused himself according to his own taste for the rest of the day. The children occupied themselves bargaining for rabbits; little Jean had already sold a beautiful gray one to his cousin, for three *batz*, and the cousin had promptly taken out his purse to pay for it, when the two mothers broke into the midst of the bargaining. Eisi, the mistress of the house, absolutely refused to allow her son to receive money for the rabbit, while her sister-in-law took the little one's part, not approving the idea of her little boy's accepting the animal as a gift. Poor Jean was discomfited at this warfare of generosity, for he had been trafficking in the best faith possible; and, never having seen his papa give away his cows and horses, he could not understand why he should be obliged to make a free gift of his rabbit. In the end Eisi triumphed, but only on the condition that she should very soon return this visit with all her family, when a long-haired rabbit should be given to little Jean, who, on hearing this cheering prospect, recovered his serenity.

"The two mammas were passing through the garden to the field when they came upon the children and their affairs, which being settled, they continued their walk. It was not so pleasant as usual to the hostess, because this year the insects had attacked the flax, and the hemp would be uncertain, which troubled her extremely. Trini inwardly congratulated herself that her sister's flax was more injured than her own, and reflected that when she lived at home the harvests were better; but she took good care to conceal such ideas, and on the contrary laid herself out in praises of all she saw. But some wonderfully fine turnips really excited her envy, and she would give anything to have some like them. Eisi promised her some seed for nothing, whereat she spoke of some new beans which she longed to share with her as soon as possible. The pods, she said, were six inches long, as large as your thumb, and the beans melted in the mouth. Eisi was very ready with her thanks, suspecting nevertheless a strong dose of exaggeration in the story, for she could not believe how her sister could have such beans without her ever hearing of it.

"All this time the husbands were in the stables, the most attractive place they could choose. The horses had been brought out and thoroughly examined, and their possessor had spared no words in reciting their qualities, while his brother-in-law, in the midst of cordial praise, did not fail to let fall here and there certain critical observations, to show

that he too knew what he was talking about. From horses they passed to cows.

. . . . . .

"When the evening was approaching, Trini came to warn her husband it was time to think of going. But Eisi insisted that it was not yet late, and that she could not think of letting them go till they had taken something else; for in fact she had prepared for them a nice supper, to which it would have been a shame not to do honor. Round the best coffee-pot were arranged an enormous piece of butter, a ham, fine white bread, honey, nice cheese, and some little goat's-cheeses. At the sight of such abundance Trini exclaimed, and almost raised her hands to heaven. She could not understand what Eisi was thinking of to get up such a feast when they had but just dined, and as for her, if she was to do as much when Jean and his family came to her, she should be puzzled how to set about it. But Eisi retorted, that it was at her sister-in-law's house itself that she had learned how to receive guests properly, and that once under her roof it was impossible to leave the table. After such discourse, they all sat down, and did ample justice to all; and it was not till after wine had followed coffee that the signal was given for getting into the wagon, — an operation not to be performed in the twinkling of an eye." — pp. 14–18.

The invasion of foreign manners into Switzerland, with the extravagance and breaking up of traditional habits and customs which it brings in, is made a subject of regret. The son and daughter of the old farmer of Steinbrücke have fallen victims to the love of French tastes, and a visit of Elisi, the farmer's daughter, to the baths of Gurnigel gives the last touch to her love of coquetry and show in dress.

"The mother of Elisi had promised to take her to Gurnigel for a week or two, — she must see the dressmaker, the milliner, the shoemaker, — she had so many things to think of, she did not see how she could find a moment to think about weddings. Poor Ulric vainly tried to make her listen to reason, — she did nothing but think of Gurnigel and eat figs, — the most she would say was, that on her return she would begin to talk about it, and that then things could be settled. She spent whole days in packing and unpacking, continually occupied in thinking of the sensation she should create at the baths, of the gentlemen she should see there, and of what she should wear there. On these subjects she attacked everybody who would listen, asking how many times she must dress a day at Gurnigel, whether she could get things washed, if she had better buy her perfumes at Berthoud or

Berne, or perhaps have them sent from Neuchâtel, — with more such trivialities.

"When her good mother set out to make her own preparations for the expedition, all the trunks and bandboxes in the house were taken, and there were none left for her. At first she tried to restrain Elisi's notions of her wardrobe a little, — for she certainly would not need six mantles and so on; but on hearing such remarks, the amiable girl burst into tears, and, instead of yielding to her mother, began to think of still more indispensable things. Joggeli rejoiced, in his usual mischievous fashion, over this nonsense, and the torment it caused his poor wife. Thus, instead of coming to her aid at all, he suggested sending to Berne for a travelling wardrobe, warranted to hold a whole toilette in its drawers and shelves. The idea just suited Elisi, who wished to send to Berne directly and put it in execution, but her mother refused to hear of it, and for once she wept and fretted in vain. The good woman did not choose to make herself ridiculous wherever she went. What would they say at Gurnigel if they appeared with such a great trunk as that? It was enough, she said, to take care of such a madcap as Elisi, without the addition of a trunk as big as a house. Her husband, she complained, was always making matters as bad as possible, for, instead of giving Elisi any good advice, or stopping her short in her folly, he amused himself with making fun of her. Joggeli retorted to such reproaches, that it was the mother's business to bring up her daughter, and that, as long as she had succeeded in spoiling the child, he had nothing to do with it but to put up with her as best he could. 'But,' she replied, 'who is it that has always surrounded her with profusion? Who sent her to French Switzerland, where she grew to be so ridiculous? Not I, surely. To be sure, you are not the only one to blame, but, for all that, you always speak when you ought to be silent, and hold your tongue when you ought to speak.' While the father and mother were reproaching each other, it was no better with the young folks, for the trip to Gurnigel did not entirely suit Ulric, although he was obliged to lend his aid to the preparations. If he ventured to say a single word on the uselessness of such or such a thing, a terrible storm directly burst on his head. Elisi saw plainly, she would say, what she had to expect from a man like him; he was already beginning to thwart her wishes. There was nothing to be done to soothe her but for him to make a large chest for her to fill up, and to send it secretly beforehand to Gurnigel. Elisi then agreed to consult her mother on the way about their marriage, and to tease her until she should gain her consent, assuring him that without fail the banns should be published on Saint Martin's day.

"The journey to Gurnigel was not wholly satisfactory to Elisi. At Berne she made her toilette, — of sky-blue, — but by the time she reached Riggisberg it had occurred to her to dress wholly in black, as being more *distingué*, and because great ladies are apt to wear black silk. But the driver positively refused to unload the carriage for such a change. He had not imagined that anybody could want their baggage at Riggisberg, though he had often carried grander passengers than his present ones. So Elisi was obliged to abandon this foolish notion, but she persisted in scolding and crying about it until the carriage stopped and the driver begged the ladies to get out and walk up a steep hill before them. Elisi did not choose to do any such thing, and tried to induce her mother to follow her example; but her mother was a true peasant, too reasonable to resist what was absolutely necessary. She told Elisi that she never in all her life thought of riding up such a hill as that, and it was n't the horses' fault if the coach was the 'lumbering concern' she called it. With these words she alighted, and bribing the conductor with a small piece of money to let her daughter have her way, she set herself bravely to the ascent, stopping often to recover breath.

"We cannot say that the sky-blue dress had a great success at Gurnigel, but at least it attracted a great deal of attention. As soon as the ladies upon the piazza perceived Elisi, they began to make fun of so singular a travelling costume; several men even drew near enough to watch the new arrivals with such quantities of baggage. These gentlemen, curling their moustaches with great magnificence, or leaning upon their canes, did not hesitate to make comments in German, French, and Dutch, mingled with bursts of noisy laughter.

"However, as things settled down, Elisi made acquaintances and received considerable attention. Her happiness would have been complete but for two things, which went to prove the truth of the proverb, 'No rose without its thorns.' It was very annoying to her to sit at the *bourgeoise* table, and if there had been a dressmaker at Gurnigel she would have had herself dressed like a lady, and have abandoned her mother without hesitation, in order to take her place at the table where the peasant's costume was tabooed. Then, again, it seemed to her very hard to have to get up so early to go and take the waters; so for the first few days she stayed in bed; but as the gentlemen told her nothing was so lovely as the early morning at Schwartzbrunnli, she yielded, and made the effort to get up with the rest of the world. Almost all the young people made her acquaintance on the first day, and danced with her; and it must be admitted that she danced extremely

well; she never lacked partners, and people amused themselves by making her talk, that they might laugh at her language and accent. Her partners, taking her at first for a sentimental novel-reader, talked to her about Kotzebue, Kramer, La Fontaine, and La Motte-Fouqué, but they soon found they lost their pains. Elisi never read at all, and it is to be doubted if she could quote a single line correctly. She thought of her dress, her looks, what she ate, or her marriage, and she had no other ideas. She did not aspire to learned conversation, taking no pains whatever to hide her ignorance. At first it seemed hard to find a suitable subject for conversation with her; but it soon appeared always that flattery was the vulnerable point of poor Elisi, after which she received compliments so incredible that her mother, who was no fool, sometimes said to her, 'How can you listen to such stuff. These people take you for a fool. If any one had dared to say such things to me when I was young, he would have seen stars at midday directly, I assure you.'

"But things took another aspect when it came out that this was an heiress of at least fifty thousand florins; Elisi was looked on with different eyes, and received a certain sort of respect. Fifty thousand florins, indeed! that's no trifle! Behind her back, the heiress received from the men the same ridicule as before, and every evening there were new tales of her extravagance and absurdity. She had told one how many chemises and petticoats she had, another where she bought her perfumery; a third had the history of a certain illness of hers at his tongue's end; a fourth maintained she did not know what country she lived in. But face to face with her, these gentlemen remembered the fifty thousand florins. They curled their moustaches, and reflected that it was time to be thinking of matrimony, and accordingly set on foot their plans of battle to win the fifty thousand. Accordingly these aspirants no longer sought to make Elisi absurd, but rather to attract her attention and play the agreeable to her. They spoke to her of the pleasure they had received in making her acquaintance, and the delight it had given them to cultivate it. They asked her where they might have the honor of meeting her again, and if they might be permitted to come and see her, with a thousand other such statements. Elisi was swimming in bliss." — pp. 240 – 247.

In contrast to the vanity and selfishness of Elisi, we quote a pretty passage representing the morning after the betrothal of Freneli.

"At the end of an hour, the silence of the house was no longer interrupted but by the black horse eating in peace at his manger. Golden

sleep had scattered her gifts over all the inhabitants of Steinbrücke, — a forgetfulness of all the pains of life, and beautiful dreams to take their place. We are mistaken. In one little chamber, a very neat one, upon a bed which was no less so, there was a young girl whose soul was too full to be able to yield itself to sleep. Those charming images that a stone under the wheel had served to dissipate, reappeared in a crowd more radiant than before; some only glanced with rapidity before her imagination, while others, lingering pleasingly in her heart, filled it with an ineffable sweetness. In her sleeplessness, she did not turn herself from one side to the other, as one who waits repose impatiently, but she allowed the hours to flow on given up to a most peaceful forgetfulness. Only when the fresh morning air spread itself in the valleys, the young girl began to be agitated with a thought, which, as it grew more and more vivid, was soon mingled with anxiety. It was the longing to say to Ulric that she would be his forever. But was not her happiness a dream? Would it not steal away with the vapors of night? Would Ulric remain in the same mood, or, irritated by her conduct, might he not have already changed his feelings? O, how she suffered from her hesitations of the evening before, — how little she had understood herself, — how she felt herself urged to repair her mistake, and to assure herself if Ulric had persisted through the night in his intentions! She could no longer keep her bed; she dressed herself, and opened the door of the house so gently that no one heard her. All was yet still without. Then she wished to go and wash herself, as usual, in the fresh water of the fountain; but a figure was already bent over its basin with the same intention. It was the desire of her heart, it was Ulric! Doubts, anxiety, all disappeared. But her natural playfulness came once more to the aid of the young girl's modesty, and helped her to veil under an appearance of pleasantry the profound sentiment that animated her. She drew near without the least noise, and all at once placed her two hands across the eyes of the vigorous young man surprised in so unexpected a way. He leaped up; then seizing those audacious hands, he recognized them with an inexpressible joy, and exclaimed, 'It is you!' Then Freneli, seeing that he understood her, let her hands slide down, and leaned her head upon the breast of him whom she accepted thus as her husband. As the waves of the fountain succeeded each other, pure and limpid, so the certainty of his happiness floated into the heart of Ulric. He pressed the young girl gently in his arms. What he said first was lost in the murmuring of the water; then the fountain heard, 'Will you be mine?' 'Yes, forever.' It heard other things besides, but it has never repeated them." — pp. 321 – 323.

If we had not already quoted largely, we should like to give

a picture of the old farmer, Joggeli, the obstinate old peasant, who stands, like a dog in the manger, in the way of his own happiness, as well as of that of his wife and children, — a common type of character, well painted, and working its share of mischief in the story, as such people do in real life.

We cannot better close our praise of such faithful pictures of the life of the laboring class than by quoting what Ruskin says of "the joy of humble life."

"In order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life, — this at present, of all arts and studies, being the one most needing study. Humble life, that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of providence or provision, but wholly of accumulation; the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure, therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world."

"How far this simple and useful pride, this delicate innocence, might be adorned, or how far destroyed, by higher intellectual education in letters or the arts, cannot be known without other experience than the charity of men has hitherto enabled us to acquire." *

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

M. Méray might, as we think, have made better use of his time and skill than in compiling a work on the vulgar and licentious preaching of the three centuries before the Reformation.† The exquisite antique style in which the volume is printed deserves material of more decency and more value. There is, nevertheless, a value to the volume, as it illustrates the spirit of the mediæval Church and shows what kind of preaching was tolerated and was popular in those so-called "Ages of

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* Modern Painters, Part V., pp. 344 and 347.

† Les Libres Prêcheurs Devanciers de Luther et de Rabelais. Étude Historique, Critique, et Anecdotique sur les XIV^e^, XV^e^, et XVI^e^ Siècles. Par Antony Méray. Paris: A Claudin. 1860. 12mo. pp. 223.

Faith." It is a fair offset to Mr. Kenelm Digby's *Mores Catholici*. The book is divided into nine chapters, which severally treat of the monks as critics of Temporal Princes; as critics of the Princes of the Church; as precursors of the Reformation; as Mystics and Legend-tellers; as tellers of marvels; in their speculations about the future life; the stories and apologues of the old preachers; the Fantasists and the Rabelaisians; and the details of manners given in the old collections of sermons. This table of contents would lead us to expect a wide range of illustration, both in the topics treated and in the authors cited. But the taste of M. Méray seems to prefer topics of a prurient and lascivious kind, and the details which he furnishes are mostly those which would be quite rejected from a work for general reading. It may be urged, that the small number of copies printed, three hundred in all, restricts the volume from general reading, and confines it to a few libraries. But it might have been made fit for general reading by a wiser selection of passages. The "Free Preachers" of the Middle Age had other qualities to recommend them than their license of language. They were brave, honest, sagacious, and radically more pious than many of the Reformed preachers who were fluent in phrases of piety. The wild absurdities of their speculation were more than balanced by the sound common sense and bold severity of their criticisms of manners and life. Gabriel Barletta was not a mere ribald blackguard, nor was Michael Menot a disgusting buffoon. In the sermons of nearly all the preachers who contribute to M. Méray's collection better things by far may be found than anything that he quotes, if the testimony of those who have specially studied their works is to be trusted. His specimens show not their best, but their worst side, and by no means account for their extraordinary influence. One thing which will strike the reader in a volume of this kind is the singular resemblance of these mediæval vulgarities to the vulgarities of revival and sensation preaching in our own day. The same grotesque paraphrases of Scripture, the same liberties with the sacred history, the same mixing up of Jewish character and life with modern scenes and manners, the same shock both to delicacy and to reverence, which mark the performances of the Burchards and Knapps and Spurgeons of our own time, are conspicuous in the harangues of the Naples and Paris friars of the fifteenth century. The mountebanks of the pulpit have no originality. Their jokes are borrowed, their impudence is a second-hand article, and their indecency is but a faint copy of the bolder grossness of their Catholic predecessors. Bad as are the exhibitions of this company of friars, they are not radically worse, not absolutely lower in tone, than the religious fictions of the late Mr. Ingraham, or the discourses which have made repulsive to refined ears the word "spiritual."

In the sketch of the Church of Holland by M. Albert Réville, published in the July number of the Examiner, allusion was made to the isolated position of a Walloon pastor at Leyden, embarrassed in attempting to harmonize his science and his prejudice by obscure metaphysical theorizing. The pastor in question, M. Chantepie de la

Saussaye, vexed by this rather provoking notice, has taken occasion to define his position, and to vindicate his theorizing, by giving from his own stand-point a review of Dutch theology and the condition of parties in the Dutch Church.* In spite of the heat and vigor of his defence, he has failed, as we must think, to show that Réville has done him injustice. His book is a proof that he agrees with no one of the parties in the Dutch Church, whether of Utrecht, Amsterdam, Groningen, or Leyden. He is alone in the conflict, the unsparing critic of all parties, and apparently not quite sure of his own faith, or of the tendency of his own speculations. And he seems, after all, half conscious of this solitary position, since he argues that such a position is not without its weight and its honor.

M. de la Saussaye vehemently disclaims any desire to be called *orthodox*, and his strictures upon the spirit and methods of the orthodox party are as severe as the most zealous rationalist could desire. He has no sympathy with the Revivalists or the Pietists, and regards their movement in Holland as an exotic, of foreign importation, and not any native growth. The Lutheran Church he stigmatizes as caring more for the form than for the spirit of the Gospel, and he has still less love for the hard creeds of the Calvinist faction. He tells us that the children of Calvinists are often very expert in the dogmas and sound words of the Church confession, when they have no knowledge of the language or history of the Bible itself. He deprecates earnestly that bondage of the people to their pastors which orthodoxy establishes. For the Groningen school, that builds itself especially upon the person and work of Christ, and preaches a practical imitation of Christ's life as better than any speculative faith, M. de la Saussaye has more regard; but even this school of practical Christianity does not satisfy him, and he expresses no regret that it has probably died out.

Having disposed of these parties, — the Calvinist, the Lutheran, and the Christ party, — M. de la Saussaye proceeds to give a history of the *Moral* movement in the Church of Holland, its origin, its progress, and its result, especially as shown in the fortunes and temper of the society *Ernst en Vrede* and the journal which it published, in which he flatters himself that he was an important instrument in diffusing light among the Dutch Christians. The journal in question had a short life, and its real influence may be judged from the fact that Réville does not think it worthy of mention in his survey. However lamentable the demise of this organ of moral theology may seem in itself, M. de la Saussaye consoles himself with the thought that the breaking up of the parties of positive faith has been accompanied by the breaking up of the "liberal tendencies"; and he prophesies that the school of Leyden will share speedily the fate that has befallen the schools of Groningen and of Utrecht. Retreating from the field of debate, he sends back a whole quiver of Parthian arrows upon the rationalist host, and lavishes upon them the strong epithets of a not very choice rhetoric. He ac-

* La Crise Religieuse en Hollande. Souvenirs et Impressions, par D. Chantepie de la Saussaye, l'un des Pasteurs de l'Église Wallonne de Leyde. Leyde: De Break et Smits. 1860. 8vo. pp. 202.

cuses them of deception, hypocrisy, denial of Christ, use of words in double senses, arrogance towards all who profess a positive faith, and of a want of spirituality. He says that, with all their rich intellectual resources and their popularity with the cultivated classes, they cannot get the confidence of those to whom religion is the one thing needful. He affirms that there is already a wide-spread discontent with the infidel and destructive spirit of these rationalist theories, and that the multitude complain that it is taking away their Christ and their God. While orthodoxy is ready to lose the world in its effort to save the individual soul, and to give up this life wholly for the sake of the life to come, *scientific* religion seems to lose wholly from its heed the sanctions and the needs of saving faith. The great antecedent question of theology, however, M. de la Saussaye admits, — the great question of the age, — is not if miracles be real, or if miracles be possible, but if they have really *any religious value*, — if they are *necessary*. And he seems to intimate that the decision of this question in the negative may open a way of harmony to the various parties in the theological warfare, and establish a Church of the Future, not only in Holland, but throughout Europe and the Protestant world.

M. de la Saussaye's book, though written in an incorrect style, is able, forcible, and well worth reading.

It is wise that the author of "Pentateuchism, analytically treated,"* has suppressed his name from the title-page of his first, and it is to be hoped his last effort in Scriptural criticism. He has not one qualification for the task he has attempted. He is alike unable to read Hebrew and to write English, and his scholarship is as slight as his assurance is marvellous. He is ready to reject as an interpolation whatever does not suit his notion of fitness, while he accepts without any sufficient reason anything that may justify his hypothesis. This hypothesis is, that the Book of Genesis is a mixed mass of fable, falsehood, and misrepresentation, — of facts distorted, of legends misused, and of puerile myths magnified into providential history. It is not difficult, certainly, for a very superficial reader, especially in these years, when the narrative of Genesis has come so much into discussion, to exhibit the inconsistencies, the improbabilities, and the impossibilities of that narrative as literal history, — its opposition to physical science, and the contradiction in its own parts. But it is strange that, with so many helps furnished, German, French, and English, a writer, pretending such conscientiousness in his task, should not have produced something better. The high moral stand which the writer takes will not atone for the utter want of the critical faculty. Not a single narrative, from the first chapter to the last, is fully or fairly analyzed. We have expression, in stilted and magniloquent epithets, of the writer's disgust and horror at the crimes and falsehoods of the men he is called to pass in review, and we are favored with his opinions and conjec-

* A History of the Creation and the Patriarchs; or, Pentateuchism, analytically treated. Volume I. The Book of Genesis. London: John Chapman. 1860. 12mo. pp. 292.

tures most lavishly; but we look in vain for any close reasoning or any mastery of the subject. Things are taken for granted, and stated as well-known truths, which have no place but in the writer's brain. It is assumed that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch, and that he contrived its details to suit his own ambitious designs. It is assumed that the children of Israel were the shepherd kings of Egypt. It is affirmed that the religion of Abraham and his successors was as genuine Paganism as that of the Chaldæans and Egyptians, and of the same kind. The story of Isaac on the altar is simply Abraham's stratagem for putting an end to the practice of human sacrifices. As for the characters of the Book of Genesis, they are all more or less detestable to this writer. Abraham is a liar and a knave, Isaac not much better, and Jacob is the incarnation of all that is mean, base, sensual, and devilish. For Joseph he has more charity; but Joseph has his faults, which are faithfully set forth. All idea of any Divine care in the fortunes of this people of God is wholly discarded. Chapter xxxviii., which treats of Judah's sins and the fate of his posterity, is dismissed as "an interpolation, and apocryphal." We cannot see that the Jew rationalist, Kalisch, whose authority in a question of this kind is much higher than that of this unknown writer, has doubted the genuineness of this chapter. That our strictures upon this foolish work may not seem too severe, we give a few paragraphs which may illustrate at once the writer's style and the tone of his thought. Speaking (p. 108) of Noah's sacrifice, he remarks: "The narrative which follows is indeed mournful, and, if unproductive of repulsiveness to the reader, it would betoken a lamentable absence of a sound discriminating faculty. The altar which Noah builded must have possessed enormous dimensions to have afforded space for the vast holocaust which he dedicated to God." Speaking (p. 139) of the promise to Abraham of numerous posterity, he says: "But this prophecy has never been fulfilled, for without stopping to inquire where a population as numerous as the dust of the earth could find subsistence, within a territory of so small an extent as 1,100 square miles, it is a recorded fact that the Hebrew people have been frequently numbered, and have always been found to be few in number." (!) Of the religions of Jacob and of Shechem, he says (p. 237): "It is clear that the dissimilarity in their religion was comprised solely in the outward ceremonial of circumcision; this accomplished, their remaining forms were similitudinary." And once more, in his remarks upon Eve's temptation (p. 61), we have this sagacious criticism of the "serpent": "In ancient times, a mysterious and mythical character was assigned to this early specimen of vertebrated reptiles. There was an epoch in the earth's history at which the Ophidian and Saurian reptiles were the most advanced of its organized inhabitants, and were the highest types amongst the Vertebrata. In the heathen mythology, the ophiological section of natural history occupied a distinguished place, and serpents, both terrestrial and aerial, are subjects for the sacred romance of authors of the Greek and Latin school, as well as of others of greater antiquity." (!) The most original observation in the volume is on p. 244: "The only

interesting fact elicited by this chapter (Chap. xxxvi.) is the discovery of *mules* in the wilderness of Seir, which would go to establish an incident in natural history, namely, that this hybrid was generated from the natural promptings of the animals of the equine genus."

It is fortunate that at last, after more than twenty years of waiting, the remarkable work of Ackermann on the Christian Element in Plato has found a translator.* The translation, on the whole, is good, although the sentences have somewhat too much of the German idiom, and some very long words are used which a severe taste would have excluded. The attempt of Ackermann to identify the essential ideas of Plato with the ideas of Christianity is not new in modern theology. Grotefend and Staeudlin, not to mention others who have expounded the treatises of the Grecian philosopher, have ably shown the singular resemblance of passages and thoughts in the Platonic dialogues with the words of Christ and Paul. The position of Ackermann is that of moderate orthodoxy, too moderate for his translator, who is constrained to regret the absence of the *vicarious* idea in his doctrine of the Atonement. The plan of the work is excellent. The subject is first treated *empirically*, by showing how extensive was the recognition of Plato by the Church fathers, and in the Middle Age, as a substantially Christian teacher, and by pointing out the very numerous passages in the works of Plato which resemble passages in the Bible, and the similarity of the Platonic to the Christian ethics. From this Ackermann passes to a *genetic* treatment, removing false views concerning Plato; showing his relation to the new Platonist school; giving hints for a living perception of Plato's greatness; discussing the principal forms of ancient Greek philosophy, and especially the principles of the Platonic philosophy; stating the Christian elements, and finally comparing the two, and adjusting their harmony. The principal point of union which he finds for the two theories is the recognition of the need of salvation to a sinful race. He admits grave differences between the Platonist and the Christian conceptions of salvation, but maintains, nevertheless, that the same general view of the condition of man, the needs of the world, and the destiny of the race, is given by the pupil of Socrates which is found as the distinguishing feature in the teaching of the New Testament. Plato as truly prophesied the Messianic kingdom as did the seers and the songs of the Jewish dispensation. The argument by which this view is defended is dignified, plausible, and acute. There is sufficient learning, but no parade of learning, and the course of the plea fully bears out the modest claim of the Preface. There was no need of coming to Andover for an indorsement of so reasonable and excellent an exposition, and the author's Introduction is quite enough, without the two "Introductory Notes" by which it is commended in

* The Christian Element in Plato and the Platonic Philosophy. Unfolded and set forth by Dr. C. Ackermann, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by Samuel Ralph Asbury, B. A. With an Introductory Note by William T. G. Shedd, D. D., Brown Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1861. 8vo. pp. 280.

advance to theological readers. The volume is, in our opinion, the most valuable in the Foreign Theological Library of the Edinburgh publishers. Every page is suggestive; and in spite of its abstract subject, which would seem to preclude fine writing, there are passages in it of genuine eloquence. Chapter VI., on the "Definition of the Christian Element," is at once one of the most beautiful and profound statements of the substance of doctrine in the Gospel of the Saviour that we have met in any theological work.

ESSAYS.

In our notice of the first series of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," its piquant satire, its playful banter, with an under-current of serious meaning, its words of wise counsel and hearty, healthy tone, were fully recognized. The second series* is in every respect worthy of its predecessor, and coming as it does, with a cordial, grateful greeting to appreciative friends on this side of the Atlantic, it appeals even more strongly to our sympathies and to our hearts. It is a book eminently suited to every variety of persons and of moods. Like the dinner to which Southey compares his "Doctor," it has "something for everybody's taste, and all good of its kind." Its tone is perhaps a shade more serious than that of the preceding volume, — not quite so much of playful satire, and more of earnest thought. The Parson has a peculiar faculty of investing old subjects with a fresh interest. It is not that he offers many original or striking thoughts about nature or human nature that renders him so attractive. But he has keen observation and deep insight, and puts our floating fancies, and dim, half-defined perceptions, into shape for us, thus establishing a strong sympathy between himself and his readers. All the essays comprising the second series are readable, though in regard to quality some are much superior to others. "Concerning Solitary Days," "Concerning Summer Days," "Concerning Disappointment and Success," and "Concerning Screws," are among the most suggestive. "Friends in Council" is a highly satisfactory and interesting review of Arthur Helps's last book, while "Man and his Dwelling-Place" successfully exposes some of the fallacies of Mr. Buckle. Those who, like Hamlet, love to muse in graveyards, will find the paper "Concerning Churchyards" curious and attractive. At the risk of being regarded as hypercritical we must qualify our commendation a little. In the "Recreations" there are occasionally coarse expressions, not to be expected of a writer of such evident culture and fine taste. "Pitch into," "bahoo," "bahooing out," and "spooney" would be considered vulgarisms in familiar conversation, and are unpardonable in the reticence of an essay. Upon the author and orator rests a grave responsibility. It is they only who can add to and change a language by giving their sanction to new words and forms of expression. Therefore the author who, either from a desire of singularity or for the sake of a factitious emphasis, allows himself to use slang phrases

* The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.

which mar the purity and beauty of his mother tongue, lays himself open to censure, and, with all our admiration and respect for the Country Parson, we must condemn even in him all such liberties; especially as his wide and growing popularity will give him a position of some authority.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE idea of a periodical publication exclusively devoted to the events of the war is a very happy one; and the general plan of Mr. Moore's serial* is, perhaps, all that could be desired. It is in three divisions, each with independent paging, viz.: I. Diary of Verified Occurrences. II. Documents, Narratives, etc. III. Poetry, Anecdotes, and Incidents. Mr. Everett's Fourth of July Oration is prefixed as an introduction (published in Part IV.), and each monthly part contains either two portraits, or a portrait and a map. The first four parts contain portraits of Generals Scott, Fremont, Davis, Butler, Anderson, Lyon, and Dix. The publication is altogether timely and valuable, in spite of the many defects, to which we call attention in the hope that they may perhaps be remedied in future. We need say little of the third part, for its quality depends on the materials rather than the compiler, and he must have been unskilful indeed if he had not in such times as these made an amusing and characteristic collection. In Part II., too, the documents have been very well selected. Two suggestions, however, we would make. The mass of speeches and newspaper extracts is too great for general readers, while historians and students would go, of course, to original documents. For instance, the thirty-six pages of the great Union meeting in New York might very well have been cut down to a dozen or so, and the space filled with some of the excellent sermons and addresses which have been delivered. Certainly sermons would be quite as much in place here as unofficial speeches. The pulpit has had as large a share in this movement as it had in the Revolution; and nothing is better worth preserving, or more characteristic of the times, than the sermons of Beecher, Bellows, Frothingham, Manning, and others. The second criticism relates to the rosters of the regiments published, which seem to have been taken at haphazard. We make no complaint of their being scattered here and there through the book, for all the documents are of course arranged chronologically, (we would however suggest, for some future number, a complete list of the regiments of every State, with their field-officers,) but not half the regiments are given at all (of Massachusetts, only the fourth and eighth), and sometimes it is the full roster, sometimes only the staff.

This want of system and judgment is still more apparent in the Diary (Part I.), where the only object seems to have been to get as many events into one day as possible, without regard to their historical importance. For illustration, we will take at a venture May 22. This day's diary occupies two pages (rather less than half a page of it being

* The Rebellion Record: a Diary of American Events, 1860-61. Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. 8vo. Parts I.-IV.

a map), without a single important event. It begins with an insolent extract from the Richmond Whig, which fairly belongs among the *Incidents.* Then follow an account of the raising of a flag in Passaic, N. J., an extract from the Savannah Republican about the revenue, and notices of Gen. Butler's arrival at Fortress Monroe, an attempt to seize a ferry-boat at Clear Spring, the destruction of the fortress at Ship Island, Howell Cobb's proposition to the planters, a circular of the Secretary of War upon appointments, the starting of the second New York regiment and a contingent of the sixty-ninth, the failure of the rebels to obtain a loan in Europe, a flag-raising in Washington, the seizure of a steamer near St. Louis, the appointment of General Sandford, and Dr. McClintock's speech in London. Now scarcely half of this belongs by good rights in an historical diary, and the trivial incidents are given in as much detail and at as great length as the most important.

One of the best features of Part I. has been dropped in the succeeding parts, — we mean the chronological table of events down to March 4; we trust it is only a temporary suspension, and that it will be continued in a future number. The portraits are excellent, but we cannot say as much for the maps, which are for the most part rude and incomplete, — apparently copied from those in the Tribune. A work of the pretensions of this ought to contain the very best maps, plans of battle-grounds, &c., and it ought to be something more than a hash of newspaper extracts.

WHILE the aristocracy of England superciliously look on upon what they regard as the "accomplished fact" of the destruction of the union of these States, and hardly conceal their satisfaction that the experiment of a popular government has failed, a noble writer of France steps in chivalrously to vindicate a calumniated people, and to show in its splendid uprising the proof of its vitality and the assurance of its future glory.* In more than one crisis Count Gasparin has proved himself a ready champion of freedom, and a foe to tyranny. He has written eloquently in favor of Protestantism, and against charlatans and quackeries. But no work which he has written will compare, for breadth of treatment, for enlightened views, for fresh and genial trust in great ideas, with this last splendid manifesto. If it is a plea rather than a treatise, it is a plea which has no selfish advocacy of a cause about it, but is only in the interest of truth and justice. Count Gasparin sees that the issue in this contest, however policy may hide it or partisans deny it, is *slavery against freedom.* To him the strife is the final outbreak of the storm which has been so long gathering, and is a desperate effort of slavery to turn back the doom which the Almighty has pronounced against it. He refuses to accept the votes and protests of those short-sighted men who can distinguish between a war for the Constitution and a war for freedom. The real significance of the election of Mr. Lincoln is, that it is the triumph of the party of liberty over the party

* Un Grand Peuple qui se relève. Les États-Unis en 1861. Par LE COMTE AGÉNOR DE GASPARIN, Ancien Député. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861. 8vo. pp. 423.

of slavery, and is the sign of a great national revolution. Before the election of Lincoln the course of power was all in the direction of wrong. Now, however imperfect the result attained, the *direction* is right, and there is hope for free institutions on the continent.

The only complaint that we have to make of Count Gasparin's view is, that it is too favorable, too hopeful; and that sufficient weight is not given to those causes which still hinder the way of freedom. In his sympathy he seems to overlook some of those inherent defects in the working of our system which the calmer eye of De Tocqueville noticed and criticised. We cannot yet believe with him that the immediate and speedy issue of this war will be the emancipation of the negro race, or that it will have such influence in purifying the politics of the country as he seems to anticipate. We shall rejoice, however, if Count Gasparin's belief comes true, and slavery shall cease with the nineteenth century; but we cannot find the elements of that result perfectly arranged as yet.

Count Gasparin's zeal for the American cause sometimes carries him into careless and hasty statements of facts, such as (p. 53) that the *men who elected Lincoln* afterward dispersed a meeting in Boston where they came to discuss emancipation. The rioters on that occasion were not the men who elected Lincoln. On p. 81 he says, that *only one* of the States dared to proclaim the infamous doctrine of *repudiation of debts*, and that all who really repudiated have since paid, including even this single State. We are afraid that the poor victims of Mississippi swindling will not quite consent to this statement of the returning honesty of Jefferson Davis and his crew. A few of those bonds still remain, we believe, unpaid. The judgment (p. 85) that there is "no corrupt page" in American romances, nothing that can injure a child, or bring a blush to the cheek of a modest woman, rather indicates a moderate acquaintance with American literature in this kind. He says, too (p. 130), that only the American nation have prayers on shipboard; a statement which all who have crossed the ocean in the Cunard steamers will be inclined to contradict. He errs also in placing the Missouri Compromise after the Wilmot Proviso, and in speaking of Fremont as a Catholic.

Minor blunders are, of course, to be expected, such as the misspelling of names, *Cowper* for *Cooper*, *Charlestown* for *Charleston*, *Cott* for *Colt*, *Mothley* for *Motley*, *George Brown* for *John Brown*, and the like. It is a more unaccountable mistake which classes *Marryatt* among *American authors!* Count Gasparin's orthodoxy, too, is of that positive kind that it cannot help coloring every book that he writes. In the compliment which he pays to Channing, that his work on slavery shows "a heart more Christian than his doctrine," and to the "noble efforts" of Parker, that he was led to deny the Bible because the Bible was made the bulwark of slavery," we have a hint of the writer's religious prejudice. His classification of denominations, moreover, into five great classes, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, dismissing the rest as eccentric and abnormal bodies, is not favorable to our religious conceit. But as

a whole the book is charitable, candid, and Christian, and is written with an eloquence which fascinates and inspires. We have only to regret that the timidity of the American translator has suppressed the indignant rebuke of the time-serving and "cottony" New York Observer.

We believe that Mr. Charles Knight's precise share in the Illustrated History of England has never been announced to the public. It is, however, known that we are very largely indebted to him for the contents of that book, while the plan, if we understand rightly, was wholly his own. In its original form, that book comes down to the treaty of Vienna; — under the title of "Thirty Years of Peace," Miss Martineau afterwards continued it to Mr. Knight's order, if we are right, as far as 1845. Her sequel is, on the whole, the best book of reference we have on the subjects it relates to. This is saying very little, however, and the absence of an index both from the "Illustrated History" and the "Thirty Years of Peace" is an offence not to be pardoned. We are fully of the opinion of that authority who declares that copyright should be withheld from historical books without an index, and that their publishers might with justice be indicted for a criminal offence.

Mr. Knight conceived the plan of the "Illustrated History," and published it; but it would seem that he was not wholly satisfied with it. Miss Martineau's book is so completely unlike it, that he may well have felt that it was in no proper sense its continuation. We do not wonder, therefore, that he has himself devoted some years of a life which has been so useful in the "diffusion of knowledge" to the "Popular History of England," which has now come as far as the seventh volume, closing with the year 1814.* The book is very creditable to him, and is more and more useful to the public as it approaches its completion. He says, modestly, in the Preface to the volume just now issued, that of the vast accession of authentic materials "which have been published" up to the present time, he has left very few unconsulted. The phrase we quote expresses precisely the plan of his book. There is no pretence at novelty of information, there has been no access to private papers, or state documents hitherto unexplored, but there is as honest a digest as an Englishman of liberal politics can make of the immense mass of memoirs and histories which have been describing the present century.

The "Popular History" does not boast the wealth of illustration which distinguished the pictorial, and occasionally the illustrations show the publisher as ruling over the author, — Mr. Charles Knight using his own old wood-cuts to illustrate the letter-press of Mr. Charles Knight the historian. What business, for instance, has an Anglo-Saxon plough at the beginning of a chapter on the agriculture of the nineteenth century? There is, however, a good deal of real illustration which one

* The Popular History of England. An Illustrated History of Society and Government, from the Earliest Period to our own Times. By Charles Knight. Vol. VII. From the Close of the American War, 1783, to the Restoration of the Bourbons and the Peace of Paris.

would be sorry to have lost, — there are a series of portraits of the leading English characters which, though not very good, are suggestive. The book itself has the faults of all writing where condensation is so great an object. To describe the thirty years which followed 1783 in six hundred pages, is a task which no one would gladly undertake, and the style all along drags with the heavy drag of an abridgment. It is not, therefore, a book to read through for one's pleasure. Although a "Popular History," it will never have any popularity. That is a gift reserved for brilliant style in history; for, in buying histories, as in buying novels, most men and women want to have what they can read, — they seek entertainment rather than accuracy. But for the smaller class who do want information compactly stowed, the Popular History, in its closing volumes particularly, will serve a purpose which nothing else serves which is now in print. The eighth volume will bring up the history to 1845.

Americans just now will look with some interest on the narratives in which the new volume shows how very badly a constitutional government can make war. The attack on Constantinople by Admiral Duckworth, and on Buenos Ayres by Admiral "Whitefeather," with the disgraceful failures of both, are worth remembering as illustrations of what followed "the preponderating influence which rendered a minister the slave of court favoritism and of court jobs." "From these influences the country would not readily have escaped," adds Mr. Knight, "unless a man had arisen to prescribe his own will to courts and ministers, to achieve success by the invincible force of his own sagacity." We may doubt if any other country will escape these influences but by the same good fortune.

BIOGRAPHY.

Professor Park has thrown his heart and all his great skill at analysis, argument, and delineation into the composition of this Memoir.* It is his second effort to deal with what is evidently to him a fond subject. Considering, therefore, the prominent gifts of the biographer, and the very limited importance of the subject-matter of his volume, we are moved to say that the chief interest of the work is derived from his pen. A score of years ago we used to hear of "Dr. Emmons of Franklin" as notable because of the extended span of his life and the length of his ministry in a quiet farming parish. We have found but little more remarkable than these facts in all that we have read about him in this volume. Dr. Emmons had a local reputation as a parish minister not by any means raising him above the estimate which hundreds of his brethren in New England for the last two centuries have shared, and deserved, for fidelity of service, for consistency of character, and for such professional attainments as were conformed to the expectations and the opportunities of their times. Beyond this desirable and honorable, but by no means rare repute, Dr. Emmons was

* Memoir of Nathaniel Emmons: with Sketches of his Friends and Pupils. By Edwards A. Park. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1861. 8vo. pp. 468.

regarded by a section of the Calvinistic Congregationalists of New England as a man of wonderful ability and of giant power in the region of scientific theology. He has the praise of a skilful logician, and is judged by some to have accomplished great things as an innovator upon the current system of orthodoxy; one party, however, among those who extol his abilities insisting that his dialectic genius was consecrated to the setting forth of the fundamentals of Calvinism in a way more consistent with the conditions of a true philosophy, while another party alleges that his inexorable logic exposes Calvinism to an easy defeat, by laying it open to charges of absurdity, impiety, and fatalism. Dr. Emmons was a logician. He had great skill in syllogisms. He was a most lucid writer. His compositions are models of the plain, unornate, passionless, and commonplace style. But he was not an erudite or scholarly man. His range of thought is exceedingly narrow. He exhibits no broad compass of view. The realm of the imagination was a field wholly unknown to him, because he had no organ or medium of communication with it. His sermons are fibrous, but wholly juiceless. They grind like a farm-cart over the ruts of the gravelly roads of his region, saving only the interchange or variety of up-hill and down-hill. It must have been an insufferably tedious penance for any one of a transcendentalist turn to have listened to his Sunday ministrations. When a man weds himself so rigidly to logic as did Dr. Emmons, it behooves him to be especially careful and inquisitive as to his premises. On these Dr. Emmons does not appear to have exercised any severity of search or test. He took them for granted, as he found them underlying the accepted faith of his professional associates, and the religious households amid which he had been trained. Not a gleam of recognition of the figurative or poetic element of the old Hebrew Scriptures lights up his ratiocinative processes. A sentence, a phrase of Scripture, held to the most rigid literalism in its interpretation, is enough for him to proceed upon in fixing one of the iron conditions of Calvinistic fatalism for the disposal of millions of the human race by the terms of the Divine predestination. We interchanged the perusal of the volume before us with the examination of one of those searching and sceptical works of our own day which aim to sink the plummet of human speculation into the profundities of things divine. How amazing the contrast between those restless and bold, but not necessarily irreverent, investigations which religious philosophy, under the lights or the lures of science, is now pursuing, and the old acquiescence of faith as it started with accepting the fundamentals of the Calvinistic creed as the premises of its theological logic! We mistake greatly, however, in supposing that the antagonism and freedom of thought among us which have brought under discomfiture and contempt every religious idea, doctrine, and institution peculiar to the old New England Calvinism, are to be traced to the demoralizing influences of our Revolutionary war, or to the importations of French philosophy or German neology. Calvinism found its foes and its humiliation among those who were educated under its most rigid teachings and discipline. There is a reticence in the volume before us, hints of something kept

back as to opposition encountered by Dr. Emmons in his own parish and from his ministerial brethren. But any one acquainted with New England life, and with our ecclesiastical history during the period of his ministry, can supply what is omitted. We should be curious to know what portion of the flock to whom Dr. Emmons ministered for fifty-four years, to whom he dispensed his Hopkinsian, Calvinistic logic, and whom he drilled and disciplined in that ungenial school of piety, actually and heartily accepted his teachings. It appears from the Memoir that three of his own children, subject from their birth to his personal, domestic, and professional influence, gave no "evidence of piety," according to the standard, up to the period of their full maturity, nor till they came to the exercises of the death-bed; and the father was doubtful even then in the case of at least one of them. If the parish yielded fruit in no larger proportion than the household, we cannot count upon half its members as responding to the lessons which came from the pulpit. For ourselves, far beyond any feeling of sectarian zeal or strength of mental dissent which alienates us from Calvinism is the force of that profound sympathy which we yield towards those whom its hideous and revolting teachings have crushed in spirit, or driven to the dreariness of despair, or bereaved of the light and solace of the true Christian faith. The clear-headed and independent and resolute in the exercise of their own intelligence might be trusted to work out their own deliverance from the fetters of Calvinism. Dr. Emmons, who was the pope of his parish, would allow no intrusion into it of religious teachers of a milder doctrine. But we doubt not there were farmers in his society who were fully his peers in mental vigor, and who by birth-freedom, or by self-asserted resolution, were clear of that first warp or bias needed always to underlie the development and training of a Calvinist, and who rejected utterly the sophistries and the profanities of the creed. They heard their worthy pastor preach about the Divine causation of evil, about the one sense in which God does originate evil, and the other sense in which God does not originate evil. They listened to him as he tried to explain how God issued a decree which insured the certainty that men would fit themselves for hell while committing sin, and how he also uttered a positive command against sin. They were nurtured upon the ever-reiterated doctrine that a sinner ought to feel such a perfect complacency in the Divine benevolence as to approve the decree which consigned him to an eternal hell of torments. Meanwhile, as some of these farmers, the brighter and the keener among them, were hoeing their corn or cutting their grass by parallel steps of labor side by side, they doubtless exchanged opinions as to these hard abstractions which the Doctor wrought out in his study. Some of these earnest and intelligent men made bold to think that this hard doctrine was conjured up in the brains of theologians, and had no answering reality or significance in the Divine administration, and they, in the exercise of their common sense, worked their way out to some more nutritious elements of piety. It would have required something more cogent than Dr. Emmons's syllogisms to have convinced such men that they had been thrust upon a life of toil and care in this world,

under such hard conditions, at the hand and decree of their Maker. Other dissentients from the teaching of their venerable pastor were alienated from all religious belief, though they might have reserved any hostile or frank avowal of their state of mind in deference to the feelings of females in their families who had been "sealed in covenant." The most instructive lesson to be learned from the former prevalence and the present decline and dying out of Calvinism in New England is this. We see exhibited in our ecclesiastical history and experience how strong is the loyalty of the human heart to religion; how earnest is the testimony to the innate craving for its light and peace and comfort, afforded by the fact that, for the sake of the thing itself, men and women are willing to receive such a form of it, or to receive so much else with it, even what is hideous and revolting.

The human part of Dr. Park's book and of Dr. Emmons's life is exceedingly attractive and instructive. We assent to his estimate of the simple worth and excellence of the long-lived pastor, who covered nearly a century of years with labors of the hands, the head, and the heart. We fail, however, to discern any very distinguishing qualities in him which made him unlike, or superior to, hundreds of others who have filled similar places under similar circumstances. The only exception to be made to this view is in the fact that he had under his roof, from first to last, nearly a hundred pupils, many of whom were talked into an adoption of his form of Hopkinsianism. One of his pupils. President Balch, of Greenville College, Tennessee, after enduring buffetings and persecutions for his unpopular form of orthodoxy, gave a dying testimony to his allegiance to the "Disinterested Benevolence" theory of perdition, by the following provision in his will, in which he "gave his soul to his God to be made for Christ's sake, in boundless grace, an eternal vessel of mercy in heaven, or, in righteous judgment for his sins, a vessel of everlasting wrath in hell, just as seemed good in his sight." Prof. Park most zealously avails himself of this his second service of love in introducing the works of Dr. Emmons with a biography, in order to show the relations of difference between Calvinism and Hopkinsianism. Whether or not it be because we read this part of the volume in the dog-days, we must confess to having received from it very vague impressions. In order to do full justice to his subject, and to help the reader to a systematic disposal of it, Prof. Park makes a most elaborate division and arrangement of his matter, and his plan is admirable for the treatment of biography. He gives us an almost exhaustive enumeration and delineation of the pupils of Dr. Emmons, in order to set forth the radiation and extent of the influence which went from the humble study at Franklin. The relation in which Dr. Emmons put himself to the benevolent, reformatory, and sectarian agencies which originated during his ministry is presented with painstaking fidelity. He succeeded in repressing the public hearing of opinions different from his own in the place of his labors so long as he lived. But we infer that after his decease his own parish, like all others that had been under rigid Calvinistic training, proved that it had long been a fruitful seed-bed of all sorts of heresies, and of irreligion. We meet

in the volume a curious anecdote about "the good old times" of our ancestral religion. During Emmons's ministry at Franklin, the church of his native town, in Connecticut, excommunicated a female member on seven charges. The sixth of these was as follows: "Breach of the *fourth* commandment, in pursuing her husband through the cornfields *on the Sabbath*, for the purpose of beating him."

As you leave the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, full of the memory of the great master, "fama omnibus notissimo," at whose tomb there you must have lingered a moment, almost of course you turn aside a few steps to the Via Ghibellina, where stands still the house in which, three centuries and more ago, he, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, lived and worked. It has been preserved substantially as he left it, with the many rooms opening into one another all in a line, and the walking-sticks and the old slippers and the pictures and the paint-cup, strange relic of a famous age; — yet not more a relic than Florence itself, "which lives still," says Herman Grimm, — in the book under notice,* and which has softened for us the noisy hours of late; — "when to-day you look down from the height of ancient Fiesole, Santa Maria del Fiore, with its dome and slender bell-tower, churches, palaces, houses, and walls which enclose all, are as they were years ago. The city is like a flower which in its moment of fullest bloom, instead of withering, was petrified. And if you do not remember the ancient time, there seems even life and fragrance to it, ... you walk the streets which Sforzas and Medici walked; you look from the windows they looked down from. Florence was never stormed, never destroyed; — the buildings of which you read how they went up from day to day, stand there still to fascinate you."

In this house of Michael Angelo has long been preserved a collection of his manuscripts, sealed to the world, we know not why, these many centuries. The last Buonarotti, descendant of the family founded by Michael Angelo's brother, suffered a friend now and then to see something of them. By his last will he sought to condemn them to perpetual secrecy; but fortunately the Tuscan government refused to sanction his imbecile caprice, and has made preparation for their publication. Among them are said to be not less than sixty unknown letters of Michael Angelo. But that publication not having yet been made, and inspections of the manuscripts being still refused, Grimm suspends his work till this new material appears. Meanwhile we take occasion to applaud his endeavor.

Few periods, says Ranke, and those only the most favored, have shown themselves susceptible to the pure beauty of form; — the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century was such a period. Thus the court of Lorenzo reminds you of that of Pericles; — out of the one sprang Phidias, to fashion the Olympian Jove and the Minerva Promachus; out of the other came Michael Angelo to typify the lawgiver in Moses, and to prefigure the Last Judgment in the frescos of

* Leben Michelangelo's von Herman Grimm. Erster Theil: Bis zum Tode Rafaels. Hanover: Carl Rümpler. 1860. pp. 471.

the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo's character is stamped upon his works; personal details seem to fail us, that his greatness may awe us ever without distraction. But no man shall escape the microscopic eye of our age. In 1857, Mr. Harford, in England, re-wrote his life; within the last year comes to us, from Germany, the first volume of the work of Herman Grimm. We do not find in either anything which affects our conception of Michael Angelo; some new information there is, yet not much, and that cumulative only, — nothing to disturb the features the world has gazed on these three centuries, — grand, severe, as of one belonging to a greater earth than this. Herman Grimm is a son of the celebrated Wilhelm Grimm, who died in December, 1859, and nephew of Jacob Grimm, — of the family of the "brothers Grimm." His work is said to have attracted much attention in Berlin. It is dedicated to Peter von Cornelius, the foremost master of art in Germany in our time, of whose *cartons*, when exhibited in Berlin, Grimm wrote an account for the use of visitors, — a valuable little book of compactest criticism. To recall the seething life of Florence in Michael Angelo's days is a brilliant task for him who has the power. Grimm, it seems to us, mindful of the elegance of Roscoe, is not unequal to it. Harford wrote as much of Michael Angelo's time, of Raphael, of Savonarola and Vittoria Colonna, as of Michael Angelo; Grimm will write more. But the study of the age did not yield much fruitful result to Harford, and for our part we find a certain conventional tone in his work which impairs its vitality and its interest. Grimm is a writer of another sort. We have always known that Germans could think. Grimm is ambitious to prove that they can write. Whether it be the interest of the subject or the earnestness of the writer that has hurried us on, we have gone swiftly through his book with satisfaction and delight. A little wordy at the outset, perhaps, in explaining how the marvellous activity of Florence, as of Athens, grew out of the fermenting idea of freedom, he becomes terser and more vivid in his illustration of the time which preceded Michael Angelo, — the morning time of our age, purple and reddened and golden with the glory of Dante and Cimabue and Giotto, of Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello; and we feel with him "the indescribable fascinating melody which streams out of the events of human history, filling them with meaning," and how Goethe said truly, that the only profit of history was inspiration. "It is not the consequence of one-sided preference," says Grimm, "if this book, which busies itself with the bloom of Florentine art, bears on its front Michael Angelo's name." His life spanned two centuries, his fame was European. "When German nobles went to Rome, the first thing they demanded was to see Michael Angelo." Like Goethe, he enjoyed in his old age the immortality of his youth.

Grimm explains at length the sources for Michael Angelo's history; they are too familiar to need mention. Yet for Michael Angelo himself he can do little more than, like the rest, revise Vasari, and expose his errors. Among other material he mentions that collected by Dr. Gaye, of Schleswig-Holstein, who examined with care the archives of

Florence, but died in 1840, before completing his work, the third part of which has been edited by Herr von Reumont. For Mr. Harford he has but a word, — that it is the latest work of an Englishman, containing somewhat not before known. For the history of the age there is more abundant material, which, fused by Grimm's fertile thought, gets interest and value for us. As he does not pretend to write a biography merely, but rather to set forth the time, and the spirit of it, he is not to be charged with digression when he relates the story of Savonarola, which one feels with him could have had no other ending. I find, he says, Savonarola's destruction represented too much as the result of the exertions of his enemies and the anger of the Pope. The compelling cause of his fall was the extinguishment of his magic power. The people grew weary; he forgot that human nature was capable of only occasional exaltation; he strove to pour the fire which consumed him into their veins; he created a fanaticism, which, deceived by his own strength and endurance, he held to be the real coming of a purer nature, recognizing at last how the echo which followed his words was only an echo, and did not prolong itself as a voice when they had died away. Grimm has a faculty of clear statement, which to us, appalled by the wordiness of these days, in which you lose an idea, if there be any, through weariness in seeking it, is above all virtues except that of truth. The days of man are short on earth, and of making of books there is no end. He is the benefactor who says briefly his word, if it be only a word, recognizing how the full bursts of light come only from genius, of which men never weary, seeing in it always the Divine.

We find also in Grimm's work a certain depth of thought, which characterizes the German mind. Our historians for the most part are content with painting pictures. They vivify the age, and it is noisy again with its passions and its struggles and its crimes. Walter Scott has done that better than any. But what thought do you find there? When Ranke writes the history of the Popes, he unfolds rather the principles which were shaking Christendom, than the glory of the court of Leo X. Yet he is the great master who does both; of him we do not speak, but of the common method. The Englishman, true to his instincts, takes to the outward event and the brilliant grouping of men; the German, to the inward thought and the never-resting march of mind. The two lives of Michael Angelo of which we have spoken are striking examples of national tendencies. In the one, you are chilled with the deadness of English conservatism; in the other, you are warmed by the glow of German enthusiasm, till for you also the age lives, not as the Florentine looked down on it from Fiesole, but as a part of the thoughtful life of man on earth, flowering here and fragrant on this Italian soil, perfecting rather than repeating that other flower which the Roman received from the Greek ages before.

Grimm's comparison of Michael Angelo with Raphael is one of the happiest illustrations of character. We take a single word from many: "The course of events stirred Michael Angelo, and fired or damped his thoughts. He cannot be regarded apart from the world's history,

while Raphael's life, wholly separated from it, runs in relation like an idyl." It is one of the offices of the past to console the present. While doing the solemn duty, forced upon us of late, of vindicating with power, with wrath also if need be, our birthright of freedom, of keeping pure evermore the hopes of men, it is of highest moral comfort to turn aside at times to the still ages in which the temporary is dead, and only the eternal lives; to walk, if the humor takes us, in the quiet gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and ponder the colossal thought of Michael Angelo; to hear how Raphael lived and Savonarola died; to talk of Marsilio Ficino, with his lamp kept ever burning before Plato's bust, and gaze again upon the resplendent face of Vittoria Colonna, the melody of whose voice was as a benediction from the skies upon the old age of Michael Angelo.

THE Whartons' "Wits of Society" * are far more attractive than their "Queens," because there is more of them, and because the book is written by more experienced hands. Few publications have so much of interest in their subject-matter as this; Sheridan alone could have filled a volume of this size; and besides him are Buckingham and Rochester, Congreve and Fielding, Brummell and Nash, Walpole and Saint Simon, Hook and Sidney Smith, each in a chapter of his own.

In those whose wit, gayety, and gambling were the shining lights of Charles the Second's court, and to a degree in nearly all these anecdotes of profligacy, the perversions of gifted minds are enough to make one sick of the sound of fashionable life. Still, as the narrative comes nearer to our own day, it is gratifying to find pleasure grow modest, profligacy put some restraints upon itself, and the baser vices retire, rebuked by a more Christian civilization. In this social progress we can thank God and take courage. Without using much care as to the authenticity of their incidents, or intending more than to amuse an idle hour, the Whartons have given some of the most impressive warnings ever breathed against a miscalled life of pleasure, against self-indulgence in every form, and especially against that love of the world which is still, as of old, enmity to God.

MESSRS. Ticknor and Fields have conferred another favor on the American public by inducing the author of Self-Help to gather into a volume the "Brief Biographies" of Watt, Stephenson, Arnold, Miller, Cobden, Bulwer, Jeffrey, Elliott, Borrow, Audubon, Macgillivray, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Sterling, Hunt, Coleridge, Kitto, Poe, Hook, Combe, Chadwick, Nicoll, Bamford, Clare, Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Brown, Fuller, Martin, Martineau, and Chisholm.† The variety is unusual; reformers and conservatives, poets and politicians, the known and the unknown, Americans and English, appear, in no order of time, subject, or ability, occupy from a half-dozen to more than a score of pages, and were evidently pre-

* The Wits and Beaux of Society. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

† Brief Biographies. By SAMUEL SMILES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

pared for different works, sometimes from exceedingly imperfect material, but all in an earnest, hopeful, elevating, Christian spirit. Like that excellent book, "Self-Help," this too brief volume has received a hearty welcome from the friends of the young and the young themselves. The only provoking thing about the beautifully illustrated pages is, that, when one turns to a particular name for facts and dates, he is commonly disappointed. The supply of statistics is as meagre as possible. A hundred questions spring up in reading one of these biographies for which no answer is found. In another edition, a few notes would help to make it a book of permanent interest and frequent reference: even as it is, few books have been published by this popular house so worthy of being called useful, in the highest sense, and yet so generally attractive.

E. E. H.

POETRY AND FICTION.

We have Framley Parsonage completed, in the Cornhill Magazine, and in a volume.* The series which began by "The Warden," by far the most carefully wrought of all, approaching even the Vicar of Wakefield in some of its descriptions, has been followed up more carelessly by "Barchester Towers," has had some side reference to "Doctor Thorne," and now ends with this volume. Their success has led to a new interest in all Mr. Trollope's earlier novels, and has perhaps betrayed him into the carelessness of success in Orley Farm,† an ingenious story, which is now in progress in numbers, illustrated by Millais. Mr. Trollope's ability is of the first order, his conscience not of the lowest, but not of the first, — perhaps about the second on a scale of ten.

We have so many readers specially interested in the collection of books for village and parish libraries, that we call their especial attention to a series of novels by Miss Manning, which have, for some reason, escaped the notice of the American re-publishers. Her "Mary Powell" is well known and valued here, but of the long list of books below,‡ all by this author, we have seen none in American editions. There is no pretence in these little books, but they are well written, in an engaging style, carry an affectionate moral without forcing it, and make the reader wish for more. With all our admiration for Miss Yonge we own that there is much in this series which reminds us of some of her excellences. There is not the same High-Church drift,

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* Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† Orley Farm. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations by J. F. Millais. Parts 1–6. London: Chapman and Hall.

‡ There are twenty or thirty volumes, comprising: The Hill-Side; The Old Chelsea Bun-House; Queen Philippa's Golden Book; Good Old Times; Cherry and Violet; Helen and Olga; Chronicles of Merry England; Some Account of Miss Clarinda Singleheart; Jack and the Tanner of Wymondham; Provocations of Madame Palissy; Colloquies of Edward Osborne; Household of Sir Thomas More; Deborah's Diary; Claude, the Colporteur; Caliph Haroun Alraschid; Day of Small Things; Town and Forest; Family Pictures; Story of Italy; Tasso and Leonora; The Year Nine; Poplar House Academy. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Company.

but there is a well of sound religion, undefiled by cant. Nor let the reader be afraid that the books are dull. He will not be apt to begin one without finishing it.*

It is scarcely time yet to pass in full review Mr. Dickens's tales, and time will determine whether they are to have a permanent place in our literature before the critics do. Yet it is nearly a generation since the first fragments of "Pickwick" began to light up the newspapers, and so far have we advanced that the younger set of people on the stage hardly know who is meant by "Boz," and consider "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" slow and old-fashioned. There has, meanwhile, been a general feeling that the duties of the editor of a weekly journal have not been more favorable to Mr. Dickens's genius than they have been to other authors', or that his later stories show that the vein was growing narrower, and almost running out. Either he was very careless, it was said, or he had really nothing more to say.

"Great Expectations,"† therefore, certainly did not excite any expectations at all. But as it has crept on through who shall say how many weekly infinitesimal issues, the young people, who are in such matters the only patient people, have steadily held to it, the number of readers has steadily enlarged, and, now that it is finished, even the severest critics of Mr. Dickens have in some instances unbent, have said he had "picked his flint before he tried again," that this was the old flash from the old flint, and that it was as bright as ever. There can be no doubt that the novel has done much to restore its author to the position which he had for some years so willingly or so carelessly abandoned.

If we are to analyze the qualities by which the book wins for him this reprieve, we must own that it is not by any relief from the extravagance of plot. People choose to say that truth is stranger than fiction, and, as most truth is very strange and most fiction is very commonplace, the remark on the average is true. But nobody has ever lighted on truth more extraordinary than this fiction. A beautiful Miss Havisham, while dressing for her wedding, literally with one slipper off and the other slipper on, is jilted by her betrothed. By way of revenge on herself, on him, on mankind generally, and the world, she determines to remain in that exact condition, with all the circumstances unchanged, till her death. The wedding breakfast remains for the spiders and the mice, — as in the case of a certain supper of Mrs. Radcliffe's, which readers will remember who are more than a hundred years old, — the dressing-room is kept lighted by day and night, and the avenging lady spends all the time which she can spare from her meals and her sleep in sitting in her dressing-room with the off slipper in her hand, or in walking round the banquet-room contemplating the gradual decay of the bride-cake. To make the vengeance

* These books, less known here than they deserve, may be easily imported. We made acquaintance with them through the convenient establishment of Mr. Loring, whose really cosmopolitan library is one of the luxuries of New England life.

† Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Published (under copyright) by Harper and Brothers, New York, and Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.

more certain, she brings up a very pretty girl to the business of breaking the hearts of as many men as she can find any chance to work upon.

Into the precincts of the brewery where this melodrama is enacted day and night is introduced, for the amusement of the lady and to assist in her exercise, Philip Pirrip, Pip "for short," the hero of the tale. It is of course, in one of Mr. Dickens's tales, that he has been abused from infancy, under-fed, wholly uneducated, and wholly without experience of any of the joys of childhood or of home. It is of course, in one of Mr. Dickens's stories, that from this system of training there results a character as fit for the hero of a novel as young sixteen can ask, — a hero who has acquired, indeed, sufficient intellectual ability to write down this story. As the children of the story advance into life, — more than a quarter part of the book being, of course again, devoted to their childhood, — it proves that Pip, the hero, has come by some mystery into a fortune. The discipline of his childhood has, of course, fitted him perfectly to use it rightly and to enjoy its advantages. His mysterious connection with the lady in one slipper makes everybody suppose that his wealth comes from her, an impression which he himself shares, and under which he offers fortune, hand, and heart to the heroine of the book, who is the little girl who has been brought up to the profession of a flirt by the recluse lady who wore her wedding dress so long.

She rejects Philip, breaks his heart as in her private duty bound, and marries some one else. Philip finds that his wealth comes to him from a convict whom he had befriended in his childhood, who had found some sort of nuggets in some business in Australia. The ill-gotten source of the money, which had seemed so respectable when it had been thought to be accumulated in a brewery, gives him a good deal of mortification, and he refuses to accept it; but finally, the first husband of the flirt having died, and she having "got good," as the children say, in the mean while, Philip and she come together again, are married in those second nuptials which Mr. Dickens always considers better than the first, love, and are happy.

We travel far enough out of our usual course to tell this story, because it is so unusually absurd, and because in the skeleton the reader sees in what proportion Mr. Dickens unites farce and melodrama in the construction of his really effective novels. There are very few stories by any author of repute, of which the framework so resembles the sketch of a new melodrama, as the tired theatrical reporter at midnight prepares it for the morning newspaper. To such a plot Mr. Dickens adds the requisites of the school of English farce, — of which the essential point now seems to be a great deal of eating and drinking before folks, — and the introduction of such odd names as Wopsle, Pumblechook, Pirrip, and Gargery, for all but the gentry of the tale. We must add to this, that he uses still that inverted form of language which does the same by words as the school-boy's hog-Latin does for syllables, — the form in which the hero says, "I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the

pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention." This exaggerated way of expressing trifles in sesquipedalian language was very funny when Mr. Dickens introduced it. But it is very easily imitated. The imitation has already debased the current language more than any element of our time, and it is now so universal as to be no longer entertaining, but to the last degree tedious to the reader.

All these peculiarities of this great author grow more and more harassing and provoking to any one who has followed him from the beginning. Such readers cannot be as much amused by the name Philip Pirrip, as they were by the name Oliver Twist. They cannot be as much grieved when Philip Pirrip is starved, as they were when Oliver Twist was starved. They cannot forgive the melodramatic absurdity of plot on the thirtieth recurrence, as they did upon the first. And here is the reason why they have to be persuaded by their children to attack "Great Expectations," instead of waiting eager for the successive numbers, indignant with any steamship whose wheels tarried in bringing one over.

Yet there remains all the real power of the man. It would be almost worth while to take such a book as this, strip it of the superficialities, and see what the world would say to it, when it went forward with its real excellences, and without this tedious repetition of what we laughed at a quarter-century ago, we scarcely know why. There is the same confidence in the truth, the same simple homage to tenderness, the same certainty that the right must win the victory in God's world, which have given to these books all the value and all the real popularity they ever had, and have made them so many life-boats which have buoyed up even the unassorted cargoes of old theatrical properties with which it has pleased Mr. Dickens to load them. There are passages which show that he is, when he chooses, still master of a most vigorous Saxon style, in which he writes the best of English, and analyzes most delicately the finest springs of motive. There are descriptions of natural scenery and atmospheric effect which are the work of a master only. And there is all the pre-Raphaelite precision in the delineation of the details of the simplest movement or position, — which is invaluable when these details represent appropriately and harmoniously the parts of a symmetrical and complete picture. But if there is no such picture, the nice detail is as worthless in literature as on canvas. All that accuracy is only labor lost, and an annoyance to the spectator, when he sees only a jumble of studies, brought together rather to astonish by their precision, than to contribute as subordinate parts to the composition of the whole.

We had the pleasure of welcoming the first appearance of "Hymns for Mothers and Children"* at the commencement of the year. We take equal pleasure in noticing that, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country and its effects on the Book Trade, a second edition has

* Hymns for Mothers and Children. Compiled by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," &c. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1861.

been demanded, and the demand supplied. We can only repeat what we have already said, that the compilation is made with exquisite taste and good discretion, and is every way fitted to answer the specific purposes the editor proposed to accomplish. She and her publishers have offered to the public an unexceptionable volume for the home and the dearest inmates of the home. It should be held a treasure in every household, for every household blessed by its presence will find it a purifying influence, promotive of all that is good and true.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given an exhibition of home life in Russia,* remarkable for its absence of everything that could tickle the literary palate, allure a careless reader, create a De Sala interest, or feed the taste for the wonderful and horrible. Without any preface, without any attempt at fine writing, without pretending to know more than any thoughtful observer might know of that mighty "despotism tempered by assassination," he has furnished in his chapters crowded with facts abundant refutation of the thousand and one fancies with which Russia has been made to entertain us before. The whole tone of the book is exceedingly hopeful. English and American literature is shown to be freely circulated and highly esteemed by the rapidly increasing class of educated Russians. The common people seem to be improving their condition, attached to their sovereign, and of better morality than is generally believed. The principal festival witnessed by him passed off without any excess, although unrestrained by any police force, and crowded by thousands of all classes, who were feasted as well as illuminated at the public charge. The barbarous "knout" he represents as having passed out of date: during his eight months' residence at Moscow and St. Petersburg, the severest form of corporal punishment was never inflicted. Political prisoners even acknowledged to him the leniency of their treatment: revolutionary and anti-Russian works were permitted to be read by those who were under punishment for state crimes. Siberia too he holds to have been grossly misrepresented by De Custine, most of the prisoners being the common class of criminals, and many of those who had once been conspirators being permitted afterwards to occupy offices under government, any Russians or Poles still residing in Siberia on account of political offences doing so of their own free will. The purpose of Russia he thinks to be to settle and civilize the vast territory stretching from Russia proper to China. One remarkable man, at least, Mr. Edwards has brought to light, — an architect who understands acoustics. M. Cavos, it appears, can construct the largest theatre so that every sound shall be distinctly heard in every part: he ridicules the common idea that it is impossible to know beforehand whether a building will be "good for sound." The St. Petersburg Theatre he reformed, so that there was no echo, and

* The Russians at Home: showing what Newspapers they read; what Theatres they frequent; and how they eat, drink, and enjoy themselves. By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. London. 1861. Copyright secured in America.

the hearing was equally perfect in every part of the immense edifice. The Moscow Opera House, far larger every way than La Scala or San Carlo, and three times the size of the English "Lyceum," gives to every ear the softest note of music. A visit of such a master-builder would certainly make an era in this country, where so often, as has been wittily said, the problem of so constructing a hall that half the audience should either fail to see or to hear has been solved in many a church in which they can do neither.

AMONG the numerous books recently published on Africa, the gorilla man, as Du Chaillu is termed, has given us the most interesting.* Borrowing something, no doubt, from the labors of others, paying little regard to dates and distances, devoting hardly a line to mere science, claiming sometimes as discoveries matters which have been long known to students of nature, putting up many of his specimens so hastily that they have been of no benefit to the world, he has yet succeeded in opening Equatorial Africa to the reading public in a most attractive manner. Without and within his favorite monster figures, so that those who cannot read can learn; and those who can will not lay the book aside until its last hairbreadth escape is devoured. Undoubtedly Du Chaillu visited this region where the Gaboon missionaries entertained him so liberally; that starting-point in the story is fixed by their reports beyond a doubt. Nor does he seem to exaggerate his hardships or conceal his failures. The principal mountain in his track he attempted in vain to ascend. The largest cataract perhaps in Africa he was baffled in approaching. Many of the popular stories about the gorilla, with whom he had such formidable encounters, he readily refutes, — as of its beating elephants to death with clubs, dragging off native women alive into the forests, lurking as a highwayman by the travelled wayside to capture the unsuspecting passenger. He claims to have discovered the ape which builds an umbrella-covered hut in the trees, to have sent home twenty skeletons of as many kinds of unknown quadrupeds and sixty new species of birds, to have travelled eight thousand miles afoot unattended by any European, to have consumed fourteen ounces of quinine in fever attacks, and to have killed upwards of a thousand quadrupeds, — part of which may be the exaggerations of a brave, careless, enthusiastic adventurer. He professes to have visited the Fan tribe of cannibals, and to have been treated with unvarying kindness; he pronounces them the most promising tribe that he encountered; though his statement of their devouring bodies which had perished by disease is as offensive to one's faith as it is to nature; and we do not remember any other chapter so loathsome in the reports of reliable travellers. But his circumstantial account of the devotion of nearly all the natives to the first white man who had honored them with a visit, their scrupulous protection of his property, their continued reverence of him as a spirit, their nursing him in sickness, their feed-

* Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

ing him when they were famishing, their zealously defending him when attacked, and electing him a king of one of their tribes, would seem to open the most promising field for missionary enterprise that has ever been found. As a successful hunter, however, these unsophisticated savages would naturally revere the gifted stranger; as the destroyer of their most terrible enemies, they would naturally reward him with their gratitude; as he repaid their services liberally, they might be expected to hazard life in his behalf. But it is touching to read of the eager affection with which their "sadly abused women" nursed him when he seemed to be brought within the shadow of death, of their sitting by him the night long to fan his fevered head, of their gathering refreshing fruits at their own prompting from the forest, and planning together for his cure in soft voices which comforted him as he awoke from troubled dreams. It reminds one of the experience of Mungo Park, and Ledyard, and many more, and for the credit of human nature we like to believe it a real experience; while the tender sympathy with which he narrates the distress of the little Nshiego over the body of its dead mother, and its caressing attempts to bring her back to life, followed by a plaintive wail at last, does honor to his own kindness of heart.

"SEASONS with the Sea-Horses"* is a professional sportsman's adventures farther north than his craft has usually been, and among animals unaccustomed to be pursued for anything but profit. Exchanging his own yacht for a Hammerfest sealing-vessel, Lamont and his friend Kennedy kill and secure during the summer of 1859 forty-six walruses, sixty-one reindeer, and eighty-eight seals, besides a vast many more that were shot and lost. The pleasant narrative is as easy reading as it must have been writing. Except a mere assertion against the theory of an open sea, and a gratuitous profession of faith in Darwin's progressive development, there is nothing but a succession of sporting adventures, with game that have no refuge from experienced huntsmen but flight, and are sometimes easily cut off from that. The romance, the peril, the severity of the struggle, which make Du Chaillu's careless story so attractive, is not found among the sea-horses: the occasional danger of getting lost in a fog, the uncomfortableness of sleeping in a sloop full of decaying flesh, the possibility of being upset in dragging after the harpooned prey, lend but little variety to the narrative. Some credit is due, however, to one who has loved sport enough to seek it in every quarter of the globe, for valuable contributions to geological cabinets, and for a minutely drawn map of a region overflowing with game of the largest kind.

THE author of "The Neighbors" will always find a large audience, because she has the attraction of a genial spirit, a comprehensive sympathy, and a Christian view of life. After too long a silence she offers

* Seasons with the Sea-Horses. By JAMES LAMONT, F. G. S. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

us now a narrative * of two years' wandering through France and Italy, divided into fifteen "Stations": a title appropriate enough if each of these distinct chapters had been devoted to a distinct community, instead of two to Naples and three to Rome. Miss Bremer's book is evidently a diary, written in haste, after fatigue, amidst interruptions, and therefore with many inaccuracies, which a careless printer has sadly aggravated. Besides these frequent blemishes, the same unjustifiable revelations of private confidence disfigure "Life in the Old World" as were universally condemned in her "Homes in the New World": but nothing could help the book better to become a universal favorite, than these reported interviews with the great and good, whom most of us will never see nor hear any other way.

It is mortifying that these glimpses behind the curtain amount generally to so little: that with unrivalled opportunities, — De Rossi himself to interpret the Catacombs, Pio Nono to discuss Romanism, a whole convent to lay open the heart of the church through four entire days, — she gives so few wheat-grains amongst so much chaff. Her description of the "Homes of Health" in Switzerland is very interesting. We hope that such homes — mansions established by wealthy individuals in country places for the recovery of sick children and old people — will by and by be introduced in America. Their object is to cure those whom medicine fails to benefit, by summer privileges such as are hardly dreamt of among the city poor.

To some of the Romanist doctrines, as Purgatory and the uninterrupted connection with the departed, Miss Bremer inclines, and several times avows her conviction that out of the union of what is best in the Protestant and Catholic systems a higher, purer, and truly catholic church will some day arise.

One of her most eloquent passages closes in this way: —

"May the Catholic continue the greater portion of the Christian Church until the Protestant Church shall have advanced to a more spiritual life; till she has regained and interpreted in a higher light many of the ever-preserved treasures of the Catholic Church. Then perhaps will this Church acknowledge that which the younger son has won, and understand what it is she desires; and then both may go on to their transformation, ascend to a new life, a kingdom in spirit and in truth! And as certain flowers beloved by the sun develop a metamorphosis more than others, so ought this soil, warm with the life of beauty and the blood of martyrs, become a sunflower, which shall represent the transfiguration of the Christian Church into a holy Kingdom of God!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

With the first outbreak of the war, and the spontaneous springing of the army from the ground, there awakened a resolution, all over the country, that this army should not be left to suffer any hardships which could be prevented by Christian science or care. Over the whole land spontaneous organizations sprang into being for "working for the troops," in whatever forms of work could be suggested. The same

* Life in the Old World. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Peterson and Brother.

spirit which tempted the "rough" of the Bowery to offer his pet bull-terrier to the accomplished historian of the New York Seventh Regiment, as he passed him in the column on the day it left New York, showed itself elsewhere in the gifts of money by the rich, in the consecration of the needle by woman, of science by the learned, — all resolved that they would work as well as pray in the sacred cause which is to

"…. give us law in liberty, and liberty in law."

It is to be hoped some statistics may be preserved, and some historian found, of the popular movement for the supply of the army with every possible convenience or necessity which it was supposed the public stores might not furnish. At the present moment, while it is easy to illustrate the promptness of the popular feeling, it is impossible to state its full results, or even to estimate them. As an illustration, which is not at all remarkable, we may name one response made by a volunteer board to a demand from the capital. In the city of Boston, one day, a request was received, from the head of the nurses at Washington, for three thousand cotton shirts of a different pattern from those then in hand. It was supposed that they were wanted immediately; and, without a stitch of paid labor, in less than three days the material was contributed, the shirts cut and made by volunteers, and on their way.

Among these thousands of spontaneous movements was one instantly set on foot by some gentlemen in the city of New York.* We believe we are right in speaking of Rev. Dr. Bellows as first suggesting the Sanitary Commission which has grown up immediately under their agency. They reported themselves at Washington among the very first of the volunteers. They found Miss Dix there, who had tendered her services for the organization of nurses, almost as soon as the Massachusetts Sixth appeared with theirs in a sterner line of duty. They consulted with the War Department, and especially with the Medical and Surgical Staff, as to the necessities of the exigency, — in especial, what could be done to bring up this immense volunteer army in war to a level of efficiency, in health and *morale*, such as our regular army has attained in peace, perhaps, but such as no army in the field has ever yet been blessed with. As Dr. Bellows said in one of his early circulars, they desired to do in "the people's war," from the beginning, what in other wars had unfortunately been done only too late, — to ascertain the causes of disease in time to insure its prevention in the very same campaign. The government welcomed the proposal. The Acting Surgeon-General, Dr. Wood, addressed a note to the Secretary of War, as early as the 22d of May, proposing the organization of "an intelligent and scientific commission, to be called, a Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces." He says, with great good sense, that it would "strengthen the present organization, in introducing and elaborating such improvements as the advanced stage of medical

* Documents of the Sanitary Commission. Nos. 1–17. Washington. May, June, July, 1861. [Printed for the Commission, but not published.]

science might suggest," more particularly as regards the volunteers. Dr. Wood proposed, after consultation with the New York delegation, that Dr. Bellows, Professors Bache, Gibbs, and Wyman, and Dr. Van Buren, with a competent officer of the Medical Staff, should form this board, with power to name their officers and fill their vacancies. The "New York Sanitary Delegation" seconded these proposals in a letter written the next day. The War Department approved of the plan. The names of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Dr. Wood, and of Messrs. Cullum and Shiras of the army, of Dr. C. R. Agnew and Dr. J. S. Newberry, were added to the commission, Mr. Geo. T. Strong chosen its treasurer, and Mr. Frederic L. Olmsted its secretary. The government provided suitable rooms in the Treasury Department for the head-quarters of the Commission; — but the Commission, from the first, had determined that the work of its members should be gratuitously given to the country; and for its manifold expenses it appeals, not in vain thus far, to the public liberality, as shown in voluntary contributions. The Commission has since chosen about two hundred and twenty associate members in different parts of the country, in the hope that their interest in its object will induce them to extend its usefulness and activity in the neighborhood of their homes.

Meanwhile events have been showing, as eloquently as the board itself could do, the necessity of its own organization. The army of civilians who were made soldiers by the first shot fired at Sumter undoubtedly had a very remarkable rank and file, — remarkable for its intelligence, its moral worth, and readiness for whatever duty, — equally remarkable for the quickness with which the men learned those superficial details of a soldier's duty which can be taught in drill or from books. We have heard an accomplished European drill-officer say that a company of such men learned well in an hour's drill details of the "school of the soldier" which conscripts, careless or unwilling, in France, would not learn in a fortnight's training of six hours a day. But this promptness in learning what can thus be taught and shown only helps the new soldier to a very small part of the business to which he has devoted himself. There is left behind all the detail which is requisite, that he shall be in good condition, physically, mentally, and even morally, for his new duties. In a volunteer army, largely officered by men who had scarcely dreamed of war six weeks before, it appeared at once, not only that men could not learn these details as they learned the manual, but that, if they could, there was scarce any one to teach them. The officers systematically trained in our own military schools, or in Europe, were but a handful in the host; and in the outset this handful of men was too busily engaged in preparing volunteers for the immediate exigencies of battle which the morrow might bring, to have an instant, or more than an instant, for such details as those of camp police. Outside their number, even the gentlemen who have been most interested in the militia had scarcely had any opportunity for attention to these important branches of the duty of a soldier. We remember on an early visit at a military encampment in this State, we found the spirited young officer who was the next day to appear as its Major-

General in command, at work in his shirt-sleeves pitching his own marquee; and this not because he had not coadjutors enough willing to serve, but because, literally, of all his staff, and of all those whom he might have ordered to the camp-ground to this service, he was the only man who knew how this thing should be done. Yet the next day presented a very respectable "dress-parade," — that being a matter which the men could learn, and had learned, in frequent drills in their armories. With the rapidity which has so amazed even this fast country itself, such regiments were hurried into the important encampments of Washington, Fort Monroe, Harrisburg, and Chambersburg, of Marietta and Cairo. Regiments so new as these we have described would not be in camp a day before their own members, privates and officers, would see that there were necessary details essential to the health and general efficiency of the men, which no camping-out of hunters in the wilderness and no treatises on military art could teach them. Before they were in camp a month, it would appear that "living out-doors" is not in itself a panacea for human disease. With the abandonment of other comforts of domestic life, men thus grouped together would find themselves abandoning its cleanliness. Homesickness, in forms too distinct to be laughed off, would come stalking into the unoccupied hours. So many men, again, were to be trained to use stated articles of food, such as they had not used in the same form at home; and, what was quite as important, either these men were to learn to cook their new food, or some system was to be devised by which somebody should cook it for them. Without any sanitary commission, men in these conditions would find out very soon that there was a necessity of some systematic arrangement to preserve the condition, moral and physical, of the new army.

The Sanitary Commission addressed itself to this necessity by appointing two series of committees, one of inquiry, one of advice. Each of the sub-committees at work under this subdivision has already contributed to the work of the Commission, and there is every appearance of an extension of its operations. Circulars calling for information have been distributed among the military officers, the surgeons, and the chaplains of the regiments, and careful digests of the results attained in other wars have been prepared and distributed in the proper quarters. A system of camp inspection was at once set on foot. Six inspectors, most of them medical men, have been passing from camp to camp, to report to the Commission, and through it, of course, to the heads of the army, as to the sanitary condition of each. In the first report of Mr. Olmsted, printed for the use of the Commission, are specimens of these reports. They go into details regarding the situation of the camps or barracks inspected, and their liability to disease from soil or neighborhood; the number of regiments, and their comparative condition; the number and ages of the men; the examinations which have been made of their condition; the hospital department; the provisions for surgical attendance in camp and in the field; the provisions for tents, for privies, for bathing, and vaccination; the statistics of small-pox, varioloid, measles, invasions of vermin; the number of deaths; the arrange-

ments for burial. They examined also into the men's amusements, the arrangements for disinfection, the rations of meats, vegetables, spirits, medicine, and the supply of water and the provisions for cooking; into the clothing of the men and into the arrangements for its washing, and for sleeping; and also into camp police, in its arrangements for horses, for slaughtering, for drainage, and for refuse. We do not go into the details of these inquiries, but the reader will see how wide a range they cover by an abridged statement of them. Not satisfying itself with inquiry, the Commission at the same time circulated among surgeons, chaplains, and other officers, the most minute information it could collect from elaborate sanitary reports which have been made, too late, after the recent foreign wars.

It is too early for us to speak of the results of these efforts. The difficulty which the officers of the Commission will find at first, will be in the indifference and ignorance of many of those on whom the real responsibility rests. The Commission itself has on the spot none but an advisory power. It may offer that advice as delicately or as stringently as it pleases, but if it offer it to fools, they will not hear. Still there are enough officers who are not indifferent or ignorant for a beginning, and an influence from head-quarters may be steadily exerted on the others. A very great advantage is gained in an army like ours, when some centre of instruction is established for the benefit of those who want to learn. We can imagine that a health inspector may leave a camp very despondently, when the colonel has thanked him for his visit, asked him to dinner, and offered him a glass of wine, all as the most convenient way for being rid of him. We can see that that reception may augur as little for improvements in the camp, as if he had been sworn at for an interloper, and kicked out of the lines. If the colonel or other officer in command only wants to get rid of him, his inspection for the moment may seem a failure. But it is not a failure. The mere fact that somebody somewhere knows that that camp is amiss, and that it will be so reported at head-quarters, remains, — in the commander's memory it remains as well as in the inspector's, — and if all the while a high standard is presented, and the means of securing it are exhibited, the camps will be approaching that standard in one way or another.

We could wish that the Commission might gradually receive more than an advisory power. If an inspector could take with him a squad of twenty men, as carefully picked and drilled to obey his directions as are sappers and miners for their duty; if they carried with them their model equipage, pitched their little camp in a model way, cooked their model rations on a model system, while ready to execute for the moment any improvements their own chief might wish to illustrate in the details of camp life, as in the supply of water, or the improvement of drainage; if such men showed the other soldiers in camp that, while they drilled as well as the best, they slept better, ate better, dressed more neatly, and, in general, got along easier; if, on their occasional visits at a camp, they introduced the football, cricket, and hop-skip-and-jump, which save Gibraltar from ennui, or the polkas, mazourkas, and the

like, which keep up men's spirits at Chalons, — we can conceive that the arrival of a sanitary inspector with his men for a week at a station would not be dreaded by anybody, but welcomed by all, and that when they departed for another, they would leave behind them a series of permanent lessons of advantage.

Among the scholars, if of the second class, who do honor to Germany, Ludwig Döderlein deserves to be known at least to those who recognize in the "humanities" the beneficent agency of human thought civilizing human life.

He was born at Jena, in 1791, the son of a Protestant theologian, John Christoph Döderlein. Trained up under the best teachers of the land, he was taught at Heidelberg by Creuzer and Voss; at Munich, by Thiersch, who recognized the abilities and delighted in the enthusiasm of his pupil; at Berlin, by Wolf and Böckh and Buttmann. From Berlin, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to be Professor of Philology in the Academy at Berne, whence, in 1819, he went to Erlangen as Rector of the newly organized Gymnasium, and second Professor of Philology in the University; and in 1827, giving up his rectorship, he was made first Professor of Philology and Eloquence, and Director of the Philological Seminary at Erlangen, where he still lives.

A German who studies much will write much. One cannot get far into the domain of philology and criticism without recognizing the activity of Döderlein. We do not propose to catalogue his writings. We mention only the "Œdipus Coloneus des Sophokles" (Leipzig, 1824), the Agricola (German, Aarau, 1818), and the Germania (Latin and German, Erlangen, 1850), together with the Works of Tacitus (2 vols., Halle, 1847). His chief work is considered to be his "Lateinische Synonymen und Etymologien" (Leipzig, 1841). He has published also a Glossary of Homer (1 vol., Erlangen, 1850). His last work of which we have knowledge is that undernoted, — a translation of the Satires of Horace.*

Upon the superiority of the German language over all modern languages for this purpose of translation, that is, of transference of the ancient speech, dead long ago, to the living tongue, we shall not enlarge now. It deserves to be understood better than it is. The German is a plastic language of remarkable power; and for our part, we find also a certain affinity between the German and Hellenic mind. Compare a line of Chapman's or Cowper's with a line of Voss's Homer, and you cannot fail to see how the German does not so much translate as reproduce the Greek. To translate an author, you must first understand him, not verbally and grammatically, but by a certain sympathy of spirit. Cousin's translation of Plato is the best in French, because of all Frenchmen Cousin best understood Plato; but for our part, we read rather Schleiermacher's, for Schleiermacher did not pretend to understand what Plato did not. For half a century the Germans have cultivated the classics with their whole souls, not above other things, but among

* Horazens Satiren. Lateinisch und Deutsch mit Erläuterungen von Dr. Ludwig Döderlein. Leipzig. 1860.

other things. The ancient thought has passed into the vitality of theirs. They translate thus better than we do, because the light glows stronger on their pages than on ours.

In his valuable Preface, Döderlein explains himself touching the character of these Satires, as the world calls them, — Horace called them *Sermones*, that is, conversations, table-talk. And as such he handles his subject, says Döderlein, always in a discursive way, moving lightly on the surface of things, carefully avoiding profundity, revelling in the freedom which conversation gives from the severity of method in developing thought, availing himself of the liberty of digression and piquant allusion, — wholly forgetting, in a word, that first law of all art, the law of unity of the whole. Thus also the Essays of Montaigne win their charm for us. There is no recognition of that deeper world of thought which underlies our daily lives. It is the bright bubble which Horace loves to catch, — not the loftier, it may be sadder, meanings of life which connect the temporal with the eternal. Plato thought more when, looking out upon bright Nature, he wondered whether Euripides did not speak the truth when he said:

> Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι κατθάνειν,
> Τὸ κατθάνειν δὲ ζῆν;

But there was not in Horace, insists Döderlein, a satirical tendency to expose the vices of individuals, or the folly of the age. Some of his poems are meant only for amusement. Others are dramatic portraitures of character, which only become satires by supposing a personal application. Sometimes the reflective form replaces the narrative and the dramatic, and there is then a deep earnestness seldom interrupted by a jest, — rather, says Döderlein, an elegiac expression of indignation, not the caustic manner of Juvenal. Yet it will be hard for Döderlein, even assuming his two exceptions (I. 8 and II. 5), to prove to us that the Satires of Horace are not satires; but easier to show that Horace was more than a satirist, that he belonged to those select ones who only by degrees open themselves to us, disclosing only when we get to be intimate friends the human heart beating under the polish of their wit.

Touching this translation itself a German writer says: "It is a work of art of which Horace would have no need to be ashamed if *he* were a German; that we owe to the æsthetic perception, the refined taste, the congeniality of the author with" — what shall we say? — "his *Urbild*."

Michelet is a versatile and a popular author. Whether he writes of History theoretically, discourses philosophically upon Love and Women, or makes the Sea the theme of his speculations, he is always interesting. The manner of his books is peculiar, hence in part the secret of their fascination. He mingles so strangely, and seemingly so unconsciously, the ethereal with the sensual, the ideal with the real, that we are amused at the contrast, even when annoyed and puzzled at its mystification. It seems impossible for him to state facts without enveloping them in the mist of his own theories, nor can he ever be poetical without being oddly practical. Like Ruskin, he is a lover of

Nature, and adorns her with the jewels of his imagery; but he is by no means so true a worshipper. Like him, too, he delights in fanciful titles to his chapters, and the theories of both are apt to be hobbies; but Ruskin is always pure and lofty in his flights, while Michelet is "of the earth, earthy." Thus he is too material a philosopher to be a chaste writer, and his books, though they may instruct and interest, do not elevate. The sensuous element is too predominant. Even in *La Mer*,* the last of his translated works, and the one next to his History of most intrinsic value, the sentiment so objectionable in *L'Amour* and *La Femme* is apparent. But this tendency of thought and style of expression is by no means confined to Michelet. It is, with some exceptions, a characteristic of modern French writers. Such authors hardly bear translation. They not only lose their elegance and gracefulness, but often become absolutely gross by the process. Our stern Saxon is not pliable enough to conceal by delicacy of expression coarseness and impurity of thought. And this inflexibility is not to be regretted.

Still *La Mer* appears much better in an English dress than either *L'Amour* or *La Femme*. It is a work of decided merit. It is valuable for its information, and interesting for its speculations, while its vagaries are fascinating, and its descriptions graphic and pleasant. It is surprising that a book of so small a size, and one also so very discursive, should contain so large a collection of facts and incidents. The author has the art of condensation as well as that of selection; and while he groups the results of the labors of the man of science with the researches of the naturalist, he renders every subject more attractive by the charm of his own brilliant rhetoric.

Of the four books or sections, the second, "The Genesis of the Sea," is the most interesting. The marvellous life of the sea, and its abundant resources, are well and fully illustrated. Indeed, the teeming myriads of the ocean are regarded by Michelet with so absorbing an interest, that, not content with eulogizing their usefulness and beauty, he must needs endow them with soul. The atom, as well as the whale, he thus dignifies; for example, in speaking of the Medusæ, "the daughters of the sea," he says: "It is the first tender and touching adventure of the new soul going forth without defence from the security of the common life, to be itself an individual, acting and suffering on its own account, — soft sketch of a free nature, an embryo of liberty."

A curious chapter in this section alludes to the "Men and Women of the Sea," — the Sirens, of whom the old poets and romancers sang and wrote. That they were myths, like the Fauns and Satyrs of the Sylvan Age, Michelet doubts. He speaks very gravely of their real existence, and attributes their entire extinction to the hypothesis, that they were treated with great cruelty during the Middle Ages, being regarded as monsters, and consequently exterminated! In the third book, the

* The Sea (La Mer). From the French of M. J. Michelet. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1861.

"Progress of the Sea," the great decrease of the whale is proved and deplored, and a call is made upon all nations to proclaim a peace, like that the Swiss granted to the chamois, that the ocean may again teem with the precious species.

The "Restoration of the Sea," though containing many valuable and sensible suggestions, is the weak portion of the volume. Several chapters are out of place, and are manifestly absurd. The picture drawn of the young wife and mother seeking strength from the sea, and the relation of the husband's emotions upon witnessing her restoration, might do excellently well for a provincial *feuilleton*, but in its present position is absurdly out of place.

Much of the scientific information to be found in *La Mer* is derived from "The Physical Geography of the Sea," and Michelet not only fully acknowledges his obligations to Lieut. Maury, but makes frequent and honorable mention of his contributions to science. We quote the commendation of the French historian as an act of justice to one whose scientific claims have been called in question, only regretting that equal justice to the cause of good government and freedom requires us to record our condemnation of a delinquent patriotism, which we must sadly regard as involving treachery also. Referring to the observations upon currents of the air and sea, Michelet says: —

"The latest and most celebrated of these observers, Maury, the American, courageously undertook what a whole administration had recoiled from; viz. to extract from, and arrange the contents of, I know not what multitude of log-books, those often confused and ill-kept records of the sea-captains. These extracts, reduced into tables, under regular heads, gave in the result rules and generalities. A congress of seamen assembled at Bruxelles decided that the observations, henceforth to be logged with more care, shall be sent from all parts to the Observatory at Washington. A noble compliment that, paid by Europe to young America and her patient and ingenious Maury, the learned poet of the sea. He has not only summed up and exemplified her laws: he has done much more, for, by the force of heart and by love of nature, as much as by positive results, he has carried the whole world with him. His charts and his first work, of which a hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed, are liberally distributed to sailors of all nations by the United States government. A number of eminent men in France and in Holland, Tucot, Jullien, Margole, Zurcher, and others, have made themselves the interpreters, the eloquent missionaries, of this apostle of the sea." — pp. 56, 57.

In spite of its faults, there is more to admire than to censure in *La Mer*, and we can commend it as giving valuable information in a fascinating style.

It has been our hope that the Examiner might escape that unfortunate trap into whose seductions so many of the leading reviews fall, which is baited successively by new editions of "Walpole's Letters." We could name journals which we never open without finding a review of the most worthless period of the most worthless court of the most worthless century of modern history, under the title, "Sir Horace Walpole." So attractive are the lightest letters of a very worthless

man. Without ourselves finding it necessary to review these letters annually, we may say that Mr. Bohn is republishing them in one chronological connection, in the handsome volumes of his "Gentleman's Library."*

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Theism; a Treatise on God, Providence, and Immortality. By John Orr. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 8vo. pp. 406.

The Doctrine of Atonement by the Son of God. By Henry Solly. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 363.

A New Translation of the Book of Job, with an Introduction, and Notes, chiefly explanatory. By George R. Noyes, D. D. Third Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

Unitarian Missionary Papers. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 80.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 476.

History of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 18mo. pp. 316.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 531. (See p. 300.)

Seasons with the Sea-Horses; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas. By James Lamont, Esq., F. G. S. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 8vo. pp. 282. (See p. 301.)

Carthage and her Remains; being an Account of Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, and other Adjacent Places. Conducted under the Auspices of her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. Davis, F. R. G. S., &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 8vo. pp. 504.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Tom Brown at Oxford; a Sequel to School Days at Rugby. Part II. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 430.

The Same. New York: Harper and Brothers. 18mo. pp. 733.

The Semi-Attached Couple. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 18mo. pp. 360.

The Silent Woman. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 8vo. pp. 178.

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* The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. Vols. I. and II. London: H. G. Bohn.

EDUCATION.

Primary Object Lessons for a Graduated Course of Development. A Manual for Teachers and Parents, with Lessons for the Proper Training of the Faculties of Children. By N. A. Calkins. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 12mo. pp. 362.

C. Julii Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Recognovit Geo. Long, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861. 18mo. pp. 187.

T. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura. Libri Sex. Recognovit A. I. Munro M. A. Ibid. pp. 190.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major sive De Senectute, Lælius sive De Amicitia, et Epistolæ Selectæ. Recensuit G. Loring. Ibid. pp. 112.

The Fifth Reader of the School and Family Series. By Marcius Willson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 538.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chimes of Freedom and Union: a Collection of Poems for the Times. By Various Authors. Boston: B. R. Russell. 24mo. pp. 64.

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 32, 33. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Golden Chain; a New Sabbath-school Singing-Book. By William B. Bradbury. New York: Ivison, Phinney, & Co. 1861.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 430. (See p. 282.)

The Metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton, collected, arranged, and abridged for the Use of Colleges and Private Students. By Francis Bowen. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 12mo. pp. 563.

PAMPHLETS.

The Social Significance of our Institutions; an Oration delivered by Request of the Citizens at Newport, R. I., July 4th, 1861. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. pp. 47.

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"Fovve si sapientia Deus sit, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

Art. I. — THE RELATION OF WAR TO HUMAN NATURE.

La Guerre et la Paix: Recherches sur le Principe et la Constitution du Droit des Gens. Par P. J. Proudhon. 3e édition. Paris. 1861. 2 vols. 12mo.

In these trenchant and powerful books, his latest publication, M. Proudhon — a man famous for the probing radicalism of his principles, and for the remorseless sincerity with which he ultimates all the implications of his premises — presents a vigorous and brilliant plea for the social necessity, the divine rightfulness, the varied and copious beneficence of war. The work is done with lucid method, by a master of the material. It is valuable, both for fact and for thought. There is a great deal of wisdom and sound argument in it, still more of dashing emotion and vehement eloquence. But it is vitiated by the dominant presence of French "glory," with its theatric illusions. The setting of its truths in forced perspectives gives them a false moral effect. The discolorations of the rash personality of the author affect his perceptions, and leave sensible traces on his sentiments and reasonings. His course of procedure also is wrong. He starts from the burning postulates of his instincts, and approaches the subject from beneath, arguing from what has always been actual; whereas he should approach it from above, arguing from the commanding axioms of ethics to the ideal state which ought *to become actual* by progressive conquests over imperfection. Not history, but philosophy, is the arbiter of right, and fur-

nishes the true standard for the future of mankind. The plausible plea which deduces the moral rightness of war from its historic universality is transparently sophistical, although so often brought forward and so unsuspiciously accepted. Must war be in accordance with the will of God, because no nation ever yet existed forty years without waging it? Not a day has ever passed without the occurrence of thefts, adulteries, and murders. Yet these crimes are opposed to the will of God. We believe in a providential order of the world, in spite of their constant recurrence. Certain inevitable attendants of a wild nomadic life are superseded and forgotten in the life of polished cities. The butterfly, soaring in sunshine and the azure, no longer wears the slough he cast as a slug. The perfected mammal sheds the provisional organs indispensable in the temporary types he passes through in his developmental ascension. So many necessities in the red epochs of vengeance and rapine will be left behind when men reach a fine civility, based on a scientific co-ordination of rights and duties, magnanimous sympathy, and gentle manners.

Besides, there is, to a humane thinker, not carried away by passionate sentimentalism and declamation, something painful in the way M. Proudhon verbally smooths over and lessens the evils of war, exaggerates and rouges its blessings, stimulating the passions of vanity, pride, ambition, and martial honor, casting comparative contempt on the far more sacred virtues of meekness, piety, self-denial, and quiet industry. No one from perusing his terse and complacent pages would ever imagine war to be the colossal agglomeration of calamity and sorrow which at the best it is. His tribunitian picture, so ornate and high-toned, contrasted with the sad and stern reality, affects us as though, when expecting to see the form of the dead exhibited in solemn shroud and pall, it were displayed tricked out with the tawdriness of a doll. M. Proudhon writes not as an impartial judge of peace and war; he appears as the zealous advocate of war. We shall not follow the details of his able but perverse volumes with hostile criticism. We prefer to take up the subject ourselves in a different light.

Our purpose is to consider war in its connection with human nature and the moral law; and especially the relations

of our present war to the social condition and ethical sentiments of the nineteenth century. The topic is certainly a timely one.

In the outset, our attention is called to the explaining ground of human war, the earlier vistas of creation that prophesied it, the darker elements of our nature that necessitated it. Throughout the vast forecourt and epochs of the animal kingdom, from the bugs of the pool to the leviathan, from the vermin of the soil to the lion, from the motes of the sunbeam to the pterodactyl, all the anterior races of beings were equipped with weapons, animated with aggressive and repelling instincts, and led to fight and prey on each other. Their whole existence was full of battling and cannibalism. When man appeared, made in the image of his Creator, it might be thought he was too loftily endowed for the enactment of such scenes; but in the lower range of his being he contained the sum of the passions and exposures of the foregone orders. He was mightily furnished with self-love, goaded by ravenous appetites, supplied with envy, cunning, and pride, capable of anger and hatred, moved by impulses to gnash and snatch, tear and smite. Here on this brute side of human nature rested the primitive possibility of war. Here in this fiend-spirit of human nature was that monster engendered, nourished, and cast forth. Man was morally imperfect, sometimes inspired with vindictive passions; therefore was war possible, and, under certain combinations of circumstances, inevitable. Accordingly, as soon as men were numerous enough to form tribes whose pursuits, whims, or desires might interfere, whose apparent interests might clash, armed strifes began. And the air has hurtled and rung with them ever since. Each generation has clothed the globe afresh in a livery of banners and garments rolled in blood. Not a season has passed in which victims by hundreds of hecatombs have not been offered up in the shambles of this war-fiend. Armies have lined all the centuries, and battles daily kept pace with the circling hours. When we think of the awfulness of deadly strife between men, and of its inseparable consequences, — confronting brothers transformed into hyenas, furiously rending each other; the blasting of all the blessed affections of life; the destruction of property; the subversion and delay of civilization

and progress; the organized diffusion and perpetuation of barbarism, crime, and misery; the exchange of love, plenty, and happiness for hate, hardship, and wretched terrors, — and then remember, notwithstanding all this, how universally war has prevailed, we must be filled with astonishment and sadness. We must exclaim, in wonder, What delusion has stultified the minds, what rage has frenzied the breasts of men, that they should persist in such a course? Had they from the first been wise, and loved each other, studying their mutual weal, and toiling fraternally to develop their common resources and fulfil their united destiny, the entire earth might ere now have been made a paradise, all its children, cradled in peace and bliss, when their mortal hour came willingly passing from heaven below, through the gate of death, to heaven above. But, alas! inflamed with selfishness and animosity, an irrepressible mania for contention, they have destroyed their own happiness and transmitted an awful heritage of hostilities and woes to their posterity. War has been the chief business of mankind hitherto. They have invented an inexhaustible variety of weapons and engines of death, contrived constant occasions for fighting, filled the world with the convulsion of their conflicts, and the channel of the ages with a gurgling river of gore on which navies might ride. The cultivation of martial pursuits has beyond a question absorbed the thoughts, passions, energies, time, of our race, to a sad extent. It has been estimated that twenty thousand millions of human beings — twenty times the present population of the earth — have perished from war, under a concentration of outrage inflicted by the violence of man. The wickedness herein revealed, spurning every moral law, is only equalled by the folly, overlooking every self-interest, that could permit such a wholesale manufacture of woe to go on. The tremendous extent and pertinacity of the habit of human slaughter in battle, its shocking criminality, and its incredible foolishness, when regarded from an advanced religious position, are three facts on the threshold of our subject calculated to appall every thoughtful man, and startle him into amazement.

As we come to the main body of facts, we are first confronted by the question of causes. The occasions of wars, the oppor-

tunities for the provoking motives to rush forth, are very numerous; but the real causes or motives themselves are comparatively few. Among the earliest of these incentives was avaricious desire, the greed of an unprincipled selfishness, forming predatory bands, and making *wars of conquest.* The first armed sallies, probably, were marauding incursions. In a rude and lawless age, when man had not freed himself from the entanglements of mere earthliness, when the moral law was dim and ineffectual, when there was no valid tribunal but the strong arm uplifting the sword, what was there to restrain a furious horde from falling on the harvests and wealth of a peaceful neighbor? In savage races, in early stages of civilization, there is also an intense repugnance to labor; and from the dawn of historic time until within a few centuries, wars have been waged all around the globe to secure slaves to do the drudgery of the victors. This habit has ceased now in civilized lands, but the nations of Central Africa practise it still. The lure of conquest, spoils, slaves, has caused a thousand wars. No moralist now affects to defend this style of war.

Prominent also among the effective causes of conflict has always been an acrimonious hostility, a spirit of revenge, provoking *wars of retaliation.* Individuals of one clan or country were injured, insulted, or slain by those of another, or their possessions were seized. The instinctive retort was an army, hurled on the hated territory, devouring its fruit with their locust-numbers, darkening its heaven with the flight of their arrows, burning its fields, levelling its towns, enslaving its inhabitants, bearing off its available plunder. Many a page in the book of war has thus been covered. Every enlightened thinker now acknowledges that the passion which breeds this kind of war is thoroughly wrong and pernicious.

Another most influential cause of martial struggles between nations has been the maddening prize of glory, the hunger and thirst for admiration and honor, enkindling *wars of ambition.* Feats of muscular force, careless courage, burning enthusiasm, victorious energy, are the achievements that most stir the wonder and extort the applause of uncultivated men. They cause the nerves and pulses of every beholder to tingle. Such deeds

and qualities found the best, nay, in those times, almost the only, stage for their exhibition on the battle-field, where man met man foot to foot, and eye to eye, and the strongest prevailed. Those who were foremost in conspicuous daring and doing were the objects of intense curiosity and boundless praise. The homage of the people was paid them. They bore sway in tent, forum, and field. They were decked with imperial insignia. When they entered the capital in triumph, the population thronged the avenues and swarmed the roofs with tiptoe eagerness, flinging garlands, and shaking the sky with their shouts. The love of fame was thus kindled in the heart of humanity, and military expeditions were the means through which it sought gratification. And so it was natural that the waging of war should become general and chronic. The sense of common decency would now prevent any man from advocating a war explicitly for the purpose of gratifying ambition.

Another source still of the embroilment of nations in armed strife is found in sectarian zeal, the focus of superstitious bigotry, which, under the impulse of narrow and heated convictions, spreads fanaticism, intolerance, proselytism, and prosecutes *wars of opinion*. There is no spirit so implacable and fiendish as the bigot-spirit of a false religion. In a remote antiquity, the crowded empires of India were rent, drenched in gore, and wellnigh desolated, by the internecine encounters of Brahmin and Buddhist. Similar scenes were also enacted in Persia when the votaries of the Magian religion were swept away, and afterwards when they were restored. The ten Pagan persecutions of early Christendom destroyed their victims by thousands. The Moslems, under the crescent standard of their Prophet, harvested the vineyard of half the world into the wine-press of their hurricane conquests, and rode through it up to their horses' bridles in the purple mire. The throne of the Inquisition swam on a brimming dungeon of blood. The Huguenots in France, the Vaudois in Piedmont, the Puritans in Great Britain, and many other schismatics in other places, were plied by the Papal power with bayonets and bullets, racks and fagots, till the barbarity horrified earth and heaven. Battle-fields were strewn with dead on account of the philosophical contentions between the Realists and the Nominalists,

thus demonstrating by the geometry of stabs and strokes that, if ideas were merely nominal, passions at least were real. Mental liberality and charity have now attained a preponderant power and diffusion, which, in conjunction with the increasing pacification and consent of interests and pursuits, make it unlikely that we shall have more wars of this sort.

A further cause of national quarrels and bloodshed is the envious and rapacious selfishness of political policy, producing *wars of rivalry*. Nations, each possessed with a spirit of selfish individuality, greedily tugging for a distinguished supremacy, malignantly watch each other, with braced muscles, their armor on. If one people see another outstripping them in the race for aggrandizement and political influence, in a chagrined revulsion of envy and fear they declare war, and fight to bring them back abreast or behind. Do not the fixed usages and proverbial maxims of international law and diplomacy declare that "the balance of power" must be preserved at all hazards and at whatever cost? The selfish pride and spleen of rival nationalities cannot brook an acknowledged superior. It will never do to let any nation pursue uninterrupted the career of prosperity and dilating strength! So Rome and Carthage clutched and fought for centuries, till the lonely fisherman spread his nets on the birthplace of Hannibal. So Holland battled for the commercial and naval sweeping of the seas. France and England have for a thousand years kept even pace, each suspiciously eying the other, each feeling of its sword-handle and uttering an ominous growl at every step the other has taken, every warlike invention or new armament of the one being straightway echoed by a corresponding equipment of the other, the Warrior answering La Gloire. But when Russia, steadily hewing her way from the mountains to the sea, from the Kremlin of Moscow to the mosques of Constantinople, became such a gigantic power as to shake their complacent equality, they united to reduce her overgrown bulk, — and the battle-axe of Richard, the crusade sword of St. Louis, and the scymitar of Saladin were levelled together against the Greek cross. Such has been the invariable policy of nations in the past, as to make the feeling very rife in America at this moment, that the chief powers of the Old

World would rejoice at our dismemberment and ruin. We have become so prosperous and mighty, it is thought, that they cannot tolerate us with any comfort. The terrible wars under Napoleon — costing six millions of lives, leaving a military road of human bones from Borodino to the Pyramids — were largely owing to the family alliance of the crowned heads of Europe, the league of kings against peoples, whereby they were to support each other's dynasties, and wherefore they strove to reinstate the Bourbons, the vomit of the Revolution, on the throne of France. In an advanced state of civilization, when governments and society are firmly builded and held in law, few wars occur — as the history of the last five centuries shows — save those resulting from national envy, the intrigues and provocations of diplomacy. But every person of mature and comprehensive thought now sees the solidarity of mankind, confesses that the interests of all countries are fundamentally harmonious, and knows that the welfare of each is, in the long run, enhanced by the increasing welfare of the rest.

Again, a prolific cause of military conflicts is to be found in the observance of an hereditary standard of false honor, which allows a nation no alternative, when dissensions arise, and the other customary modes of settlement have failed, but to appeal to the ordeal of battle, and leave the question to the arbitration of physical force, constituting *wars of vindication.* These have sprung primarily from that animal impulse — consciously avowed only among savages, with whom there is no test or court of reference — which says, "I demand this; you refuse it; go to, we will fight and see." This impulse has been legalized and transmitted as a rule for the mutual observance of nations! It is called the ultimate argument of kings, and has been the parent of unnumbered contests. Two nations fall out. Owing to the suspicious pride of the people, and the aggravating chicanery of the negotiators, they find it hard to adjust their claims, harder yet to bear their recriminations. They fly into a passion, and invoke the decision of swords and cannon-balls. They ignite the magazine of war, and when one or two hundred thousand men have been blown to pieces by the explosion, they come together in council, their honor is vindicated, the right is made perfectly clear, they compromise

their disputes, and are satisfied! Who will not now cheerfully admit that it would have been incomparably better for them to have met in council and peaceably settled their controversy before fighting?

These, then, are the primary causes of war. Had it not been for avarice, revenge, ambition, envy, intolerance, bad temper in dispute, would there ever have been a war among men? When we consider these causes of war as excuses for it, as justifications of its iniquitious atrocities, their futility is glaring. If a longing for contiguous harvests or territories justifies national war, then private theft and highway robbery are justifiable: for the multiplying enlargement of an individual act cannot alter its moral ingredients. If revenge for a sneer or a wrong be a justifying motive for national war, then the citizen may justifiably slay in the street the man who insults or injures him: for a given act has the same ethical qualities when performed by the component unit as when performed by the corporate whole. If sheer love of fame can ever justify a national war, then it is innocent for all men to turn warriors, and organize the achievement of glory by fighting into the leading business of life: for that which is right in itself cannot be made wrong by being boldly avowed and carried out for what it really is. If the conviction on the part of one people that another is in fatal error of belief be a justification of national war, then Catholic should imprison Protestant, Calvinist exterminate Unitarian, and the Holy Alliance hunt with fire and sword the whole unevangelical world beside: for consistency is a jewel, and that which is self-annihilating when ultimated cannot be true and good. If envy and dread of the transcending greatness of a nation justify others in declaring war against it, to cripple its enterprise and check its career, then no differencing prerogatives of riches, genius, influence, or advantage should be permitted in the world: for if one man, wiser, abler, happier, than another, has a just right to enjoy that superiority, a nation in the same condition must have the same right. To affirm that the obstinacy of a controversialist, the perplexing difficulty of a debate, justifies a national resort to the battle-field, implies that God speaks more plainly in the dark chances of war than in the clear responses

of reason, that there is more wisdom in a hurried consultation of camp-officers than in a deliberate congress of philosophers, that there is better morality in the sword-strokes of maddened combatants than in the consciences of impartial referees, and that the logic of grape-shot conveys more luminous statements and convincing arguments than the lips of any statesman can utter: and these assertions are such mere appeals to prejudice and folly that no sober mind would dream of maintaining them. The pretended justifications of wilful wars, therefore, when tried in the light of the culture of our time, are empty and forceless. They are sham excuses covering the real motives. The real motives are so alien from the moral law, that it is necessary to disguise them before acting on them. The principle of war is obsolete, only its passion survives; and before that passion can venture to indulge itself it is obliged to put on a transforming garb of noble associations.

Wars are waged now among civilized nations because they were waged in the past, because they were then so necessary, common, glorious. The custom has been handed down as an authority which the stolid conservatism of the world obeys. Had it never been known before, — had the dead generations not entailed on the living ones the furious legacy and example of their mutual grudges, — would England, Germany, America, freshly invent it now? In the absence of a paramount ethical order and law, when the unbridled impulses of families, the high-handed passions of tribes, ruled all, war was an organic necessity. It prevailed unrebuked. It got consolidated in the framework and customs of society. And therefore is it that war swims the oceans and strides the continents of the globe to-day. It is no necessity now, save from prestige and usage. It is no expediency at all. If the world could forget its ancient habits, and for its communities, as it already has for its individuals, displace allegiance to the duellist's code of honor by fealty to the good man's sense of right, every national disagreement henceforth would be adjusted without the shedding of a drop of blood.

If we left this department of the subject here, the treatment might justly be called contracted and unfair. We have regarded war thus far solely from the point of view of the

Christian moralist, looking at the primary causes, whence it must receive a total condemnation. It wears a different aspect, and sometimes claims hearty justification, when surveyed from the point of view of the legist, the statesman, and the patriot, looking at its secondary causes, embracing unpardonable provocations and inestimable stakes. Man is intrusted by God with sacred rights of liberty, justice, knowledge, happiness. His home, his country, is the post where he is set to maintain these trusts. If an unprincipled selfishness undertakes by force to cleave them down or wrest them from him, the inmost oracles of nature summon him to resist unto the last gasp, and die sooner than retreat or surrender. The instinct of highest loyalty prompts him to protect with every available weapon those inalienable rights which, confided to him by his Maker, are the heart of his heart, the life of his life, the essence, investiture, and receptacle of his duty. We hold, with Robert Hall, that in general, in actual practice, war is the repeal of the moral law. But we cannot abdicate the sovereignty of our nature, and give up the fruition of those primal endowments whose action constitutes a diviner soul within the soul, a choicer existence within existence. Thus, while war is an evil which must never be *sought*, it may sometimes be an obligation to *meet* it with girded front when it comes. We cannot rightfully make it as a *choice*, but we may be bound to accept it as a *necessity*. Non-resistance, as a working theory, seems to us feeble, romantic, and incompetent, though we cannot help respecting its advocates. It attempts to adjust harmony and perfection to imperfectness and discord. It is the application of a scheme of ideal laws to a perverse set of conditions. A machine making twenty-five per cent waste of power in friction cannot be worked according to the laws of pure mechanics.

Therefore, besides the kinds of wars already specified, which can never be justified in any court of enlightened humanity and religious ethics, there are two species of wars which may sometimes be rightfully advocated. One is a *war of expansion*, when a people, in their advancing development of ideas and civilization, have outgrown their old forms of opinion, law, government, and fashion, yet their rulers insist on forci-

bly holding them back, fastening their irksome yokes and tyrannical restrictions upon the growing organism with no allowance for its germinating energies and progressive life. A bourgeoning nation, under such circumstances, has an indefeasible right to rend its fetters, punish its oppressors, and make them powerless for tyranny, asserting its life by destructive force, — as a plant tears apart the roots of trees, and pushes stones aside, and splits the ground, in its upward course to the light. There is a profound connection between the two declarations of Christ, "I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," — "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword."

The other justifiable exercise of destructive power on the part of a nation is when, assailed in the vitalities of its authority, freedom, honor, means of sustenance and defence, it is compelled to expire or wage a *war of self-preservation*. There are in the inner sanctuaries of a country sacred deposits, which must be guarded with sleepless vigilance, and defended at every cost; for these once profaned or stolen, the heart of the people rots, their vision fails, and their doom is to perish. Physical blows and bodily destruction are not the worst outrages, not the ultimate ills. There are wounds of the personality which draw no blood, stabs of conscience, worth, dignity, "from which manhood and immortality flow out," and our very being invisibly "bleeds to everlasting death." If a country tamely suffer itself to be violently dismembered by the arbitrary will of bad men, a plotting crew of demagogues, it has not the unitary consciousness of a living nationality, but is a dead accretion of parts, waiting for some chance shock to crumble its atoms on the soil. Self-preservation is the normal instinct of whatever has life; and the intensity of repellent sensitiveness to injurious wrong measures the height of life and the rank of being. Whether is it better, that good permit itself to be made the footstool of evil, or rise in its godlike majesty and drive evil into nonentity?

There can be no doubt in any fair mind, unblinded by prejudice and acquainted with the facts of the case, as to the justice and obligation of the war we are now carrying on with the treasonous slaveholders and their confederates. No language

is too severe to characterize the accomplices, who, goaded on apparently by malignant jealousy and ambition, laying their plans years ago and pushing them steadily forward ever since, are mainly, if not entirely, responsible for this whole mischief. They have raised an army with the sworn purpose of cleaving the dominion of our common country in twain, and establishing their self-will on the ruins of her authority. Accordingly we have our choice between two courses. We must either put down this rebellion by iron-handed power, using as a path to good a necessary evil forced on us against our will, or else submit to an evil far deadlier. For to let an oligarchy of conspirators destroy the Republic of the United States, and quench all the cheering influences of its example, would be an evil worse than this war. To let the insane conceit, the insufferable insolence and autocratic rule of the slave-power have their own way, and ride over us, would be an evil worse than this war. To let chattel-slavery spread its iniquity and demoralization farther, and acquire a new tenure of existence as a part of our national policy, would be an evil worse than this war. To let the dictating influence which has directed the government for the last twenty years go on, by military conquest or by purchase annexing new territory to perpetuate human bondage, postponing the inevitable crisis for another generation, thus precipitating the catastrophe of disruption and struggle on our children instead of on ourselves, would be an evil worse than to have this war now. There remains, therefore, no honorable issue for us but to accept the dire conflict as a war of self-preservation and necessity, and come up to the brunt with unbroken unanimity, determined to fight it through so effectually that not even a ghost of it shall ever rise to haunt posterity. Since we must take up the gauntlet, let us do it without compunction, and strike with irresistible vigor. The rebels advance, in the interests of slavery and treason, to assail us, the passions of selfish ambition and sectional hatred fusing their ranks into one desperate mass. Let the loyal people advance, in the name of God and humanity, in the interests of morality and civilization, to disarm them, the sublimer passions of patriotism and liberty blending all our squadrons into a solid avalanche of conscience, valor, and victory.

Next to be considered after the causes of war are its evils,—a dire list! Who can, with any adequacy, describe the horrors of war? We here stand confounded with astonishment, aghast with sorrow and terror. The blood curdles in the veins of the appreciating contemplator. The portrayer drops his pen in despair. The orator's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. It is vain to undertake to impart a competent conception of the crimes and miseries belonging to war. They have been made too common and familiar through literature to pierce our custom-hardened feelings. They are too remote and vast to be vividly apprehended and felt. Their appalling character and magnitude stun the imagination, and pass off like the burden of a frightful dream. Or, if we do try to realize the subject, by analyzing the mountainous masses of outrage and anguish into their components, and earnestly regarding in detail the individual cases of fiendishness, mutilation, and torture, the heart sickens, the overstrained sensibilities shudder with alarm, faintness, and loathing, and we are compelled to find relief by turning away from the intolerable spectacles. And yet we must not do the theme we are examining so great injustice, as not to attempt some indication of the contents of its longest and weightiest department.

It is, then, in the outset, an axiom in battle, to do the enemy the utmost possible damage, even unto absolute annihilation, setting no limits to destruction, knowing no remorse or pity, until victory and safety are secured. Accordingly, Napoleon did a right creditable piece of generalship when, with perpendicular firing, he broke the ice at Austerlitz over which the defeated Russians and Austrians were retreating, and in less than five minutes sunk over thirty thousand of them, each man of whom had a home expecting his return.

The recruiting-sergeant could tell a tale to make stones weep, of the hardships, sorrows, drunkenness, deceptions, madness, that impel men to fill the rolls of enlistment. The heart-breaking sobs and mortal despair in the cottages of the peasantry, the reckless mutilation of themselves by those exposed to be drafted for the wars, reveal the character of conscription in the various despotic countries of the world. The unendurable tyranny and brutality of military rule in many

instances, the deadly exhaustion of forced marches and short rations, the draining fevers and swooping pestilences that sweep off such hosts from most armies in their unwholesome encampments, destitute of every comfort, sleep-breaking alarms, and heavy homesickness of soul, are the routine of a campaign, and among the lesser evils of a soldier's life. For, next, the curtain of battle is lifted, and the reeling field itself exposed, canopied with smoke, reverberant with yells, traversed with lacerating missiles, drenched in blood and fire, engirt as it were by the yawning jaws of hell. A gay and gallant regiment of youths, collected from many a village-green, advance to storm a battery. Suddenly one blinding gush of flame, and a storm of shells explodes upon their breasts and faces, scattering their mangled remains in every direction.

The day is lost and won, and night sets in. Over the ghastly panorama of broken drums, draggled standards, lifeless horses, stiffened corpses, writhing shapes of wounded humanity whose torture-parched lips are scarce able to whisper, serenely sails the moon. Then heartless soldiers and the shameless camp-followers prowl abroad to plunder the yet palpitating bodies of foes and comrades. The next sun sees birds of prey flocking to gorge themselves. For them this feast was prepared. Soon companies are sent out to bury the dead. The bodies are piled up. Great holes are dug, and the work is begun. See, beneath the opening vest of that fair young man, what is it that gleams so? A miniature. And yonder, what does that rigid hand press so closely upon the bloodless lip? A lock of hair. Perhaps it his mother's. Ah, humanity, thou art sweet and holy even here! Indiscriminately they are all flung in together, and covered with common earth. And no vestige of them is left to be borne to the far-away homes they left, — the hapless homes where they are prayed for, and where the news of the victory will carry faintness, and a lasting agony deeper than death.

The horrors of siege and sack stand alone, even amidst the enormities of war. In old time, famine reigned till the skeleton survivors could not bury the dead, and mothers devoured their babes. Now a hail-storm of bombs showers over the walls, tearing into the houses, exploding in the chambers

of women, in the cradles of infants, in the beds of the sick, shattering the asylums of the wounded to fragments. Afterwards comes the onslaught and capture, when vengeance, avarice, lust, and slaughter career almost unchecked, and the inhabitants of the doomed city are made to drink as bitter and direful a cup as that which Sodom drank in the day when fire and brimstone rained from heaven and submerged her.

One glimpse at the surgical saws, probes, and knives, quantities of artificial limbs, barrels of salve, loads of lint, provided in the outfit of an army, is enough to suggest the necessary scenes in the hospitals. But to set forth an adequate view of the general deterioration of character, the unfitting for useful pursuits, the universal demoralization, that ordinarily result from the life of a war-camp and follow in the wake of an army, would require a volume; and we forbear.

There are certain evils, however, of which there is danger from this war of ours, against which we must carefully make every feasible provision. The first is the engendering of an inveterate animosity between the opposed sections of the country, which will brood, rankle, and burn for years after the Union is reconstructed and outward peace established. We must see to it that no unnecessary obstacles be interposed to the healing influences of one religion, one language, one history, a growing identity of interests, and a multiplying intimacy of interlacing ties of business, friendship, and consanguinity.

We believe the rank and file of our present army are animated by sentiments of love and duty, their consciences girded by high principle, their hearts and habits guarded by a virtuous discipline and watchfulness without, and by moral and religious restraints within, in a degree very exceptional in the history of soldiery. Still it must be borne in mind that they are exposed to many demoralizing circumstances, in danger of acquiring a distaste for the routine of peaceful industry, and growing careless of the unobtrusive but indispensable virtues of the home, the street, and the church. All available counteractives must be generously employed.

But most especially we ought to beware of paying too much attention to holiday soldiering after the war is over. Many

complaints are now heard that the military art has been so generally neglected by the body of our people in these last years of peace and fancied security. We totally dissent from these complaints. Far better wait now six months to organize our sober and intelligent people to meet this dread exigency, than to have been prepared at a day's notice, at the expense of a permanent standing army, like the Austrian hordes, eating up the health and virtue of the land. It will be a great evil if this war gives a deep, wide, and lasting impulse to the martial spirit, and secures an important extension to the military profession. Another war ought to be made less likely by this one, not more likely. But if vast bodies of troops be kept enrolled in any form, and popular generals review them on glittering gala-days, it will foster the fighting spirit, inflame dangerous aspirants, be a natural step towards warlike enterprises abroad or at home, perhaps lead to a military dictatorship, at all events squander precious means and time in vain displays.

Proceeding in our examination of war, our attention is now due to its alleviations. Here in the shocking catalogue of the annals of destruction are interspersed a few golden leaves, which show like interpolations by angelic hands in a composition by fiends. Such is the radiance of these pages, that they have cast a deceitful gleam around all the rest, as a pool of blood may mirror moon and stars. Dauntless valor of soul is so bright, that military ferocity has caught a baleful lustre from its reflection. So sublime is the sentiment of genuine patriotism, crying, as the consecrated hero falls on the high places of the field, "It is sweet and beautiful to die for one's country," that demagogues and ruffians have put on its spurious mask, and captivated the world as they ravaged other nations for the fatal aggrandizement of their own.

There is this partial justification for the admiration often felt for a vast and solemn movement of martial enterprise, that it takes a large proportion of its agents up to a higher plane than their wonted one, and subjects them to the bracing, purifying regimen of larger motives and a more dignified behavior than those of their customary manner. Thousands who in a time of peace lead low and deranged lives of gross self-indul-

gence and reckless irregularity, when the tonic blast of war blows through all their haunts and sounds a clarion summons over the land, are caught up out of their festering sloth and lusts into a higher range of sentiments, — a deep sense of fealty to law and country, a devoted love for their leaders, a generous emulation with their fellows, a thrilling recognition of the charms of bravery, grace, and magnanimity, — are taught self-denial and labor, organized into a life of promptitude and order, move forward, animated by consentaneous purpose, led by music, a living mass of beauty and strength, enveloped in a magical halo of poetry, devotion, and invincibility. The transformation of the vicious and sullied loungers of bar-rooms and stews, the bruised brawlers and pests of the street, into the splendid soldiers of a scrupulously disciplined army, is one aspect of the work of war which reveals something of the regenerating power of religion, and is full of moral grandeur.

In spite of our dislike of war, let us do it justice, and confess that it has frequently been a theatre for the intensified exhibition and reward of certain forms of grand attributes of man. Did not loyalty, chastity, forbearance, courtesy, endurance, disinterested enterprise, find their apotheosis in the martial ideal of the great institution of knighthood? No leaf in all the ponderous tome of human history even now is half as fascinating and satisfactory to romantic sentiment as the leaf — so brilliant, notwithstanding its sombre margin and scattered blots — contributed by chivalry. In the heavy prose of the Middle Age, chivalry was a lyric episode. It was the wedlock of religion and arms. Its valiant blood leaped in the arteries and flushed the face of Europe. The enthusiasm of its faith pulsed over Asia in electric shocks. The beaming spirit of its generous and gentle manners illumined and charmed the world. It did its portion of good work in its time, and left a fruitful deposit behind, putting the world in its debt. And while a vision of its plumed knights, on prancing steeds, in bannered array, their lances tipped with sunset, floats through imagination, we will gratefully own that the word *chivalry* mitigates the indictment of war.

The first alleviations of war are the virtues exemplified in connection with it. The mere bravery nourished and displayed

in battle is not to be underrated or despised. A people may be sunk as far below the level of determined resistance to infamous outrages as they may be elevated above the level of unjust aggression. There is something in indomitable courage, on whatever plane it be shown, that has always commanded reverence, awakened thrills, and evoked applauding shouts. Doubtless it is in some degree right that it should be so, from the intrinsic nature of the trait. Bravery is the common ground and bulwark of all high qualities in exposure; and obviously that virtue must take a high rank which is so often an indispensable condition for the exercise of any other virtue. A self-forgetting allegiance to the sentiment of obligation, an unquestioning obedience by a whole nation of the acknowledged authority over them, fronting perils undismayed, cheerfully undergoing hardships, rushing upon death in all its horror with alacrity, — this is a prominent accompaniment of war. And the lesson taught on so dazzling and stupendous a scale through this absolute submission of subalterns to superiors — the lesson that all men should instantaneously obey every command given with true authority — is important enough to repay a great cost. A large part of the fighting by private soldiers has always been done under a conviction of duty, however mistaken in many cases that conviction may have been. And self-sacrificing devotion to a conviction of duty is the noblest thing on earth. What lofty strains shall fitly praise that inspired patriotism which has led so many heroes to devote all they had upon the public altar, and then sell their lives dearly in the thickest of the battle, beating back the assailants of their country? When, at the boundary of Lacedæmon, Leonidas and his three hundred carved a path with their swords to the centre of a million Persians, and there made their graves, the unconquerable instincts of humanity pronounce it a deed of natural religion, the very climax of glory. And when a rude monument is reared over them in the shadow of Thermopylæ, with the inscription, "Stranger! go tell Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws," it is forever grand.

The blackness of war is somewhat relieved also by deeds of mercy and compassion, interchanges of kindness between the

pausing combatants, forbearance to strike the fallen, the victors assuaging the thirst of the dying foe, and turning to be tender nurses by the beds of their wounded. These things are as if through the rents of a black cloud we caught glimpses of the wings of angels. After our recent battle in Virginia, a fair Georgian youth and a Massachusetts boy lay beside each other, fatally wounded. The generous Georgian said, "We have fought as enemies, let us die like brothers." "With all my heart," replied the other, and they clasped hands, and so they died.

But the largest alleviations of the sacrifices, sufferings, and horrors involved in war are the precious results sometimes obtained by means of it. The hardy North poured the contents of her teeming loins down on the stagnant voluptuousness of the South when Rome was in process of decay, and the exuberant vigor of their pure, wild blood, infused into the veins of the failing race, was the source of a salient life that regenerated Europe, and displaced the old civilization for the new. The crusades, at home, broke up the robber-hordes and the incessant baronial wars, by consolidating the national governments, and, abroad, opened the East to the West, and contributed to the consummation of modern commerce. Frequently, the arts and institutions of civilization have followed in the path of arms, conquest has thrown open fresh territories, brought sundered peoples into acquaintance, enriched the knowledge, interests, and relationships of man, and thus promoted the general circulation of life, and diffused the accelerating elements of progress.

Many a time, too, has a patriotic and righteous revolt plucked independence from the hands of intolerable tyrants, and inflicted their just doom on them. When the haughty Charles of Burgundy, with sixty thousand mercenaries, wantonly invaded Switzerland, and that peerless people, though only able to raise a third of his numbers, yet resolved to die rather than submit, knelt in prayer on the sods in the valley of Murten, their mountains behind their backs, the lammer-geier soaring over their heads, and then, plunging on the causeless foe, slew half of them, and chased the rest up the sides of Jura, the fruit of their victory, the preservation of their homes from unprovoked

violation, compensated the fearful price they were forced to pay for it. Owing to the awful depravity of man, defensive battles have often been a necessity. And thanks be to God, that sometimes over their crimson mists has shone the resplendent vision of liberty.

But great and numerous as the alleviations of war may be, let us not suppose they are its justification. And that for this reason; they are not the causes of it. They are not even its original aims. War for subjugation precedes war for freedom. Defence is a consequence of assault. War is not waged for the sake of its softening features or redeeming accompaniments. The virtues that shine through it and half glorify its horrors are noble traits of humanity, preserved in spite of it. Valor, for instance, is the natural breath of a strong, guiltless soul inspired with a purpose. Battle is a trumpet through which it blows. Who would think of deliberately excusing a war now, on the ground that it would afford a conspicuous stage for the exhibition of the military virtues? So in regard to those beneficial results upon civilization and progress which have eventuated from war: they have not commonly been the primary objects of wars, the prizes reached after, but only the secondary aims or incidental issues, wherethrough God's wisdom has overruled the world's folly, and the resistless serenity of Providence compelled even the headlong wrath of man into praise.

When we reflect on the bitter losses and bereavements, the excruciating pangs and trials brought, and to be brought, by this inexcusable rebellion, upon millions only too happy before, we surely shall never consent to let this gratuitous storm of crime and calamity sweep across the country, without securing some indemnity for it from its deliberate authors. That were the acme of folly. What compensation can we exact? It is a childish weakness, or a vulgar pandering to a vulgar temper, to say that we shall be repaid for such a stupendous evil as this civil war is, if we prove to the Southerners that we are as brave as they are, and can whip them on even terms. Such a low triumph would be lamentably worthless. We know our own courage, and, as it is to be hoped, have no care to exhibit it. We do not wish to whip our Southern fellow-citizens. We only desire that they live with us in righteousness and amity,

obeying the laws of their country and the voice of God. If they refuse to do that, there is one compensation we are bound to demand, and to wring from them by force, even though it drain our resources and our energies to their uttermost dregs. We must take ample security that this plot shall never be repeated. If we reduce the South to that subordinate position in which she rightfully belongs from her numerical minority, and her necessarily, in most respects, inferior civilization, — the half-feudal civilization of the plantation contrasted with the civilization of the industrial bench, school-book, and lyceum, — if we compel her sickening propagandism of slavery to cease, and that irritating institution to be rigidly hedged in, ameliorated, and at no distant day totally abolished, — we shall have removed the central peril of the Republic, the direct source of our troubles, and may be, in a degree, content with our task. If more than that be done, in the same direction, the greater glory and joy. But if we stop short of that, an everlasting load of obloquy and guilt will rest on us, and this whole evil, aggravated by time, will have to be encountered again.

Having weighed the causes, the evils, and the compensations of war, we come at last to ponder its remedies. The first agent for the abolition of war, one fundamentally more important than all the rest, is the power of the abstract principles of morality and religion on the consciences of mankind. The golden rule, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, is in profound harmony with the most authoritative convictions of educated human nature. Fear God, and keep his commandments; forgive injuries, and retaliate not; deal justly with all men; follow the spirit of love in every act; distribute blessings as you have opportunity; — these are the principles, in flat contradiction to every precept and usage of war, whose divine authority all civilized men confess in theory, and feel themselves guilty in the sight of God so far as they wilfully violate it. As fast as such rules and sentiments gain sway, not only will the resentful passions which are the secondary causes of war be calmed and held back, but also, what is more important, the irritations applied to them by the presence of all sorts of injustice and cruelty will be diminished, the offensive passions which are the primary provocations of war will be subjected and at-

tuned to the conditions of an harmonious society. These Christian principles are more and more working as a leaven to leaven the practice of the world. When their sphere of efficacy is extended by common consent over nations, as it is by social legislation over individuals, war must cease. We cannot imagine Christ as a warrior coming in a chariot with dyed garments, a dripping blade in his hand, and vengeance in his eye, — Christ at the head of an army, commanding them to shoot and stab and kill an opposed multitude, devastate their harvests, blow up their dwellings, and mangle their persons! Yet Christ is the rightful king of the world, and his Gospel is the irrepealable law of the moral universe. The baleful orb of war wanes evenly with the waxing of the benign orb of morality.

A second force operating to destroy the custom of war is the immense growth of commerce, the crossing and reduplication of national ties, the thick and strong intertwining of mutual interests, creating throughout the earth a vast system of interdependencies. Nations that were once estranged are now familiar neighbors, each with thousands of acquaintances and relatives in the cities of the other. Trade and affection, a community of enterprises and hopes, are fast allying the lands. Commerce may be represented as an enormous loom, covering the globe with a garment of mutually dependent interests, whose uniting threads are fastened at their opposite ends to the purses and hearts of antipodes. Steamships loaded with wealth, letters, visitors, are shuttles flying to and fro with warp of sympathy, weaving countries together with cables of peace. Commerce, with its attendants, forms the strongest single material power now in existence, and its voice, its genius, is necessarily pacific. The world must grow so with it.

Another means to be employed for the prevention of wars is the effectual exposure of the false glare of military glory, stripping from the work of human destruction its gaudy trappings, reversing the comparative estimate of martial and civic services hitherto established by the perverse verdict of antiquity, and distributing honors not to the most famous generals as such, but to the best and most gifted men, those

who confer the greatest benefits on mankind. This rectification of the popular standards of admiration and tests of worth has already begun, but it needs to be pushed on with earnestness, for it is destined to be surpassingly potent at last. How low and barbarous yet is the sentiment of many, how grievously shallow and untrue its judgment in deciding on the relative merits of men, selecting its idols, and throwing its wreaths! The vulgar sense is taken by the embattled splendors of wheeling squadrons, their volleying lines ablaze with the light of valor and of death. Human nature craves excitement, and war furnishes the unparalleled stimulus of the most dreadful of games. The face of battle has enslaved and inflamed the imagination of the world with the fascination of its terrible beauty. No other symbolism suggests such a concentrated mass of thrilling associations as the martial airs of nations. Whenever performed by military bands, the essence of the most glowing passages of their history is in them, — the tramp of all their armies, the gleam of all their banners, the pathos and exultation of all their victories. As we listen to the familiar strains, the irresistible accumulation of glory expands the veins, illumines the imagination, carries us away with an uncontainable excitement, and on the mounting time-beat our pulses seem climbing to the stars.

However, notwithstanding all this, the change that is to be — the transfer of laurels from the victor-brows of war to those of peace, from the heroes of battle-fields to the heroes of great discoveries, useful inventions, exemplary virtues, and guiding genius — has made sensible progress. Already it is uttering a tame truism to remark that Plato is a brighter name than Miltiades, Cicero than Marius, Fénelon than Charles of Sweden, Franklin than Marion, Channing than Suwarrow. Two sons of Robert Burns were promoted for their bravery in the Crimean war. They will never climb thus so high as the niche where their peasant father stands, one hand holding a lyre, the other resting on the plough.

A further most important step toward the suppression of the war spirit will be taken when the staggering load of public debt, vampyre-drainage of taxation and toil, beneath which the peoples are made to sweat and bleed, in consequence of past

wars, and to support their tremendous military establishments, become too severe to be tolerated any longer. At the present rate of things, it seems as if that must happen soon; for the burden thus imposed on Europe now amounts to over fifteen hundred millions of dollars annually. Then governments must disband their standing armies, — idle locusts, devouring the vitality of the land, — and make them work like other men. The absence of the provoking preparations and of the chafing readiness for war will lessen its likelihood. The long-debauched sentiment that hungers for martial glory will have a chance to rectify itself. Arsenals and forts will be deserted, dismantled. The bristling jealousy of selfish nationalities will be lulled, grudges and hostilities be forgotten, in the conquering light and love of the great truth that universal humanity should compose one family, seeking one good.

That gradual increase of ethical sensitiveness and humane sympathy which we see going on, ameliorating cruel customs, outgrowing old standards of judgment and sentiment, and banishing more and more of injustice and blindness, is a trustworthy harbinger of golden days yet in store for the scarred and weary nations. The enslavement or massacre of captives, the judicial ordeal and combat, duelling, piracy, promiscuous privateering, are stranded in the past. The same progress, continuing a little farther, will insure the total repudiation and disuse of war. For that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, every good man ought to labor earnestly in his place,

> "Till the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Plainly enough, the organization of deadly strife is no eternal necessity of human nature or society, only a temporary necessity or natural concomitant of certain stages of their development. Its frequency and severity are aggravated in due pace with the ignorance and fierceness of men and the inefficiency of ethical considerations, diminished and softened by every increase of knowledge and sympathy, every energizing ascent of the moral law. The only solid justification of international war is when, — as has unquestionably happened many a time, and may again, — on a fair judgment of the whole case, it is

clear that the lasting evils inflicted by one people on another are outweighingly worse than the transient suffering and slaughter of the battle-field, and cannot be otherwise removed. Then war is a right of humanity. But it is a right to be exercised how rarely, how solemnly, under what a profound sense of its awful responsibility!

In contemplating the history of past wars, it is shocking to think from what trivial causes they generally sprang, and for what wicked ends they were oftenest prosecuted. We do not read of a powerful civilized people taking possession of the territory of a weak barbarous people for the purpose of enlightening them, planting the arts and sciences among them, making them prosperous and happy. But hundreds of times great nations have harried the realms of their inferiors for plunder, slaves, and tribute. The country that esteems herself the summit and pattern of the earth does not declare war against Æthiopia to make her quit intestine strifes, slave-trading, and beastly squalor, and learn to read, and write, and build, and till the soil, and reclaim the desert. No; she only declares war against the Chinese to compel them to eat opium till they are yellow idiots. Force has been freely used to do evil and spread devastation, but not to do good and diffuse blessings. The sanguinary quarrels of nations have not usually originated in any general wrong or popular wish, but from individual caprice, — personal considerations. Because an ambassador is imprudent or incompetent, because a potentate is irascible and vindictive, half the world must fly to arms, and soak a continent in gore. The Crimean war was actually owing to the obstinate pride of one man, Nicholas Romanoff. An indecent brawler, the drunken Borland, got into trouble at Greytown, and, if England's hands had not been full, perhaps we should have had a war with her in hot haste. An arrogant and mischievous emissary, the passionate Soulé, went to Madrid, rampant for Cuba; and because he was neither successful nor treated with overmuch deference, we heard portentous mutterings about a war with Spain. But when Russia trampled Poland into her bloody grave, hoped she might sleep well, and the Holy Alliance said "Amen," where were the other nations of Europe that they tamely al-

lowed such an execrable deed to be done? And when Austria tried the same game with Hungary, but was throttled by the puissant Magyar till she screamed to Russia for help, where again were the indignant peoples of the world? It should seem that wars may be waged for the ends of tyranny without interference, but must never be undertaken for the ends of righteousness and beneficence!

Surely this state of morals cannot always last. It could not endure a single day, were it not for the transmitted habits and feelings of brutal ages, whose example and authority, outgrown in other respects, are still fastened on us in this. It is time this awful inheritance from the past were flung off. There is, in the just order of things, no conceivable reason why the profession of arms should take precedence of every other, and reap the honors of the earth. Only because it used to be so, the sluggish moving spirit of society permits it yet. Now that the arbitration of private reason and conscience, or of an international tribunal, is so feasible, and might so easily be made final, there is no longer, except in the rarest exigencies, justification for enlightened countries in shedding each other's blood, and blasting each other's fields.

War was a necessary phase in the evolution of the social destinies of humanity, a transition phase in the passage of society to perfection, — like the Saurian epoch in geology, that prepared the way for the coming of man. We have now properly advanced beyond that phase. It is high time we were done with it, leaving it henceforth to the cougars in the jungle, the microscopic devils in the water-drop.

Some time, please God, it shall be so. The world shall yield more glory to France for opening a railroad over the Isthmus of Suez, than for her whole war in Algiers, with its untold cost of treasure and life. More true honor shall redound to England from the West-Indian act of emancipation, than from all her victorious campaigns, though their trophies arch land and flood, and across the centuries their chaplets deck so many famous heads, from Alfred to Havelock. The sword of Mars shall be lowered and laid aside, while the sceptre of Christ is lifted above the kneeling nations. The horrid scythe of destruction, dripping from its bloody swaths, shall be

hung up high on the tree of antiquity, to rust unused forever. Then the man of sweetest and richest nature, most exalted by culture and virtue, who loves his fellows best, and does them the largest service, shall be selected to wear the choicest honors of the world. Then in all the holy mountain of the earth the human family shall dwell together in mutual love and blessing, and never hurt each other more.

Art. II. — DANIEL DE FOE.

The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe. 18 vols. Oxford: Printed by D. A. Talboys for Thomas Tegg, London.

The family of Foe was probably of Norman origin, but the prefix De was added by the subject of this sketch. Daniel De Foe was born in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, in 1661. His grandfather was a substantial yeoman, and even kept a pack of hounds; but the family becoming reduced, his father, James Foe, followed the occupation of a butcher in St. Giles.

Though sprung from this humble parentage, yet our author enjoyed many early advantages both in moral and educational training. His family were strict non-conformists, and Daniel was baptized by a minister of their own persuasion, and educated at a dissenters' school. As a boy he was noted for his courage, and was from habit and principle an enemy to the doctrine of non-resistance. This early tendency was the origin of that manly independence and magnanimity which characterize his works. During his youth, when strong apprehension was felt of a Popish government, and it was expected that printed Bibles would become rare, many pious people occupied themselves in copying the sacred writings in short-hand. Young De Foe applied himself to a similar task, and he tells us, "that he worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch, when he grew so tired that he was willing

to risk the rest." As the dissenters were excluded from the universities, they naturally established academies and schools of their own. To one of these, at Newington-Green, Daniel was sent at the age of fourteen. He was intended for the clerical profession, though he afterwards engaged in trade. In this academy, while he was sufficiently versed in the classics and in polite learning, particular attention was paid to the English language. And to this circumstance we owe in part that pure and idiomatic Saxon style which renders his writings among the best in our native tongue. To his early religious teaching is due not only the peculiar bias of his faith, which made him a stern and consistent partisan of liberty and toleration throughout the shifting phases of his stormy public life, but also that sincere piety which glows in all his works, and gives them their moral charm.

Nearly threescore years had passed over his head before De Foe wrote those works of fiction which have rendered his name a household word in every land where children read or where stories are told. Yet he was born a writer; and he began his long polemic career with a political pamphlet, written before he had reached his twenty-first year. Partisan strife, and the feuds in both church and state, which penetrated every home in England in the seventeenth century, gave to his earlier writings a prominence and importance which subsequent times have failed fully to indorse. Yet these party publications were so voluminous, so good, and exercised so important an influence on his fortunes and happiness, that they demand a brief review at our hands. His earliest effort — *Speculum Crape-Gownorum* — was a satiric attack on the clergy of the day; his next, a pamphlet advocating the cause of Austria against the Turks. He wisely thought it more conducive to the safety of Christendom that Popish Austria should oppress the Protestants, than that both Catholics and Protestants should be overthrown by the Mahometans.

When only in his twenty-fourth year, we find him in arms for the Duke of Monmouth. Returned to more peaceful pursuits, though he mingled somewhat in the controversies of James the Second's reign, yet he was ostensibly engaged for some years in the business of a hosier, in London. Sharing proba-

bly in that unfitness for the necessary details of practical life which is so frequent an accompaniment of genius, he neglected his business, became involved, and was obliged to flee from his creditors, in 1692. What his private interests could not accomplish, the dictates of native honor obliged him to perform. He applied himself with new energy to business, and a few years afterwards he paid in full all the claims of his creditors, with whom he had compounded at the time of his bankruptcy. Later in life he speaks of this event with just pride.

Meanwhile his busy mind was projecting schemes for improving the high roads, for founding asylums for idiots, county banks, a pension-office, and a system of registration for seamen. In 1701, among various political and moral pamphlets, he published "The True-born Englishman," a satire in verse, which contains many happy allusions, and more good lines than most of his other poetical effusions.

By the death of William the Third he was deprived of a kind patron, and the darker side of his life began.

De Foe had fought for Monmouth, opposed King James, vindicated the Revolution, panegyrized King William, defended the rights of the people, displeased various high officials and the Tory leaders of the Commons, and thus had created so many powerful enemies, that, his royal protector being dead, he could no longer escape with impunity. He was arrested for libel, and thrown into prison. The proclamation for his arrest affords us the best description of his personal appearance.

"St. James's, Jan. 10th, 1702-3.

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entituled The Shortest Way with the Dissenters: he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's-yard; . . . . . whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, &c."*

* London Gazette, No. 3879.

He was found guilty of a libel, sentenced to the pillory, and adjudged to be fined and imprisoned. Thus, as he says, he was ruined a second time. But when he stood in the pillory, instead of suffering ignominy, he enjoyed a triumph: "The people, who were expected to treat him very ill, on the contrary, pitied him; and wished those who set him there were placed in his room."

He remained imprisoned in Newgate two years, until released by the intervention of Sir Robert Harley, in 1704. Associated with the most degraded criminals, his pure mind derived from them only such knowledge of human nature as could point a moral in the tales of Colonel Jack and Moll Flanders. During this period an enterprising publisher had the audacity to collect some of his pamphlets into a volume, and to publish them, with this apt and bitter motto from Juvenal: "Laudatur et alget." While in jail, De Foe, undismayed, projected "The Review," which he began to publish as a periodical on his release. To render it attractive, one department was styled "The Scandal-Club," and devoted to discussions on morals, language, poetry, love, and other lighter topics. The Spectator did not appear until six years later, in 1710. And to De Foe, rather than to Steele and Addison, clearly belongs the credit of pointing the way for the Tatler, Rambler, and Guardian, and thence the long line of English periodical literature, which has culminated in the quarterlies and reviews.

Delivered from Newgate by the intercessions of Harley and Godolphin with Queen Anne, De Foe ever mentioned them and his sovereign in terms of the warmest gratitude. His next important effort was in behalf of the poor, and the reformation of the poor-laws, entitled, "Giving Alms no Charity." His enemies meanwhile were not idle, and various plans were laid to ruin him; such as pressing him into the army as a private soldier, apprehending him as a vagabond, and suing him for fictitious debts. Boldly facing these dangers, he published soon after his *Jure Divino*, — a satire against tyranny, and a poem, like "The True-born Englishman."

Such persistent energy and courage could not be always unfortunate, and we accordingly find him, in 1706, intrusted

by the queen with a private and delicate mission to Scotland. Apart from the practical results of this journey, it furnished him with the materials for that excellent "History of the Union," which appeared three years later. For these services he was probably rewarded with a pension; and we hear of him soon after, as living in comfort at Newington, engaged in his Review, and in the preparation of occasional pamphlets. For certain of these, treating of the House of Hanover and analogous political questions of the day, De Foe was arrested, in 1718, and again committed to prison. "The Review" ended, as it began, in Newgate. Though soon after set at liberty, he was discountenanced by the ruling party, on the accession of George the First.

Thus insulted for his efforts in behalf of the Protestant succession and the good of the people, he published, in 1715, his "Appeal to Honor and Justice," one of the most honest and dignified, though modest, defences from calumniation extant in literature. He pathetically states as his motive, that, "by the hints of mortality and the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think that I am very near to the great ocean of eternity, and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage; wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go, that no slanders may lie against my heirs, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's inheritance, his character."

In sad confirmation of this prediction, before he could finish his Appeal, he was struck with apoplexy. Providence did not design, however, that this great light should be extinguished before its rays had illumined other lands than his own, and other subjects than those of party and faction. De Foe was reserved to amuse and instruct the world. He slowly recovered, and, being now past middle age, set a period to his political life, and henceforward devoted his mind "to meliorate, rather than to harden the heart; to regulate, more than to vitiate the practice of life." "The Family Instructor," which next appeared, imparted sound moral counsel for the guidance of domestic life, in a familiar and playful manner.

The time had now arrived when, in the maturity of his years, with a mind enriched by experience, quickened by ad-

versity, and well versed in the knowledge of the human heart, De Foe was to give to the world that fiction which of itself would have rendered his name immortal. In 1719, he published "The Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, &c., &c." The reception of this work was immediate and universal. For, though many booksellers refused it, it reached a fourth edition in as many months, and Tayler, the fortunate publisher, is said to have made a thousand pounds.

It was hardly out, however, before the author was assailed with lampoons and satire, and, worst of all, accused of plagiarizing the story of Alexander Selkirk. This true tale of a Scotch mariner was published in Woodes Rogers's "Voyage," in 1712. There is good reason to think that it afforded De Foe the idea of his story. But the meagre details of Selkirk's narrative are in no sense comparable to the sustained interest and wonderful charm of Crusoe. Selkirk's adventures were public property, open to any writer. De Foe alone had the genius to adopt them for his fiction; justifying that saying of La Bruyère, "Bien choisir, c'est l'invention."

Enriched by his writings, we learn that our author, in 1722, was living in ease, at Kingswood-heath, at a yearly rent of £120. But he could not remain idle. Five years from the appearance of Robinson Crusoe sufficed this fertile genius for the production of his six best works, — "Duncan Campbell," "Captain Singleton," "Colonel Jack," "Roxana," "Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "History of the Plague." The last two as wonderful specimens of his talents as an historian as some of the others are of his powers as a novelist. During the three succeeding years he wrote his "System of Magic"; "History and Reality of Apparitions"; Tours through various parts of Great Britain; and several moral and commercial treatises. Of the latter, "The Complete English Tradesman" is the most voluminous and elaborate.

After these innumerable labors, and having attained the advanced age of seventy years, De Foe died in his native parish in London, in 1731. He probably died insolvent, leaving a wife and six children, whom he boasts of having educated as well as his circumstances would admit.

His last years were imbittered by the attacks of his enemies and by domestic dissensions. Eight months before his death he was imprisoned again, for a short time, by a creditor. This noble heart, which could bear up against all the rancor of parties, broke at last under the base ingratitude of his son, to whom he had incautiously conveyed his property. In an affecting letter to his daughter's husband, he says: "It has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family and broken my heart. . . . . I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear, unprovided children into his hands; but he had no compassion, and suffered them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave as it were an alms, which he is bound under the most sacred promises to supply them with, — himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. . . . . I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks; and know not which way to see them."

Twice bankrupt; three times imprisoned, and once pilloried; reviled and slandered by his numerous though puny foes, it needed yet the aspersions of his more respectable literary contemporaries to complete the long story of his wrongs. When he had already arrived at the age of sixty-five years, Pope ungenerously attacked him with his strokes of satire. He might have derived some consolation from the fact that such men as Bentley and Cibber were his fellow-sufferers in the Dunciad. Though Boyer and Smollett spoke of De Foe as a party writer in little estimation, Johnson, with a truer appreciation of his powers, said of him, "No one wrote at once so variously and so well."

In reviewing the works of so voluminous an author as De Foe, it will be necessary to attempt a classification of his different writings, and to judge separately of his merits as a poet, novelist, polemic, or commercial writer, — as an historian, a moralist, and a man.

His professed poems, as "The True-born Englishman," "Jure Divino," and other satires, cannot rank very high as attempts at versification. Cibber styles his ideas masculine, his expressions coarse, and his numbers generally rough. The

public interest in his subjects availed more to win him popularity, than the intrinsic merit of his metrical compositions. If, however, we regard Robinson Crusoe as a poem, like Telemachus, he rises at once to the foremost rank of poets.

As a writer of fiction, few novelists can compare with De Foe in invention, fertility of incident, natural, unforced description, simplicity, and healthy moral tone. The conscious stamp of genius needs no artificial ornaments. De Foe never seeks to attract by romantic improbabilities, or an ambitious and florid style. Ease and seeming reality are the effects of his clear and profound imagination, and minuteness of detail. His heroes are chosen from humble stations, and move in a humble path. They never transgress the conventionality of their proper positions in life. Though speaking generally in the first person, the seeming egotism of the narrator is hid in the fluency of the events he describes.

The natural succession of incidents, each springing from some preceding occurrence, and in its turn reproducing another of its kind, may be compared to the calm, unvarying course of nature in the organic world: as in the regions of vegetation each plant gives way to the succeeding generation of its species, leaving the harmonious aspect of the whole landscape unchanged, though offering to the careful observer a thousand different hues and changes in form. The ductile elements of his story are so skilfully moulded as never to mar the proportions of the whole plot, as a work of art, though constantly varying in episode and event.

He is never tiresome; his narrative never halts, and his dialogues speak. Nor is the absorbing interest which he excites unwholesome in its results. From the perusal of many novels one awakens exhausted, as from a thrilling, but morbid dream. This is especially true of the period of childhood, when the imaginative so far outrun the reasoning faculties. Yet no boy arises from Robinson Crusoe unfitted for the activity of every-day life. On the contrary, De Foe stimulates the invention and the practical tendencies of youth. Those children whom the narrative of Crusoe drives to sea make good sailors. It is not so with the more romantic writers of a later day.

"Was there ever anything written by mere man," says Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its readers, except Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress?" "No fiction in any language," said Blair, "was ever better supported than the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Marmontel pronounces it "the first book I ever read with exquisite pleasure; and I believe every boy in Europe might say the same thing." When Burckhardt, the traveller, was in Syria, he amused himself by translating Robinson Crusoe into the Arabic, and read passages of the work to his Arab friends. The impassioned children of the land of stories could trace the merits of the writer through all the maritime details of the story, so strange to an inland people, and learned and ignorant alike expressed the greatest delight and admiration.

Hardly any work has been translated into so many languages, or been followed by so many imitations. Of the latter none are worthy of mention save "The Swiss Family Robinson," a book which would be sufficiently interesting were not its didactic aims and tractarian straining after moral effects so painfully apparent.

One circumstance should be mentioned, as giving De Foe peculiar advantages for writing sea-stories. He occupied a happy position between the rough explorers of the sixteenth century, and Cook, the more accomplished circumnavigator. Raleigh, Hawkins, and Drake had familiarized his boyhood with new countries, foreign adventures, and wonderful tales. And he had for a contemporary and friend Dampier, a true son of the ocean, and a man of much literary attainment, as well as professional skill.

Few of those who acknowledge the merits of Robinson Crusoe are aware that there exist four other novels by the same author, as perfect in their way as this. Their inferior interest arises from their less felicitous choice of situation. Captain Singleton is a pirate, Moll Flanders a courtesan, and Colonel Jack a pickpocket. They are all equally full of incident. Nor need one fear, from their titles, to find in them the meretricious humor of Swift, or the more seductive, because more refined license of Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett. Morality is never lost sight of; and the degraded social position of the

actors is only a necessary step to teach the lessons of repentance and virtue.

A writer's license is to be measured by that of his age. Judged by this standard, De Foe is far better than most of his contemporaries. The coarseness of the Elizabethan, had given place to the more quiet vulgarity of the classic school. Vice was more polished and more dangerous, as it is now in the French authors. But in talent, as well as broadness of expression, — in diction, art, and smoothness, — the classic writers who lived with De Foe were hardly surpassed by the literary Titans of the preceding century. All these must have had an insensible influence on his thought and language. Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, and Raleigh lived but a hundred years before him; Dryden, Pope, Swift, Steele, Addison, and Sterne were his contemporaries; Fielding and Johnson passed their boyhood in his age, and Goldsmith was born the year he died.

As a polemic writer, we must, to be sure, class De Foe as a partisan; but so were most of the authors of his day. He never changed his party, nor forsook his principles, and was always to be found on the side of liberty, toleration, moderation, and order. His services in behalf of freedom from old feudal dogmas have not been fully appreciated. He possessed an imperturbable coolness, which gave him a great advantage in argument. He ever relied on candor and fairness for conviction, and disdained to bring private or personal matters into discussion. He himself tells us, "that he never reproached any man for his private infirmities, for having his house burnt, his ships cast away, or his family ruined; nor had he ever lampooned any one because he could not pay his debts, or differed in judgment from him."

As a commercial writer, his essays on public credit and loans, on the history of trade, and his "Complete English Tradesman," place De Foe very high among his contemporaries. He uttered many original sentiments which experience has verified. He argued the principles of free trade, and contended against monopolies in a manner then unheard of.

As an historian, he exhibits his talents for lighter narrative in the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and "History of the Plague

Year," but his powers as a grave and philosophical chronicler of events, and searcher for their causes, in the "History of the Union." Here his wonderful minuteness and fidelity to detail give to his stories the probability of real events and actual life.

So acute a critic as Johnson thought the adventures of Captain Singleton actual occurrences; Chatham believed the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" to have been written by a soldier who took part in the scenes he describes; and Doctor Mead gives credence to the "History of the Plague Year," as the production of an eyewitness of its horrors. The second edition of the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" deceived even the publisher, who says, in an Introduction: "'T is certain no man could have given a description of his retreat from Marston Moor to Rochdale, and from thence over the moors to the North, in so apt and proper terms, and in so exact a manner, unless he had really travelled over the very ground he describes." He accordingly decides to ascribe the work to Andrew Newport, Esquire, and adds: "All these events were recorded in other histories, but the charm of the present work consists in the circumstances and incidents that this man's eyes were witness to, and which his memory has thus preserved." Sir Walter Scott, also, thinks the contrast between the soldiers of the celebrated Tilly and those of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus almost too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony.

Upon a subject so uninviting as that of the plague De Foe has founded one of the most ingenious of his productions. The saddler of Whitechapel, who professes to tell the story, becomes at once the real author, in our eyes. Plain, unadorned description, the regular succession of calamity, the minuteness of a real sufferer in the awful scenes he describes, chain the attention by their indisputable truth. The gradual gathering of the great catastrophe, and its effects upon commerce, industry, confidence, and honesty, the desolation of the city and the desertion of its public haunts, are artfully mingled with harrowing tales of private suffering, stories of individual terror, cases illustrative of the disease and its treatment, weekly bills of mortality, the aspect of each increasing

pit opened for burial, and conversations and family histories of the most private character.

This great pestilence occurred when De Foe was four years old; and the fireside recapitulation of its horrors must have formed the staple amusement of his boyish years. We are fully informed of every means adopted to stay it; the prudential resolves and firm behavior of the magistrates; the directions of the College of Physicians, as well as the measures employed by others, of shutting themselves up in their houses and shunning all communication. It was hoped to check the progress of the malady by closing infected buildings; but such directions as the following could only have added to the general terror: "That every house visited be marked with a red cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with these usual printed words, that is to say, 'Lord, have mercy upon us!' to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until the lawful opening of the same house."

Here is one of those minute touches for which De Foe is famous: — "A neighbor of mine, having some money owing him from a shopkeeper in White-Cross Street, sent his apprentice to collect it. After knocking several times, the man of the house came to the door; he had on his breeches, and a yellow flannel waistcoat, no stockings, a pair of slipt shoes, a white cap on his head, and, as the young man said, death in his face. When he opened the door, says he, 'What do you disturb me thus for?' The boy replied, 'I come from such an one, and my master sent me for the money, which he says you know of.' 'Very well, child,' returns the living ghost, 'call as you go by at Cripplegate Church, and bid them ring the bell'; and with these words shut the door again, and went up again, and died the same day, nay, perhaps the same hour." Well may Mr. Wilson say in his Memoir: "No one can take up the book without believing that the author was an eyewitness of all that he relates; that he actually saw the blazing stars which portended the calamity; that he witnessed the grass growing in the streets, read the inscriptions upon the doors of the infected houses, heard the bellmen crying, 'Bring out your dead!' saw the dead-carts conveying the people to their graves, and was present at the digging of the pits in which they were deposited."

His "System of Magic," "History of Apparitions," and "Dumb Philosopher" argue De Foe to have been to some extent a believer in spiritual communication with the other world. The present age would have been a fruitful one for his genius in this respect. He was particularly strong on such subjects as forebodings and presentiments; and had he lived now, his powers of delicate description would have shamed all modern necromancy.

As a moralist he is pre-eminent. Apart from his professedly religious works, as "The Family Instructor," all his writings bear marks of his seriousness and sincerity. His modest and humble tracing of the ways of Providence is the very reverse of cant. Each event points a moral, but it does so without affectation.

De Foe, though a patron of manly and athletic exercises, and by nature fitted for an active life, was also a hard student. But he gained wisdom by studying men; he dealt with the outer world, and was a lifelong learner in the school of human nature. So his lively imagination, experience in life, and powers of narration rendered him much sought after in society. He wrote rapidly, and sometimes hastily, from necessity. His pen was both quick and ready, and his application marvellous. His disconnected and separate works, in the aggregate, are quite voluminous. He is a natural story-teller, and excels in a microscopic detail and minuteness of description. He fixes the attention by slow, regular details, so unvarying and careful that the smallest incident is never omitted; and his fictions therefore ape nature so exactly as to deceive the reader into a belief of their truth. He deals in feeling, and appeals to the heart by Saxon words, and hence writes as one talks.

The style of De Foe is simple, clear, and emphatic. We may compare it to a mirror, lucid, and reflecting unchanged the images of his thoughts. His two great qualities are reality and minuteness. His English is homely, — by which is meant that it comes home to the heart; and it does so from its Saxon purity and vigor. He evolves his ideas by slow, regular processes of argument or narration, and is calm, even, and single in thought.

His expressions may at times be rude, and his diction less

euphonious, than the critic would wish, but his style is forcible always. You see what he sees; you feel what he describes. His emphatic assertion and reiteration affect the reader as if he heard the tale from the lips of a witness of the occurrence. Other writers fail to record some minute circumstance or some trivial incident, the want of which at once betrays their art. Not so De Foe; for being so accurate, he seems so real that the deception is complete.

De Foe was democratic, almost plebeian, in his style and manners; graphic by simplicity and terseness, and in his tragical narrations leaving to horror its native hideousness, without any attempt at ornament or elaboration. He exhibits the picture of a brave, self-reliant man, battling with the hostile world of criticism and party, and, though brought low at last by treason in his own camp, yet triumphant in death, and leaving an everlasting humiliation to his detractors in the immortality of his writings. Brave, honorable, generous, and just, as well as a genius, he was, in every sense, what he describes in Robinson Crusoe, "a broad-hearted man."

Art. III. — THOLUCK ON PROPHECY.

Die Propheten und ihre Weissagungen. Eine apologetisch-hermeneutische Studie von A. Tholuck. Zweiter völlig unveränderter Abdruck. Der Verfasser behält sich das Recht der Uebersetzung vor. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1861. 8vo. pp. 206.

We have before us what we may call Tholuck's Apology for the Inspiration of the Hebrew Prophets. The design avowed in the Preface is to take the same ground as Hengstenberg's Christology, but to defend it by better weapons. Some doubts are, indeed, expressed about the candor, thoroughness, and acuteness of that edifying work. Tholuck admits that, in many critical questions, of the existence of which those who study only English literature seldom dream, he agrees with men whose theological position he opposes. It will be inter-

esting to see how very rationalistic the latest, and by no means the least able, defender of the objective and supernatural powers of the prophets (*objektiver übernatürlicher Eingebung*) really is. Our Preface further tells us that the book is meant for all classes of readers, clergy, laity, and divinity students, and that the author intended it as a recreation after his long and weary labors in somewhat different departments. Compared with most of the works our German brethren send us, the Apologetic and Hermeneutic Study may fairly be classed among light literature.

So far the first Preface, dated at Halle, July 28, 1860. A second Preface, Nov. 1, 1860, informs us that the first edition is already exhausted, whence is argued the popular need of further instruction in a department about which Americans know incomparably less than Germans. The wisdom of the reservation of the right of translation is sufficiently evident.

The little pamphlet is divided into twelve sections, of very unequal length, each containing much that properly belongs in some other one, or lacking something which we may long search for, and will probably find where we least expect.

The first of these sections is entitled, *Die Montik*, or "Soothsaying." It is designed to show the existence of a faculty of the mind which, as Plutarch says, "bears the same relation to the future that the memory does to the past." This faculty is latent in all men and all ages. Its manifestations are rare and exceptional, but admit of physiological and historical demonstration. Thus the reality of the Delphic and other classic oracles is maintained, on the authority not only of Plato, Cicero, and Plutarch, but of such eminent modern historians and antiquarians as Hermann, Schömann, and Müller. So the fact of somnambulic and magnetic predictions is admitted by the destructive criticism of Strauss, the philosophy of Erdmann and Rosenkranz, and the medical skill of Carus. The great Carus, indeed, in page 841 of his "Physis," published in 1851, after speaking of the faculty of foreseeing change of weather and illness as resident in all men, but manifest only in the nervously diseased, says that this shows "that a dream or a magnetic vision, which pictures to us an event yet future, but necessarily interwoven into the

whole course of our lives, is as natural and comprehensible as the foreboding which the sickly, excitable body has of a change of weather yet distant in reality, but already preparing itself in nature; and so of all other appearances of clairvoyance." Carus remarks that such facts must first be carefully proved, but may then be referred to the "unboundedness of all operations," and the "totality, not only of the universe, but especially of humanity." This power of foreboding and presentiment Carus compares to the instinct of animals, incomprehensible but indisputable. Tholuck further shows how, both at the Delphic oracle and in Siberian Schamanism, predictions were made in a state of mental unconsciousness, under the influence of powerful narcotics. One of Admiral Wrangel's travelling-companions furnishes the account of a Schaman or soothsayer who predicted the length and fortunes of the expedition, and that with a correctness which Tholuck strangely omits to state. The oracular savage, who knew nothing of Wrangel and his plans, announced to Matjuschkin, on August 31, 1820, that the expedition would last "more than three years." Wrangel reached his head-quarters whence his various explorations were made, Nischne-Kolymsk, Siberia, on November 2, 1820, and left it, November 1, 1823, for St. Petersburg, where he arrived on August 15, 1824.

This first section is intended to show the existence of an exceptional power of prediction, whence the inspiration of the prophets may be deduced *a priori*. Such inspiration called forth powers the existence of which the rationalist must admit on the authority of these nervous and narcotic manifestations. Tholuck later mentions, as a distinction between the Delphic and the Hebrew oracles, that the former are based on political, and the latter on religious ideas and principles; the former are from physical, the latter from spiritual impulse.

Section 2 (*Das Gottesreich in Israel und die Prophetie*) commences the description of the position of the prophetic order in the Hebrew theocracy. "The prophets are the living supporters of the theocratic idea, the watchmen and the shepherds of the people." The prophet's office was to guard and defend the kingdom of Jehovah, both in the Hebrew nationality and in the hearts of all pious Israelites, from all assaults,

whether of foreign enemies or of private and public sins. Thus the prophetic utterances were intended to rebuke, advise, exhort, or encourage his contemporaries. Prediction was a means used for this end. The Hebrew prophet foretold future events, not to gratify curiosity or attest his inspiration to posterity, but to increase the force of his appeals to trust in God, and hatred of all sin, individual or national. We are too apt to forget that prophecy is something more than prediction. *Prophet* and *predictor* are not synonymous. Thus we object to the definition of *prophet* given in Webster's Dictionary, — "In Scripture, a person illuminated, inspired, or instructed by God to announce future events," — and prefer the second definition given by Worcester: "One having supernatural power. 'What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet.' John ix. 17. This word is frequently used in the Scriptures to denote one divinely influenced, whether he foretold future events or not." Minute prediction with no ulterior object was, as Tholuck says, rather the business of the false prophets. Of this, more hereafter. As examples of the true prophet are mentioned Bernard of Clairvaux, and Savonarola, powerful popular preachers and social reformers, of whom the former converted Louis VI. by the prediction that his first-born son, Philip, would die, and the younger brother, Louis VII., succeed him, and the latter brought the whole city of Florence to repentance by predicting, under the figure of a storm descending from the Alps, the invasion of Charles VIII. The reality of these facts, as well as of Bernard's other miracles, acknowledged by the saint himself, and we believe also by Neander, is considered indisputable. We have also an instance of a Moslem prophet, the Dervis Uweissi, who in the reign of Amurath IV., 1627–40, when the Turkish crescent was still in its terrific zenith, foretold, in the language of the Old Testament prophets, unknown to the Mohammedans, the downfall of Islamism, as the judgment-day of Allah dawning upon Constantinople.

Tholuck tries further to show that the priests were at first prophets also. He cites the case of the Urim and Thummim, and of the apparent union of priest and prophet in popular

instruction under Josias, though he says himself that there the priest announced the law, and the prophet enforced it. The early union of priest and prophet is shown by the instance of Moses, which seems to us not to the point. Moses was indeed of priestly race, but so were Joel and Nathan, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. He performed some priestly functions, but so did Samuel and Elijah, who were not of priestly race. Aaron was the high-priest, and we should say that he represented the priestly, and Moses the prophetic order. Indeed, prophets who were not priests appear certainly as early as the age of Deborah (see Judges iv. and v., also vi. 8 and ii. 1–5), not to insist on Balaam or on the seventy elders who were companions of Moses (Numbers xi. 24–29).

The third section is on the meaning of the Greek and Hebrew words translated *prophet*. The primitive Hebrew word means to spring forth or flow forth. To the Niphal and Hithpael forms used in the sense of prophesy, prophet, Tholuck, like Gesenius and Winer, attaches a passive signification, thus, "to be flown through, to have springing forth in one's self." So the Greek correlative of *prophesy* means, not to predict, but to be spoken through. (*πρό in προφήτης ist nicht temporal sondern lokal.*) Thus *prophet* means inspired. But, as Knobel remarks, prophecy is sometimes used (as of Saul's lying naked on the ground, and casting his spear at David, or of the priests of Baal crying aloud and cutting themselves with knives) in a way which might lead us to suppose that the Hebrew verbs are used in a reflex sense. Then to prophesy would mean to conduct one's self as one who is excited or inspired. Thus we come to the important question, whether the prophet was active or passive in his prophecies. Tholuck, however, does not make the prophet wholly passive, and almost all rationalists admit some passivity.

Then follow two very meagre sections on the external history and the sphere of activity of the prophetic order. We may here remind our readers, that the prophets formed no hierarchy, and received no regular salary, though presents were made to them, as to all Eastern dignitaries. Tholuck praises the exalted statesmanship of the prophets, as allowed by the best recent historians, also their humanity towards for-

eign nations. (See 2 Kings vi. 22, Amos ii. 1 and ix. 7.) We would add a tribute to their love of peace, on the authority of Hos. viii. 14, Isaiah ii. 7, xxviii. 12, xxx. 15, 16, Jer. xxvii. 11–17, xxxviii. 17, as quoted by Knobel, *Der Prophetismus der Hebräer*, I. 290–292. This author believes that David's numbering of the people was punished because made with warlike objects. (See 2 Sam. xxiv. 9; also 2 Chron. xxviii. 9–11, and 2 Kings xii. 21–24.)

We subjoin a summary of the chronological classification of the prophets, taken from Ewald by Tholuck, with occasional additions, mainly from Knobel, in parentheses.

1. Until the reign of Jehu in Israel and Athaliah in Judah, when the prophets were in the highest estimation, (Samuel, Gad, Nathan, Ahijah, Hanani, his son Jehu,) Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, and Joel. (With the exception of Joel, whose right here Tholuck thinks doubtful, none of these have left us any writings.)

2. Till Manasseh, ninth to seventh century. The prophets' authority doubted and opposed. (The Assyrian Period.) Isaiah, Amos, Hosea, Micah. Author of Zech. ix.–xi. Obadiah. (Nahum, but not Habakkuk.) False prophets arise.

3. From Josiah till the destruction of Jerusalem. False prophets triumphant. The true persecuted. Zephaniah. Jeremiah. (Habakkuk.)

4. During the exile. Revival of prophecy. Ezekiel. Author of Isaiah xl. to lxvi. (Authors of other parts of Isaiah. Author of) Zechariah (xii.–xiv.).

Both these periods should be reckoned together as 3. The Chaldæan Period; and then 4. The period after the exile would embrace Jonah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, and Daniel. Haggai and Malachi, Tholuck appends to his list. The authors of the works Jonah and Daniel are here distinguished from Jonah and Daniel themselves. This distinction in the latter case Tholuck admits. In saying that Daniel is history rather than prophecy, he sanctions the prevalent theory that the book was composed in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and that the latest pre-Messianic symbols are of that monarch.

The authenticity of the Pentateuch, also, is not very firmly

asserted. The prophecies in Lev. xxvi. and Deut. xxviii.–xxx. are apparently thought to have been written in the Chaldæan period. Of Deuteronomy we read: "Referred by the newer criticism, for weighty but not decisive reasons, to the time of Manasseh, &c. . . . In whatever age the latest redaction of the book may be placed, it is certainly incorrect to suppose the book itself the work of the compiler" (of our present copy, which was not made by the original author). "It is indisputable that in numberless places the prophets refer, in legal technicalities, to such laws as are preserved in Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy; this, and scarcely more, has been proved by Hengstenberg, &c." The art of writing he thinks no older than Samuel. Tholuck thinks (in professed agreement but most amusing contradiction to Köster, *Die Propheten*, pages 29 and 30) Deut. xviii. 15–18 a prophecy of the Messiah, and of the Messiah only, since Numbers xii. 6–8 prove that no prophet but Jesus can be said to be like Moses.

How Tholuck reconciles this interpretation of verses 15–19 with the obvious reference to false prophets in verses 20–22, he has neglected to inform us. Neither does he say that this prophecy was spoken by Moses. Köster, of course, thinks it refers to a succession of prophets.

We are much better pleased with Tholuck's picture of Elijah contending alone against Ahab, in the power of God's word, than with the idea of some recent writers, that he was the leader of a band of rebel zealots. We like, too, the comparison of the schools of the prophets to the Pythagorean societies and to our theological seminaries. It should be noted, that Tholuck throughout follows the supposition that each prophet had read all the writings of his predecessors, which would show in such an age their immense popularity. We suppose that he also everywhere gives his Biblical citations in his own translation of the originals.

Sections 6, 7, and 8, pages 43 to 76, are comparatively abstruse, but form, in our opinion, the life and strength of the book. They are entitled, "The Spirit of God the Moving Principle of the Prophetic Predictions," — "The State of Prophetic Inspiration," — "The Relation of Prophesying to Soothsaying." We shall give as nearly as possible Tholuck's own words.

For the prophetic state are used the expressions, "The Spirit of God fills the prophet," "it falls upon him," "it clothes him." This Spirit is felt as power. Parallel therewith stands (Micah iii. 8 compared with Ezek. i. 3, iii. 22) "the hand of God," i. e. the instrument of the Divine deed. This hand of God leads the prophet in a vision between heaven and earth to Jerusalem (Ezek. viii. 3); i. e. he feels himself placed there in inner contemplation, and brings him back again in a vision (xi. 24). On the parallelism of Spirit of God and hand of God, compare also Matt. xii. 28 with Luke xi. 20. We do not see any assertion of the personality of the Spirit in the whole book.

Not from without *to* the prophets, but *within* them, speaks the Lord. After the exile, when the immediate relationship of God to man becomes continually more and more mediatorial (*vermittelt sich*), when all the operations of God upon the material universe come through the mediation of angels, emanating and ministering powers, see Psalm xxxiv. (which our version attributes to David), &c., then prophecy also is represented as coming through the mediation of angels. The prophetic Spirit of God which produces and explains visions is called, in Zech. i.–vi., "the angel who speaks in me."

As with Balaam the Word of God breaks forth only in contradiction to what he is hired to speak by the heathen prince, so breaks forth by Jeremiah, according to the important declarations of Jer. xx. 7, the voice of the Spirit, even when he wishes to be silent, in violent opposition to his own inclination: "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived; thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed. I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. Then it was in my heart as burning fire shut up in my bones. I became weary of enduring it. I could bear it no longer." And Amos (iii. 8) asks, "The Lion roars, who shall not tremble? the Lord God speaks, who shall not prophesy?" The overcoming of subjectivity by this power is denoted by such expressions as "driven by the Spirit," "the Spirit fell upon him," "the hand of God was strong upon me" (Ezek. iii. 14), "the Lord spoke with me, with mighty hand" (Isa. viii. 11). The oracle is called a burden laid upon the prophet in refer-

ence to the mighty impulse to expression (Jer. xxiii. 32, Ezek. xii. 10). So Elisha anoints Hazael as king of Syria, and at the same time weeps in contemplation of the rod of chastisement which this king of Syria will swing over Israel. So Nathan, when David asks him if he should build the temple, believes from his own insight that he may joyfully accede. Then God's word comes to him, and causes an opposite declaration. We appropriate Rothe's words: "In prophecy, God so touches the key-board (*Claviatur*) of the human soul, that he binds together some of the existing ideas in such a manner that thereout a really new thought makes itself known, which thought or combination of thoughts the man is conscious that he has not produced himself, though he is afterwards able to recall it, and so preserve the new disclosure." As little as the interpreter can overlook the supernatural factor, so little should he neglect the individual, historical form in which this factor becomes active.

As the prophet becomes penetrated with the conviction that the Spirit of the Lord speaks through him, and his word is laid upon his tongue, he ceases to speak of God as a third person, and proclaims the Divine declaration of consolation and punishment, the answers to prayer, as if from his own personality; so especially the second Isaiah (Deutero-Isaia, "the Great Unknown").

Numbers xii. 6 shows that ecstatic conditions are to be considered characteristic of all Biblical prophecy. Visions and dreams are the characteristic manifestations of the gift of prophecy, and the enigmatical character belongs to their peculiarity. In specified contrast therewith, clearness of consciousness is ascribed to Moses.

Still, as Moses was a prophet, we think Tholuck should recognize, in him at least, a higher kind of prophecy than that which is manifested in visions and dreams, and we have our doubts whether the greatest subsequent prophets, e. g. Isaiah and Jeremiah, see the most. To us Numbers xii. — "If there be among you a prophet of the Lord, to him I manifest myself in visions and dreams, but not so with my servant Moses" — proves that visions and dreams were the commonest, but not the highest, form of prophetic inspiration. It is to be remem-

bered that they are most elaborate in that prophet whose genuineness is least certain, — Daniel.

Thus Paul says, "We prophesy in part," for visions are imperfect, in that they are the symbolic, but not the intuitive, contemplation of what is hidden, — the inward embodiment, and hence symbolization, of what has been spiritually received. The prophecy of Peter's death, John xxi. 18, is vision and symbol. (!) In reference to the idea that the miracles at Jesus's baptism were visions, Luthardt has well remarked: "Subjective visions are hallucinations, deceiving the senses from within or from without; objective visions are divine operations upon the mind, which give by means of fancy a plastic form to the excitement of the ocular and auditory nerves. Of the latter nature are the visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Gehazi, and Stephen." So Hase says (*Neue Propheten*, p. 74): "Every excitement of the nerves of the senses, whether coming from without or from within, is made manifest at the outer end of the nerve, and only the mind can distinguish whether such excitement comes from within or from without." Augustine understands by ecstasy, not "alienatio a mente," but "alienatio mentis a sensibus corporis, ut spiritui quod demonstrandum est demonstretur." He argues from the trance of Peter, who does not immediately accept the Divine call heard in his ecstasy, but makes a rational rejoinder to his Lord. (Acts x. 11.) The later Judaism also agrees with ancient Hebrew simplicity in decidedly rejecting the idea of an unconscious ecstasy, although ecstasy and visions are considered synonymous by the rabbis. So little did they look, however, on prophetic inspiration as immediate, that they expressly make natural qualifications necessary, — *Abarbanel*, piety; *Maimonides*, natural strength of the fancy and study. "For," says he, "it is impossible that any one should go to bed unprophetic (*Nichtprophet*), and arise a prophet." So thoroughly does he defend the regency of self-consciousness, that he maintains that even in the contemplation of visions there remains a consciousness of the difference of the same from reality. "That ecstasy is an alienation from the life of the world, and therefore relatively (*beziehungsweise*) a passive state, a retiring of individual activity, is shown, not only by previous cita-

tions, and 2 Peter i. 21 ('Not by the will of man'), but also by Jer. xxxi. 26: 'On account of such glorious promises I awaked to reflection, and my ecstatic sleep did me good.' We called the state relatively passive, because, though individual productivity ceases in the reception of a revelation through the Spirit of God, receptivity does not; we cannot therefore well speak of a suppression of subjective spiritual activity, but rather of an exaltation thereof."

"This retiring of individual activity is not a cessation of individuality (*Selbstlosigkeit*). Prediction, though a supernatural divine operation, is not an immediate one, since it is rooted in the religious individuality of the prophet, and is born thereout. Consciousness of this world cannot be proved to cease in the lower stages of ecstatic vision; thus the prophets are conscious of their auditors, 1 Cor. xiv. 24 and 25. Only in the higher stages does consciousness of the relationship of internal and external perceptions disappear. Only then can coming to one's self be used in contrast to ecstasy. Thus is Paul (2 Cor. xii. 2) uncertain whether Paradise has descended into him, or he been transported into Paradise. On the other hand, the prophets carry on rational dialogues, expressing their individual sensations, in their visions, and remember the latter, which Sibyls and Schamanns cannot do. Thus self-activity and self-consciousness do not cease. The connection with the outer world is not destroyed. In the lower stages of ecstasy, reflection on the outer world remains. In the higher, during the ecstasy, there is the power of human, rational expression, and, after it, recollection and the power of reflecting on the received revelation."

Tholuck, it will be seen, is fond of expressing himself in quotations. There is, however, one author whom he quotes in order to oppose him, and that is Hengstenberg, whose statement in the *Christologie* has suggested most of the above remarks.

"It is evident that the true prophets also found themselves in an *extraordinary* condition, characteristically different from their usual one, — in an ecstasy in which rational consciousness retreated, and *all* individual existence was *suppressed* by

a *violent* operation of the Divine Spirit, and brought into *passive* relations." In the article on Prophecy in Kitto's Cyclopædia, over initials acknowledged in the Preface to be those of the author of the Christology, which work is referred to therein with strong approval, we read: "All these facts prove that there essentially belonged to prophecy *a state of mind worked up,—a state of being beside one's self,* —an ecstatic transport in which ideas were *immediately* imparted from heaven."

To Tholuck's refutation of these philosophic and choicely expressed ideas, we add the well-known words of Chrysostom on 1 Cor. xii. 2: "For this is peculiar to the soothsayer, to be beside himself, to be under compulsion, to be pushed, dragged, hauled, as a madman. But the prophet not so, but with sober mind and composed temper, and knowing what he is saying, he uttereth all things." Knobel, whose work is referred to in the Prophecy article as "containing little original research, and valuable only as a compilation of what the rationalists assert concerning prophecy," says: "The prophet is a man endowed with exalted intelligence, and filled with religious inspiration, who stands in near relations to God, and is active, as servant of God, for divine, and especially for theocratic ends. He is the instrument in which and through which God rules among men. The spirit of God is the principle which pervades and governs the spiritual life of the prophet, and excites and directs his activity," &c. So far as "rationalistic" means following human reason against the authority of Scripture, we think Tholuck has shown that the theory set forth by himself, Chrysostom, and Knobel, is at all events no more rationalistic than that of Hengstenberg.

In Section 9 — Prediction and Foretelling (*Weissagung und Vorhersagung*) — Tholuck maintains, in agreement with Schleiermacher and Nitzch, and in opposition to Hengstenberg, that "the divination of what is religiously necessary in the course of history constitutes the essence of Biblical prophecy, not the foretelling of contingent events."

Sections 10 and 11, pages 78–146, are occupied with the extent and accuracy of the prophet's powers of prediction.

"The leading ideas of all prophetic prediction are two, the Law idea and the Gospel idea. The idea of the Divine law of national retribution, which will eventually reward the pious Hebrews and punish the wicked heathen, and the idea of the Divine favor to the race of Israel and the dynasty of David, securing their ultimate triumph over all other races and dynasties." Tholuck goes on to combat one of the most remarkable theories of modern criticism, namely, that the prophet's vision was bounded by the political horizon. Thus Knobel says: "All prophets kept, during their predictions, within their age and circle, as was required by the practical aim of their labors. All predict according to the measure of their chronological relations." Thus the prophets we have assigned to the Assyrian period predict destruction from Assyria, those of the Babylonish from Babylon, and those of the Captivity predict the destruction of Babylon itself. The strongest arguments against this theory have been taken from the Book of Daniel, of which Tholuck says (page 97): "In the age of the Maccabees the later history up to this period was published under the name of Daniel, in a prophetic garb, in order to let the four great world-monarchies flow into the reign of the saints under the rule of the incarnate Son of God. It is the same horizon with which the predictions of the earlier prophets close, only clothed in more historic form. And this form is not the individual property of the composer of that prophetic book. In general his work rests on an older prophetic basis of predictions, namely, by that Daniel whom Ezekiel mentions as one of the wisest and most just of men. It is possible that to just this elder prophet belongs the representation of that historical result which we find in our Daniel." Just possible, and nothing more. Tholuck brings up no arguments in support of his position but the wide circulation of the book, quoted in the Book of Enoch, and says further: "The Book of Daniel gives the *historical expression*" (which words he prints in double-spaced types) "of what was pointed to, in less clear contemplation, by the elder prophets."

Tholuck, as we think, virtually gives up the argument from Daniel, and rests on the premises that,—1. Amos and

Hosea predicted the Assyrian invasion long before Assyria was in the political horizon; 2. Isaiah, the destruction of Sennacherib's army in one night; 3. Micah iv. 10 and Isaiah xxxix., the captivity in Babylon, when the Babylonish empire as such had not begun; 4. So also Jeremiah i. 13, just before the Satrap of Babylon seceded from Assyria; 5. Isaiah xiii., xiv., xxi., Jeremiah l., li., the fall of Babylon when it was increasing in power; 6. Balaam (Numbers xxiv. 24), Alexander's conquest of the Persians; 7. Habakkuk, in the Assyrian period, the captivity to Babylon. These are very strong cases. We confess to have been at first completely carried away by them. A careful examination, however, authorizes us to remark that —

1. Hosea v. 13, "When Ephraim saw his sickness, and Judah his wound, then went Ephraim to the Assyrian, and sent to King Jareb; yet could he not heal you, nor cure you of your wound," — vii. 11, "Ephraim also is like a silly dove without heart; they call to Egypt, they go to Assyria," — show that Israel was in such intimate relations with Assyria, that the prophet might easily learn enough of the warlike and conquest-loving character of the Assyrians to fear an attack from them. Amos does not mention Assyria. Perhaps both prophets were influenced by the predictions of the punishment of Hebrew sin by foreign invasion in Lev. xxvi., Deut. xxviii., though Tholuck admits that it is doubtful whether the priority of time belongs to these chapters or to the prophets. Still he maintains, as we do, the general popular fear of such punishments. This would naturally create predictions of invasions from the most terrible nations known.

2. The destruction of Sennacherib's army belongs more to the class of contingent events. A prophet acquainted with the horrors of Eastern pestilence might naturally predict a sudden destruction which we could not dream of. There is no doubt but that the prophecy was recorded, as we have it, *after* the event. Examples of such contingent predictions are, however, common enough to make us think this case of little moment.

3. We grant that Isaiah and Micah could not have predicted the carrying captive of Judah by the king of Babylon,

unless they saw far beyond the limits of the political horizon. Tholuck says that the former fact is at present undoubted, and the latter ought not to be doubted. He supports his statement that Isaiah's having made such a prediction is now doubted by no one, by a quotation from Ewald (*Geschichte Israels*, III. 641). Unfortunately, this extract does not take in quite enough of the page. Tholuck omits to say that Ewald goes on with — "However, the declarations of Isaiah to Hezekiah would scarcely have been recorded, if history, under the next successor of Hezèkiah, had not soon enough fulfilled his sad foreboding, and as this is now related, the realization itself of this fulfilment has secretly determined the color of the representation. 2 Kings xx. 18," to which Isaiah xxxix. 7 corresponds word for word in Hebrew and English, "cannot have been written in the time of Nebuchadnezzar (Nabokodrossar). The language about Hezekiah's own sons, and what happened to them, is too plain to have been so expressed without the experiences under Manasseh." On the very next page, Tholuck, as we shall show, takes pains to pass over Hitzig's plain statement that Isaiah xxxix. is spurious. We do not find the least hint of the almost uniform identity of Isaiah xxxvi., xxxvii., xxxviii., xxxix. with 2 Kings xviii. 13 – xx. 20, whence Gesenius elaborately demonstrated that the Isaiah account is the later, and certainly not genuine, more than forty years ago. The spuriousness and late origin of Isaiah xxxvi. – xxxix. has also, we see, been asserted by De Wette, Thenius, and Knobel. Thenius, whom Tholuck thinks "free from all prejudice," said, in 1842: "The *redacteur* in Isaiah used the poorer copy, and with considerable wilfulness." It may be noticed that Tholuck himself admits the spuriousness of the succeeding, and does not assert the genuineness of the preceding, chapters in our Isaiah. Yet with these facts before him, Tholuck coolly prints in double-spaced type, and repeats, his "jetzt von keiner Seite beanstandet." What does this mean? If Tholuck has any reason to believe that the rationalists hold exactly the opposite of what they say, we hope he will publish it. We cannot think so good a man could intentionally misrepresent his opponents. Yet we cannot satisfy ourselves that he does not grossly misrepresent

them. We must for the present deny the facts on the basis of which he makes his inference from Isaiah. He points out the dryness and poverty of Hitzig's explanation of Micah iv. 10. What he quotes is dry and poor enough, but it is only a fragment of what Hitzig says. We give the whole passage, and italicize what Tholuck quoted. "*That in the Assyrian period Micah predicted a carrying away to Babylon must surprise us*, and Isaiah xxxix. offers no sufficient analogy, because Babylon gave the direct occasion of the oracle; also it is not from Isaiah himself. *However*, Babylon then belonged to the Assyrian empire. The city was the elder and more famous capital, and lay in part this side of the Euphrates, while Nineveh was on the other side of the Tigris. *That the Chaldæans later, and through them also the Jews, had habitations assigned them there, proves a scanty population. The Assyrians then sought to people this country.* North of Babylonia, on the Chaboras (2 Kings xvii. 6), the Ephraimites had but just colonized. There was a place ready garrisoned, and the Jews, if led to Babylon, would have Ephraim again for a neighbor on the north." So Knobel. The recent removal of the Israelites to the region of Babylon would naturally suggest to Micah the possibility that Judah might soon be carried thither also. Micah might threaten a carrying to Babylon by Assyria, and not look beyond his political horizon. It seems to us that Tholuck here censures the weakness and conceals the strength of his adversaries' arguments. We cannot think either the fact of Isaiah's prediction or the inference from Micah's prediction at all certain enough to warrant Tholuck's argument therefrom.

4. Jeremiah i. 13 predicts destruction from the north; but why may not this refer to Nineveh, which was northeast from Jerusalem, while Babylon was due east? The Assyrians were certainly prosecuting their conquests southward along the Mediterranean. There is no direct reference in the passage to Babylon, but it is possible that it was written while Babylon and Assyria were contending together, and that the prophet feared that whichever conquered would complete the conquest of Palestine. Thus the prediction might elsewhere be referred to as Babylonish.

5. The genuineness of Isaiah xiii., xiv., xxi., and Jeremiah l., li., Tholuck admits to be doubtful; and Gesenius, De Wette, Eichhorn, Hitzig, Rosenmüller, and Knobel consider that these portions were written about the time of the capture of Babylon.

6. Balaam's prophecy, which few beside Tholuck think genuine, can scarcely apply to Alexander, because, — 1st, as Tholuck admits, it was the Persian, not the Assyrian empire which he overthrew; 2d. Alexander could scarcely be said to come in ships, for he only used his fleet to ferry his soldiers across the Hellespont; 3d. He did not humble Eber, but treated the Jews very kindly; 4th. There is no reason for referring it to Alexander's conquest more than to the Crusades, or the French expedition into Syria. Tholuck remarks that De Wette's Introduction, sixth edition, "abstains from any decision on this point." Fortunately the sixth edition is on our table; we read (page 219): "The reference to Assyria, Numbers xxiv. 20, &c., is doubtful, yet it appears to belong to the age when that power did not threaten the people of Israel, but only the neighboring nations to the south. To make the composition as late as the time of Hezekiah and his reforms is difficult, partly on account of the honorable mention (Numbers xxi. 4–9) of the brazen serpent then destroyed as an idol, partly on account of the acquaintance of the elder prophets with Jehovistic narrations. On the other hand, the theory that the author lived as early as the age of Saul is beset by too many difficulties to be valid. The enigmatical prediction, verse 24, which is applied by 1 Maccabees i. 1 to Alexander, but whose fulfilment cannot be proved historically, is applied by Hitzig and Bohlen to the event in the time of Sennacherib (Euseb. Chron. Armen. I. 43, 53), and by Ewald to what Josephus (Ant. IX. 14. 2) relates of Salmanassar's age. Von Lengerke, Bertholdt, and Bleek consider the verse an interpolation." We think De Wette pretty decisive against the application to Alexander, to say nothing of the authorship by Balaam. Else why does he say "whose fulfilment cannot be proved historically"? Knobel also refers to this expedition of Greek pirates against Sennacherib, which is mentioned by Niebuhr.

7. Habakkuk is placed by most of the later critics, includ-

ing Rosenmüller, Eichhorn, De Wette, and Knobel, during the Chaldæan period.

We think that Tholuck has failed to show any certain instance of a prophet's looking beyond his political horizon. The cases he quotes are well calculated to deceive the ignorant, but no critical scholar can be much influenced by them. This part of the work is evidently meant for "Nichttheologen." We would not be too severe, but what can we think of a book which says that King James's Version reads "screeching-owl" for "screech-owl," (to which unfortunate bird Cruden denied a place in his Concordance,) Isaiah xxxiv. 14?

Thus far we have reviewed half of the book, the half where there is most to praise and to blame. We next come to the unfulfilled prophecies. Here Tholuck observes: "The history of Uzzah shows that the pious theologian must not act hastily and wilfully when the oxen step aside with the ark of the Lord, and the history of theology bears witness how many a most terrible discovery (as for instance that of the late age of the Hebrew vowel-points by Capellus) has gradually fitted itself to the theological system without shattering, as a Buxdorf feared, its foundations."

"If now the story of the victory of the kingdom of God, fulfilled in the fortunes of Israel as in those of the world empires, be the ideal thread which runs through all prophecy, then it appears certainly as if the truth of the anticipation were so far the chief thing, and that the manner of realization is to be regarded as wholly unimportant in comparison. When deep religious penetration has announced the judgment of God to an overbearing heathen power, like haughty Babylon, what matters it whether this judgment takes place, as Isaiah xiii. 14 and Jeremiah l. 12 describe it, or whether, according to the fact of history, the city was wholly spared by the humane Cyrus, but gradually passed to its destruction? When Isaiah xxxiv., Ezekiel xxxv., and Jeremiah xlix. 16, 17, triumph over the fall of the chief foe of the theocracy, Edom, what matters it whether Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar were the instruments, as the prophets expected, of this entire annihilation, or whether history so fulfilled their predictions that desolation has entered gradually under

the Moslem rule? Ezekiel threatened proud Tyre, the centre of the world's commerce, with conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, and complete destruction (xxvi. 14 and xxvii. 36): 'To death shalt thou suddenly come, and remain therein forever'; but the city, notwithstanding, was not, as it appears, really conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, but, though humbled, remained till the Middle Ages. Still, if there is nothing now left of Tyre but a poor fishing village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, has not enough taken place to verify the seer-glance of the prophet, — 'The proud fortress shall yet sink to ruins'? Nevertheless, the degree of exactness in the truth to accomplishment of the predictions is not wholly unimportant.

"The prophets are not merely religious geniuses, they are *seers;* they have seen the truth of the future, not merely abstractly, but generally, — in the concrete form of historical accomplishment. Are not Christ's predictions of this nature?" Granting this, what proof is there that the prophets had the same power as he? Do not the above facts prove that they had not? If the supposition that the faculty of prediction in the prophets must work as infallibly as in Christ be contradicted by the fact that, as Tholuck elsewhere states, they expected that Edom and Babylon would be destroyed one thousand years earlier than they were, we must not discard the fact, but the supposition.

Tholuck further tries to show that the king of Babylon was slain in the capture, and not, as Herodotus and Berosus record, banished to Carimania; that Tyre capitulated to Nebuchadnezzar; that Egypt was occupied forty years by the Assyrians; and that the captivity did last almost seventy years. He admits the mistakes about Zedekiah and Jehoiakim, and further acknowledges that prediction must not be so definite as to destroy history; that only those curses can be considered conditional which are expressed conditionally, or at least said to be caused by vices, the punishment of which may be removed by repentance; and finally, that the unfulfilled prophecies remain such, in spite of all proper deductions for rhetorical embellishment, poetic imagery, and Oriental hyperbole, though he thus explains the discrepancy between the fact that Titus spared the three great towers and the whole west wall

of Jerusalem (Josephus, Jewish War, VII. 1. 1), and the prediction of Jesus, "Thine enemies shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee: and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." (Luke xix. 44.) In the parallel to which (Luke xxiv. and Matt. xxiv.) Tholuck finds no reference to a second coming (*lexte Parusie*).

He adopts the common theory, that the prophets foresaw correctly the destruction of the various heathen nations, but mistook the time when it was to take place. What they expected was evidently a destruction in their own time, and it might be said that any later destruction was simply a coincidence. At all events, these predictions against foreign nations seem to lose all their eloquence, originality, and individuality if reduced to mere repetitions of the general law, that all cities and nationalities are sooner or later destroyed. Yet this is all that this theory of ultimate fulfilment seems to us to leave. Tholuck, indeed, tries to show that this ultimate destruction was only predicted and accomplished of some single cities and nationalities. "While other primeval cities, Rome and Athens, Damascus and Ecbatana (Hamadan), still stand, and in some respects flourish, those cities and nations whose complete ruin was predicted, Nineveh and Babylon, Tyre and Edom, have become wastes." Damascus does flourish, but Isaiah predicted (xvii. 1): "Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." Rome and Athens are in Europe, and their time is not yet come, though there is some difference between the size and site of the ancient and modern Romes. No one can tell with certainty where the ruins of Ecbatana now lie.. We assert, again, that it cannot be proved that the prophets saw beyond their political horizon. They predicted the ruin of all known cities and peoples, in their own age, and were mistaken. In succeeding centuries the destruction they expected has indeed come, but as the result of new developments of civilization among distant races, not as the punishment of the wars and idolatries of the age of the Hebrew theocracy. We cannot believe that, when Turkish tyranny destroyed Tyre and Edom, the inhabitants were suffering merely the punishment of sins committed one thousand years before. We cannot believe

that the present desolation of Southwestern Asia is simply the result of the depravity of the ancient Asiatics.

The last section of the book, on the Messianic predictions, occupies about sixty pages with the discussion of "Their Temporary Form and their Eternal Substance," "The Person of the Messiah," "The Work of the Messiah." This last head is further subdivided into "The Teaching Word," "The Atoning Deed," "The Complete Dominion," on the old "Prophet, Priest, and King" plan. "Jesus is the Messiah only for those who recognize in Judaism the pre-formation or germ of Christianity. We must recognize the wide difference between the Jewish form and the Christian substance of the Messianic prophecies on the one hand, but on the other we must not suppose that any such difference was known to the prophets themselves. Single events in the life of Jesus were not predicted. Micah v. 2 denotes only his descent from David; the word translated 'virgin' in Isaiah vii. 14, means the wife of the prophet. Isaiah liii. 8 and 9 is full of mistranslations, yet there are Messianic predictions in the later Isaiah. This author speaks of the true Israel which is to regenerate the whole nation. This must mean the prophets and their adherents. Hence the inference is natural to the great prophet." The inference is a natural one, but it remains to be proved that the author of Isaiah xl. to lx. made it. We think Tholuck rather too ready to take it for granted, that what seem to him natural inferences from the language both of the rationalists and of the prophets, were in fact made by them. The person of the Messiah he of course thinks superhuman; he argues that the prophets must have believed in his pre-existence, and seems to intimate that they had some conception of his Deity. God may be conceived of "either as he is in himself, as transcendental, or as he is for the world, as mundane." In the latter sense he is called "the angel of the Lord." This divine title is applied to the Messiah in Zech. xii. 8, and also, it may be said, in Malachi iii. 1. Perhaps we should here quote Exodus vii. 1: "And the Lord said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh"; and Psalm lxxxii. 6: "I have said, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High." We cannot find any proof that the prophets ex-

peeted in the Messiah anything but a holy and pious king. Tholuck's discussion of the Messiah as prophet and priest is occupied mainly with what are called theocratic predictions, which represent Jehovah himself as working for his people and his religion, immediately, and not through any subordinate instrumentality. He finds the idea of expiation, substitution, and atonement in the later Isaiah, wherein the best critics see no Messianic prophecy. It may be here noted, that he admits that the later Isaiah, like all the other prophets, expected the Messiah in his own age. The last subdivision, on the Messiah as king, is very meagre. It is occupied mainly with the proof that the description of the New Jerusalem in Ezekiel and Revelations is merely "the contemplation of the eternal idea of the Messianic kingdom in temporal and theocratic form." Here we find very frank acknowledgments of the impossibility of the realization of the immense dimensions of the new city and temple, and of such predictions as Isaiah lxvi. 23: "And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord."

Severely as we must blame the inaccuracies of this book, arising, we suppose, partly from the haste and partly from the earnestness of the author, we nevertheless recommend it, not only as bright, fresh, and interesting, but as thoroughly devout and reverent, and calculated to give needed knowledge of the way in which the spirit of the Heavenly Father has ever worked in the souls of his children.

Art. IV.—BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vols. I. and II. From the Second London Edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1860, 1861.

When the first volume of Mr. Buckle's History appeared, in 1857, it was noticed at length in this journal, by one of our

most able *collaborateurs*, whose loss to science and study is yet lamented by scholars both in Europe and America. We feel on the present occasion a renewed sense of our own loss, knowing how much we should be gratified to offer a review of the present volume from the same hand. But his work of criticising and being criticised is over, — since we may hope that in the higher worlds criticism and critics no longer exist. Meantime, for us, still denizens of this lower sphere, remains the hard necessity of looking at new products of the intellect in the sharp, dissecting way. Synthetic views belong to heaven, but analysis and criticism are still the doom of earth.

Especially is it necessary to examine anew Mr. Buckle and his theory, as we now receive his second volume. We welcomed kindly the first instalment of this work, giving a cursory account of it, and hinting, rather than urging, the objections which readily suggested themselves against his theories concerning Man, History, Civilization, and Human Progress. But now it seems a proper time to discuss with a little more deliberation the themes opened before us by this intrepid writer, — this latest champion of that theory of the mind which in the last century was called Materialism and Necessity, and which in the present has been re-baptized as Positivism.

The doctrines of which Mr. Buckle is the ardent advocate seem to us, the more thoroughly we consider them, to be essentially theoretical, superficial, and narrow. They are destitute of any broad basis of reality. In their application by Mr. Buckle, they utterly fail to solve the historic problems upon which he tries their power. With a show of science, they are very unscientific, being a mere collection of unverified hypotheses. And if Mr. Buckle should succeed, which, however, is impossible, in introducing his principles and methods into the study of history, it would be equivalent to putting backward for about a century this whole department of thought.

Yet, while we state this as our opinion, and one which we shall presently endeavor to substantiate by ample proof, we do not deny to Mr. Buckle's volumes the interest arising from vigorous and independent thinking, faithful study of details,

and a strong, believing purpose. They are interesting and valuable contributions to our literature. But this is not on account of their purpose, but in spite of it; notwithstanding their doctrines, not because of them. The interest of these books, as of all good history, derives itself from their picturesque reproduction of life. Whatever of value belongs to Mr. Buckle's work is the same as that of the writings of Macaulay, Motley, and Carlyle. Whoever has the power of plunging like a diver into the spirit of another period, sympathizing with its tone, imbuing himself with its instincts, sharing its loves and hates, its faith and its scepticism, will write its history so as to interest us. For whoever will really show to us the breathing essence of any age, any state of society, or any course of human events, cannot fail of exciting that element of the soul which causes man everywhere to rejoice in meeting with man. He who will write the history of Arabians, Kelts, or Chinese, of the Middle Ages, the Norman Sea-kings, or the Roman Plebs, so that we can see ourselves beneath these diverse surroundings of race, country, and period, and see that these also are really MEN, — this writer instantly awakens our interest, whether he call himself poet, novelist, or historian. In all cases, the secret of success is to write so as to enable us to identify ourselves with the characters of another age. Great authors all enable us to look at actions, not from without, but from within. When we read the historic plays of Shakespeare, or the historic novels of Scott, we are charmed by finding that kings and queens are, after all, our poor human fellow-creatures, sharing all our old, familiar struggles, pains, and joys. When we read that great historic masterpiece, the "French Revolution" of Carlyle, the magic touch of the artist introduces us into the heart of every character in the motley, shifting scene. We are the poor king escaping to Varennes under the dewy night and solemn stars. We are tumultuous Mirabeau, with his demonic but generous soul. We are devoted Charlotte Corday; we are the Gironde; we the poor prisoners of Terror, waiting in our prison for the slow morning to bring the inevitable doom. This is the one indispensable faculty for the historian; and this faculty Mr. Buckle so far possesses as to make his page

a living one. It is true that his sympathy is intellectual rather than imaginative. It is not of the high order of Shakespeare, nor even that of Carlyle. But, so far as it goes, it is a true faculty, and makes a true historian.

Yet we cannot but notice how the effectual working of this historic organ is interfered with by the dogmatic purpose of Mr. Buckle; and, on the other hand, how his theoretic aim is disturbed by the interest of his narrative. His history is always meant to be an argument. His narrations of events are never for their own sake, but always to prove some thesis. There is, therefore, no consecutive narrative, no progress of events, no sustained interest. These volumes are episodes, put together we cannot well say how, or why. In the seventh chapter of the first volume we have a graphic description of the Court life in England in the days of Charles II., James II., William, and the Georges, in connection with the condition of the Church and clergy. From this we are taken, in the next chapter, to France, and to similar relations between Henry IV., Louis XIII., Richelieu, and the French Catholics and Protestants. We then are brought back to England, to consider the protective system there; and once more we return to France, to investigate its operation in that country. Afterward we have an essay on "The State of Historical Literature in France from the End of the Sixteenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century," followed by another essay on the "Proximate Causes of the French Revolution." Many very well finished biographic portraits are given us in these chapters. There are excellent sketches of Burke, Voltaire, Richelieu, Bossuet, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Bichat, in the first volume; and of Adam Smith, Reid, Black, Leslie, Hutton, Cullen, Hunter, in the second. These numerous biographic sketches, which are often accompanied with good literary notices of the writings of these authors, are very ably written; but it is curious to remember, while reading them, that Mr. Buckle thinks that, as history advances, it always has less and less to do with biography.

There is an incurable defect in the method of this work. On the one hand, the dogmatic purpose is constantly breaking into the interest of the narration; on the other, the interest

of the narration is continually seducing the writer from his argument into endless episodes and details of biography. The argument is deprived of its force by the story; the story is interrupted continually on account of the argument. Mr. Buckle has mistaken the philosophy of history for history itself. A History of Civilization is not a piece of metaphysical argument, but a consecutive account of the social progress either of an age or of a nation. This irreconcilable conflict of purpose, while it leaves to the parts of the work their value, destroys its worth as a whole.

Mr. Buckle might probably inquire whether we would eliminate wholly from history all philosophic aim, all teleologic purpose. He objects, and very properly, to degrading history into mere annals, without any instructive purpose. We agree with him. We do not admire the style of history which feels neither passion nor sympathy, which narrates crimes without indignation, and which has no aim in its narration except to entertain a passing hour. But it is one thing deliberately to announce a thesis and bring detached passages of history to prove it, and another to write a history which, by its incidents, spirit, and characters shall convey impulse and instruction. The historian may dwell upon the events which illustrate his convictions, and may develop the argument during the progress of his moving panorama; but the history itself, as it moves, should impress the lesson. The History of Mr. Motley, for example, illustrates and impresses the evils of bigotry, superstition, and persecution on the life of nations, quite as powerfully as does that of Mr. Buckle; but Mr. Motley never suspends his narrative in order to prove to us logically that persecution is an evil.

Mr. Buckle, in his style of writing, belongs to a modern class of authors whom we may call the Bullying School. It is true that he is far less extravagant than some of them, and indeed is not deeply tinged with their peculiar manner. The first great master of this class of writers is Thomas Carlyle; but their peculiarity has been carried to its greatest extent by Ruskin. Its characteristic feature is treating with supreme contempt, as though they were hopeless imbeciles, all who venture to question the *dicta* of the writer. This superb ar-

rogance makes these writers rather popular with the English, who, as a nation, like equally well to bully and to be bullied. Though Mr. Ruskin's talent and knowledge are no doubt great, he owes a part of his success to his assumption of infallibility. He dogmatizes with an equally serene satisfaction on all subjects, — those which he understands and those concerning which he is wholly ignorant, — and his admirers accept his opinions on both with equal reverence. He takes every opportunity to denounce German thinkers and writers, of whom he knows nothing. His opinions on poetry are ludicrously weak, but are announced with the air of Sir Oracle. The greatest writer on art of the present day, his noblest sayings and his emptiest platitudes are announced with the same defiant air of enormous assumption. From a man like Ruskin it can be borne; but when his pigmy followers affect to nod and shake the spheres, it becomes somewhat laughable.

But we must proceed to our examination of some of Mr. Buckle's particular claims. He professes to have at last found the only true key to history, and to have discovered some of its important laws, especially those which regard the progress of civilization.

I. *His View of Freedom.* — Mr. Buckle's fundamental position is, that the actions of men are governed by fixed laws, and that, when these laws are discovered, history will become a science, like geometry, geology, or astronomy. The chief obstacle hitherto to its becoming a science has been the belief that the actions of men were determined, not by fixed laws, but by free will (which he considers equivalent to chance), or by supernatural interference or providence (which he regards as equivalent to fate). "We shall thus be led," he says (Vol. I. p. 6, Am. ed.), "to one vast question, which, indeed, lies at the root of the whole subject, and is simply this: Are the actions of men, and therefore of societies, governed by fixed laws, or are they the result either of chance or of supernatural interference?" Identifying freedom with chance, Mr. Buckle denies that there is such a thing, and maintains that every human action is determined by some antecedent, inward or outward, and that no one is determined by the free choice

of the man himself. His principal argument against free will is the law of averages, which we will therefore proceed to consider in its bearing on this point.

Statistics, very carefully collected during many years and within different countries, show a regularity of return in certain vices and crimes, which indicates the presence of law. Thus, about the same number of murders are committed every year in certain countries and large cities, and even the instruments by which they are committed are employed in the same proportion. Suicide also follows some regular law. "In a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life." In London, about two hundred and forty persons kill themselves every year, — in years of panic and disaster a few more, in prosperous years not quite so many. Other actions of men are determined in the same way, — not by personal volition, but by some controlling circumstance. "It is now known that the number of marriages in England bears a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn." "Aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order." The same average number of persons forget every year to direct the letters dropped into the post-offices of London and Paris. Facts of this kind "force us to the conclusion," says Buckle, "that the offences of men are the result, not so much of the vices of the individual offender, as of the state of society into which he is thrown."

The argument then is, — If man's moral actions are under law, they are not free, for freedom is the absence of law. The argument of Mr. Buckle is conclusive, provided freedom does necessarily imply the absence of law. But such, we think, is not the fact.

The actions of man do not proceed solely from the impact of external circumstances; for then he would be no better than a ball struck with a bat. Nor do they proceed solely from the impulses of his animal nature; for then he would be only a superior kind of machine, moved by springs and wheels. But in addition to external and internal impulse there is also in man the power of personal effort, activity, will, — to which we give the name of Free Choice, or Freedom.

This modifies and determines a part of his actions, — while a second part come from the influence of circumstance, and a third from organic instincts and habitual tendencies.

Now, it is quite certain that no man has freedom of will enough to cause *his whole* nexus of activity to proceed from it. For if a man could cause *all* his actions to proceed by a mere choice or effort, he could turn himself at will into another man. In other words, there could be no such thing as permanent moral character. No one could be described; for while we were describing him, he might choose to be different, and so would become somebody else. It is evident, therefore, that some part of every man's life must lie outside of the domain of freedom.

In what, then, does the essence of freedom consist? If it be not the freedom to do whatever we choose, what is it? Plainly, if we analyze our own experience, we shall find that it is simply what its scholastic name implies, freedom of choice, or *liber arbitrio*. It is not, in the last analysis, freedom to act, but it is freedom to choose.

But freedom to choose what? Can we choose anything? Certainly not. Our freedom of choice is limited by our knowledge. We cannot choose that which we do not know. We must choose something within the range of our experience. And our freedom of choice consists in the alternative of making this choice, or omitting to make it, — exerting ourselves or not exerting ourselves. Consciousness testifies universally to this extent of freedom. We know by our consciousness that we can exert ourselves or not exert ourselves at any moment, — exert ourselves to act or not exert ourselves to act, to speak or not to speak. This power of making or not making an effort is freedom in its simplest and lowest form.

In this lowest form, it is apparent that human freedom is inadequate to give any permanent character to human actions. They will be directed by the laws of organization and circumstance. Freedom in this sense may be compared to the power which a man has of rowing a boat in the midst of a fog. He may exert himself to row, he may row at any moment forward or backward, to the right or to the left. He has this freedom,

— but it does not enable him to go in any special direction. Not being able to direct his boat to any fixed aim, it is certain that it will be drifted by the currents or blown by the winds. Freedom in this form is only wilfulness, because devoid of an inward law.

But now let the will direct itself by such a fixed law, and it at once becomes true freedom, and begins to impress itself upon actions, modifying the results of organization and circumstance. Not even in this case can it destroy those results; it only modifies them. It enters as a third factor with those other two to produce the product. The total character of a man's actions will be represented by a formula thus: John's Organization × John's Circumstances × John's Freedom = John's Character.

Apply this to the state of society where the law of averages has been discovered. In such a society there are always to be found three classes of persons. In the first class, freedom is either dormant or is mere wilfulness. The law of mind is subject therefore in these to the law of the members. The will is an enslaved will, and its influence on action is a nullity, not needing to be taken into the account. From this class come the largest proportion of the crimes and vices, regular in number because resulting from constant conditions of society. Of these persons we can predict with certainty that, under certain strong temptations to evil, they will inevitably yield.

But in another class of persons the will has learned to direct itself by a moral law toward a fixed aim. The man in the boat is now steering by a compass, and ceases to be the sport of current and gale. The will reacts upon organization, and directs circumstance. The man has learned how to master his own nature, and to arrange external conditions. He has escaped from the danger of temptation to low forms of vice and crime. We can predict with certainty that under no possible influences will this class yield to some forms of evil.

There is also in each community a third class, who are struggling, but not emancipated. They are partly free, but not wholly so. From this class come the slight variations of the average, now a little better, now a little worse.

Applying this view of the freedom of the will to history, we see that the problem is far more complicated than Mr. Buckle admits. Man's freedom, with him, is an element not to be taken into consideration, because it does not exist. But the truth is, that human freedom is not only a factor, but a variable factor, the value of which changes with every variety of human condition. In the savage condition it obeys organization and circumstances, and has little effect on social condition. But as civilization advances, the power of freedom to react on organization and circumstance increases, varying however again, according to the force and inspiration of the ideas by which it is guided. And of all these ideas, precisely those which Mr. Buckle underrates, namely, moral and religious ideas, are those which most completely emancipate the will from circumstances, and vitalize it with an all-conquering force.

To see this, take two extreme cases, — that of an African Hottentot, and that of Joan of Arc. Free will in the African is powerless; he remains the helpless child of his situation. But the Maid of Arc, though utterly destitute of Mr. Buckle's "Intellectual Truths," (being unable to read or write, and having received no instruction save religious ideas,) and wholly wanting in the "Scepticism" which he thinks so essential to all historic progress, yet develops a power of will which reacts upon circumstances so as to turn into another channel the current of French history. All bonds of situation and circumstance were swept asunder by the power of a will set free by mighty religious convictions. The element of freedom, therefore, is one not to be neglected by an historian, except to his own loss.

The law of averages applies only to undeveloped men, or to the undeveloped sides of human nature, where the element of freedom has not come in play. When the human race shall have made such progress that it shall contain a city inhabited by a million persons all equal to the Apostle Paul and the Apostle John in spiritual development, it will not be found that a certain regular number kill their wives every year, or that from two hundred and thirteen to two hundred and forty annually commit suicide. Nor will this escape from the averages be owing to an increased acquaintance with physical laws so

much as to a higher moral development. This point, however, we shall return to when we examine more fully his doctrine in regard to the small influence of religion on civilization.

II. *Mr. Buckle's View of Organization.* — Mr. Buckle sets aside entirely the whole great fact of organization, upon which the science of ethnology is based. Perhaps the narrowness of his mind shows more conspicuously in this than elsewhere. He attributes no influence to race in civilization. While so many eminent writers at the present day say, with Mr. Knox, that "Race is everything," Mr. Buckle quietly rejoins that Race is nothing. "Original distinctions of race," he says, "are altogether hypothetical." "We have no decisive ground for saying that the moral and intellectual faculties in man are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country." (Vol. I. p. 127, Am. ed.) "We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence." He doubts the existence of hereditary insanity, or an hereditary tendency to suicide, or even to disease. (Vol. I. p. 128, note.) He does not believe in any progress of natural capacity in man, but only of opportunity, "that is, an improvement in the circumstances under which that capacity after birth comes into play." "Here then is the gist of the whole matter. The progress is one, not of internal power, but of external advantage." He goes on to say, in so many words, that the only difference between a barbarian child and a civilized child is in the pressure of surrounding circumstances. In support of these opinions he quotes Locke and Turgot.

It is difficult to understand how an intelligent and well-informed man, an immense reader and active thinker, can have lived in the midst of the nineteenth century, and retained these views. For students at every extreme of thought have equally recognized the force of organization, the constancy of race, the permanent varieties existing in the human family, the steady ruling of the laws of descent. If there is any one part of the science of anthropology in which the nineteenth century has reversed the judgment of the eighteenth, — and

that equally among men of science, poets, materialists, idealists, anatomists, philologists, — it is just here. To find so intelligent a man reproducing the last century in the midst of the present is a little extraordinary.

Perhaps there could not be found four great thinkers more different in their tendencies of thought and range of study than Goethe, Spurzheim, Dr. Prichard, and Max Müller; yet these four, each by his own method of observation, has shown with conclusive force the law of variety and of permanence in organization. Goethe asserts that every individual man carries from his birth to his grave an unalterable speciality of being, — that he is, down to the smallest fibre of his character, one and the same man; and that the whole mighty power of circumstance, modifying everything, cannot abolish anything, — that organization and circumstance hold on together with an equally permanent influence in every human life. Gall and Spurzheim teach that every fibre of the brain has its original quality and force, and that such qualities and forces are transmitted by obscure but certain laws of descent. Prichard, with immense learning, describes race after race, giving the types of each human family in its physiology. And finally, the great science of comparative philology, worked out by such thinkers and students as Bopp, Latham, Humboldt, Bunsen, Max Müller, and a host of others, has proved the permanence of human varieties by ample glossological evidence. Thus the modern science of ethnology has arisen, on the basis of physiology, philology, and ethology, and is perhaps the chief discovery of the age. Yet Mr. Buckle quietly ignores the whole of it, and continues, with Locke, to regard every human mind as a piece of white paper, to be written on by external events, — a piece of soft putty, to be moulded by circumstances.

The facts on which the science of ethnology rests are so numerous and so striking, that the only difficulty in selecting an illustration is from the quantity and richness of material. But we may take two instances, — that of the Teutons and Kelts, to show the permanence of differences under the same circumstances, and that of the Jews, the Arabs, and the Gypsies, to show the continuity of identity under different circum-

stances. For if it can be made evident that different races of men preserve different characters, though living for long periods under similar circumstances, and that the same race preserves the same character, though living for long periods under different circumstances, the proof is conclusive that character is *not* derived from circumstances only. We shall not indeed go to the extreme of such ethnologists as Knox, Nott, or Gliddon, and say that "Race is everything, and circumstances nothing," but we shall see that Mr. Buckle is much mistaken in saying that "Circumstances are everything, and race nothing."

The differences of character between the German and Keltic varieties of the human race are marked, but not extreme. They both belong to the same great Indo-European or Arian family. They both originated in Asia, and the German emigration seems to have followed immediately after that of the Kelts. Yet when described by Cæsar, Tacitus, and Strabo, they differed from each other exactly as they differ now. They have lived for some two thousand years in the same climate, under similar political and social institutions, and yet they have preserved their original diversity.

According to the description of Cæsar* and Tacitus† the German tribes differed essentially from the Gauls or Kelts in the following particulars. The Germans loved freedom, and were all free. The Kelts did not care for freedom. The meanest German was free. But all the inferior people among the Kelts were virtually slaves. The Germans had no priests, and did not care for sacrifices. The Kelts had a powerful priesthood and imposing religious rites. The Germans were remarkable for their blue eyes, light hair, and large limbs. The Kelts were dark-complexioned. The Gauls were more quick, but less persevering, than the Germans. Ready to attack, they were soon discouraged. Tacitus, describing the Germans, says: "They are a pure, unmixed, and independent race; there is a family likeness through the nation, the same form and features, stern blue eyes, ruddy hair; a strong sense of honor; reverence for women; religious, but without a ritual; superstitiously believing in supernatural signs and

* Comm. VI. 11, *et seq.*

† Germania.

portents, but not in a priesthood; not living in cities, but in scattered homes; respecting marriage; the children brought up in the dirt, among the cattle; hospitable, frank, and generous; fond of drinking beer, and eating preparations of milk."

The German and Keltic races, thus distinguished in the days of Cæsar, are equally distinct to-day. Catholicism, the religion of a priesthood, a ritual, and authority, prevails among the Kelts; Protestantism only among the Germans. Ireland, being mainly Keltic, is Catholic, though a part of a Protestant nation. France, being mainly Keltic, is also Catholic, in spite of all its illumination, its science, and its knowledge of "intellectual laws." But as France contains a large infusion of German (Frankish) blood, it is the most Protestant of Catholic nations; while Scotland, containing the largest infusion of Keltic blood, is the most priest-ridden of Protestant nations. This last fact, which Mr. Buckle asserts, and spends half a volume in trying to account for, is explained at once by ethnology. Wherever the Germans go to-day, they remain the same people they were in the days of Tacitus; they carry the same blue eyes and light hair, the same love of freedom and hatred of slavery, the same tendencies to individualism in thought and life, the same tendency to superstitious belief in supernatural events, even when without belief in any religion or church; and even the same love for beer, and "lac concretum," now called "schmeercase" in our Western settlements. The Kelt, also, everywhere continues the same. He loves equality more than freedom. He is a democrat, but not an abolitionist. Very social, clannish, with more wit than logic, very sensitive to praise, brave, but not determined, needing a leader, he carries the spirit of the Catholic Church into Protestantism, and the spirit of despotism into free institutions. And that physical, no less than mental qualities, continue under all climates and institutions, is illustrated by the blue eyes and light hair which the traveller meets among the Genoese and Florentines, reminding him of their Lombard ancestors; while their superior tendencies to freedom in church and state suggest the same origin.

Nineteen hundred years have passed since Julius Cæsar pointed out these diversities of character then existing be-

tween the Germans and Kelts. Since then they have passed from barbarism to civilization. Instead of living in forests, as hunters and herdsmen, they have built cities, engaged in commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. They have been converted to Christianity, have conquered the Roman empire, engaged in crusades, fought in a hundred different wars, developed literatures, arts, and sciences, changed and changed again their forms of government, have been organized by Feudalism, by Despotism, by Democracy, have gone through Protestant reformations, have emigrated to all countries and climates; and yet, at the end of this long period, the German everywhere remains a German, and the Kelt a Kelt. The descriptions of Tacitus and Cæsar still describe them accurately. And yet Mr. Buckle undertakes to write a History of Civilization without taking the element of race into account.

Perhaps, however, the power of this element of race is illustrated still more strikingly in the case of the wandering and dispersed families, who, having ceased to be a nation, continue in their dispersions to manifest the permanent type of their original and ineffaceable organization. Wherever the Jew goes, he remains a Jew. In all climates, under all governments, speaking all languages, his physical and mental features continue the same. This amazing fact has been held by many theologians to be a standing miracle of Divine Providence. But Providence works by law, and through second causes, and uses in this instance the laws of a specially stubborn organization and the force of a tenacious and persistent blood to accomplish its ends. The same kind of blood in the kindred Semitic family of Arabs produces a like result, though to a less striking degree. The Bedouins wander for thousands of miles away from their peninsula, but always continue Arabs in appearance and character. The light, sinewy body and brilliant dark eye, the abstemious habit and roaming tendency, mark the Arab in Hindostan or Barbary. It is a thousand years since these nomad tribes left their native home, but they continue the same people on the Persian Gulf or amid the deserts of Sahara.

The case of the Gypsies, however, may be still more striking, because these seem, in their wanderings over the earth, to have

gradually divested themselves of every other common attribute except that of race. Unlike the Jews and Arabs, they not only adopt the language, but also the religion, of the country where they happen to be. Yet they always remain unfused and unassimilated.

The Gypsies first appeared in Europe in 1417, in Moldavia, and thence spread into Transylvania and Hungary.* They thence passed into all the countries of Europe, where their number, at the present time, is supposed to reach 700,000 or 800,000. Everywhere they adopt the common worship, but are without any faith. Partially civilized in some countries, they always retain their own language beside that of the people among whom they live. This language, being evidently derived from the Sanskrit, settles the question of their origin. It is common to all their branches through the world; as are also the sweet voice of their maidens, and their habits of horse-dealing, fortune-telling, and petty larceny. Without the bond of religion, history, government, literature, or mutual knowledge and intercourse, they still remain one and the same people in all their dispersions. What gives this unity and permanence, if not race? Yet race, to Mr. Buckle, means nothing.

III. *Mr. Buckle's Theory concerning Scepticism.* — One of the laws of history which Mr. Buckle considers himself to have established, if not discovered, is that a spirit of scepticism precedes necessarily the progress of knowledge, and therefore of civilization. By scepticism he means a doubt of the truth of received opinions. He asserts that "a spirit of doubt" is the necessary antecedent to "the love of inquiry." (Vol. I. p. 242, Am. ed.) "Doubt must intervene before investigation can begin. Here, then, we have the act of doubting as the originator, or at all events the necessary antecedent, of all progress."

If this were so, progress would be impossible. For the great groundwork of all knowledge for each generation must be laid in the minds of children; and children learn, not by doubting, but by believing. Children are actuated at the same time by

* George Borrow, "The Zincali." See also an excellent article by A. G. Paspati, translated from Modern Greek by Rev. C. Hamlin, D. D., in Journal of American Oriental Society, 1861.

an insatiable curiosity and an unquestioning faith. They ask the reason of everything, and they accept every reason which is given them. If they stopped to question and to doubt, they would learn very little. But by not doubting at all, while they are made to believe some falsities, they acquire an immense amount of truth. Kind Mother Nature understands the process of learning and the principle of progress much better than Mr. Buckle, and fortunately supplies every new generation of children with an ardent desire for knowledge, and a disposition to believe everything they hear.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Buckle refers to men rather than children. He may not insist on children's stopping to question everything they hear before they believe. But in men perhaps this spirit is essential to progress. What great sceptics, then, have been also great discoverers? Which was the greatest discoverer, Leibnitz or Bayle, Sir Isaac Newton or Voltaire? A faith amounting almost to credulity is almost essential to discovery, — a faith which foresees what it cannot prove, which follows suggestions and hints, and so traces the faintest impressions left by the flying footsteps of truth. The attitude of the intellect in all discovery is not that of doubt, but of faith. The discoverer always appears to critical and sceptical men as a visionary.

"To scepticism," says Mr. Buckle, "we owe the spirit of inquiry, which, during the last two centuries, has gradually encroached on every possible subject, and reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge." But this is plainly what logicians call a ὕστερον πρότερον, or what common people call "putting the cart before the horse." It is not scepticism which produces the spirit of inquiry, but the spirit of inquiry which produces scepticism. It was not a doubt concerning the Mosaic cosmogony which led to the study of geology; but the study of geology led to the doubt of the cosmogony. Scepticism concerning the authority of the Church did not lead to the discovery of the Copernican system; but the discovery of the Copernican system led to doubts concerning the authority of the Church which denied it. People do not begin by doubting, but by seeking. The love of knowledge leads them to inquire, and inquiry shows to

them new truths. The new truths, being found to be opposed to received opinions, cause a doubt concerning those opinions to arise in the mind. Scepticism, therefore, may easily follow inquiry, but does not precede it.

Scepticism, being a negative principle, is necessarily unproductive and barren. To have no strong belief, no fixed opinion, no vital conviction for or against anything, — this is surely not a state of intellect favorable to any great creation or discovery. Goethe, who was certainly no bigot, says, in a volume of his posthumous works, that scepticism is only an inverted superstition, and that this scepticism is one of the chief evils of the present age. "It is worse," he adds, "than superstition, for superstition is the inheritance of energetic, heroic, progressive natures; scepticism belongs to weak, contracted, shrinking men, who venture not out of themselves." Lord Bacon says (Advancement of Learning, Book II.), that doubts have their advantage in learning, of which he mentions two, but says that "both these commodities do scarcely countervail an inconvenience which will intrude itself, if it be not debarred; which is, that when a doubt is once received, men labor rather how to keep it a doubt than how to solve it." It will be seen, therefore, that Lord Bacon gives to scepticism scarcely more encouragement than is given it by Goethe.

Mr. Buckle says (Vol. I. p. 250) that "Scepticism, which in physics must always be the beginning of science, in religion must always be the beginning of toleration." We have seen that in physics scepticism is rather the end of science than its beginning, and the same is true of toleration. Scepticism does not necessarily produce toleration. The Roman augurs, who laughed in each other's faces, were quite ready to assist at the spectacle of Christians thrown to the lions. Sceptics, not having any inward conviction as a support, rest on established opinions, and are very angry at seeing them disturbed. A strong belief is sufficient for itself, but a half-belief wishes to put down all doubts by force. This is well expressed by Thomas Burnet (Epistola 2, De Arch. Phil.): "Non potui non in illam semper propendere opinionem, Neminem irasci in veritate defendenda, qui eandem plene possidet, viditque in claro lumine. Evidens enim, et indubitata ratio, sibi sufficit

et acquiescit: aliisque a scopo aberrantibus, non tam succenset, quam miseretur. Sed cum argumentorum adversantium aculeos sentimus, et quodammodo periclitari causam nostram, tum demum æstuamus, et effervescimus."

The least firm believers have often been the most violent persecutors. Nero persecuted the Christians; Marcus Antoninus persecuted them; but neither Nero nor Antoninus had any religious reason for their persecution. Antoninus, the best head of his time, was a sufficient sceptic to suit Mr. Buckle, as regards all points of the established religion, but his scepticism did not keep him from being a persecutor. Unbelieving Popes, like Alexander VI. and Leo X., have persecuted. True toleration is not born of unbelief, as Mr. Buckle supposes, but of a deeper faith. Religious liberty has not been given to the world by sceptics, but by such men as Milton, Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, and Roger Williams.

So far from general scepticism being the antecedent condition of intellectual progress and discovery, it is a sure sign of approaching intellectual stagnation and decay. A great religious movement usually precedes and prepares the way for a great mental development. Thus the religious activity born of Protestantism showed its results in England in the age of Elizabeth, and in a general outbreak of intellectual activity over all Europe. On the other hand, the scepticism of the eighteenth century was accompanied by comparative stagnation of thought throughout Christendom.

IV. *Mr. Buckle's View of the small Influence of Religion on Civilization.*—Mr. Buckle thinks it is altogether erroneous to suppose that religion is one of the prime movers of human affairs. (Vol. I. p. 183.) Religion, according to him, has little to do with human progress. In this opinion, of course, he differs from nearly all other great historians and philosophical thinkers. In modern times, Hegel, Niebuhr, Guizot, Arnold, and Macaulay, among others, have discussed the part taken by religious ideas in the development of man, laying the greatest stress on this element. But Mr. Buckle denies that religion is one of the prime movers in human affairs. The Crusades have been thought to have exercised some influence on European civilization. But religion was certainly

their prime mover. Mohammedanism exercised some influence on the development of European life. But Mohammedanism was an embodiment of religious ideas. The Protestant Reformation shook every institution, every nation, every part of social life, in Christendom, and Europe rocked to its foundations under the influence of this great movement. But religion was the prime mover of it all. The English Revolution turned on religious ideas. The rise of the Dutch Republic was determined by them. In one form they colonized South America and Mexico; in another form, they planted New England. Such great constructive minds as those of Alfred and Charlemagne have been benevolently inspired by rational religion; such dark, destructive natures as those of Philip II. of Spain, Catharine de Medicis of France, and Mary Tudor of England have been malevolently inspired by fanatical religion.

On what grounds, then, does Mr. Buckle dispute the influence of religion? On two grounds mainly. First, he tells us that moral ideas are not susceptible of progress, and therefore cannot have exercised any perceptible influence on the progress of civilization. For that which does not change, he argues, cannot influence that which changes. That which has been known for thousands of years cannot be the cause of an event which took place for the first time only yesterday. "Since civilization is the product of moral and intellectual agencies," says Mr. Buckle, "and since that product is constantly changing, it cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect." On this principle, gravitation could not be the cause of the appearance of Donati's comet in the neighborhood of the sun. For gravitation is a stationary and uniform agent; it cannot therefore produce an accelerated motion. Mr. Buckle will answer, that though the law of gravitation is one and the same in all ages, and uniform in its action, the result of its action may be different at different times, according to the position in the universe of the object acted upon. True; and in like manner we may say, that, though religious ideas are immutable, the result of their action on the human mind

may be very different, according to the position of that mind in relation to them. The doctrine of one God, the Maker and Lord of all things, was not a new one, or one newly discovered, in the seventh century. Yet when applied by Mohammed to the Arabian mind, it was like a spark applied to gunpowder. Those wandering sons of the desert, before utterly unknown in the affairs of the world, and a negative quantity in human history, sprang up a terrible power, capable of overrunning and conquering half the earth. Religion awakened them; religion organized them; religion directed them. The fact that an idea is an old one is no proof, therefore, that it may not suddenly begin to act with awful efficiency on civilization and the destiny of man.

The other reason given by Mr. Buckle why religious ideas have little influence in history is, that the religion of a nation is symptomatic of its mental and moral state. Men take the religious ideas which suit them. A religion not suited to a people cannot be accepted by it; or if accepted, has no influence on it. This thought, argued at considerable length by Mr. Buckle, is so perfectly true as to be a truism. The religion of a people is no doubt an effect. But may it not also be a cause? It, no doubt, cannot be received by a people not prepared for it. But does it therefore exercise no influence on a people which it finds prepared? Fire cannot explode an unexplosive material, nor inflame one not inflammable. But does it follow that it effects nothing when brought into contact with one which is inflammable or explosive? A burning coal laid on a rock or put into the water produces no effect. But does this prove that the explosion of gunpowder is in no manner due to the contact of fire?

"The religion of mankind," says Mr. Buckle, "is the effect of their improvement, and not the cause of it." His proof is that missions and missionaries among the heathen produce only a superficial change among barbarous and unenlightened tribes. Knowledge, he says, must prepare the way for it. There must, no doubt, be some kind of preparation for Christianity. But does it follow that Christianity, when its way is prepared, is *only* an effect? Why may it not be also a cause? Judaism prepared the way for Christianity. But did not Chris-

tianity produce some effect on Judaism? The Arab mind was prepared for Mohammedanism. But did not Mohammedanism produce some effect on the Arab mind? Europe was prepared by various influences for Protestantism. But did not Protestantism produce some effects on Europe?

It might, with equal truth, and perhaps with greater truth, be asserted that intellectual ideas are the result of previous training, and that they are therefore an effect, and by no means a cause. The intellectual truths accepted by any period depend certainly on the advanced condition of human culture. You cannot teach logarithms to Hottentots, trigonometry to Digger Indians, or the differential calculus to the Feejee Islanders. Hence, according to our author's logic, those very intellectual ideas which he thinks the only great movers in human affairs are really no movers at all, but only symptoms of the actual intellectual condition of a nation.

But it is a curious fact, that, while Mr. Buckle considers religious ideas of so little importance in the history of civilization, he nevertheless devotes a very large part of both his volumes to proving the very great evil done to civilization by erroneous forms of religious opinion. Nearly the whole of his second volume is in fact given to showing the harm done in Spain and Scotland by false systems of religious thought. Why spend page after page in showing the evil influence of false religion on society, if religion, whether true or false, has scarcely any influence at all? Why search through all the records of religious fanaticism and superstition, to bring up to the day the ghosts of dead beliefs, if these beliefs are, after all, powerless either for good or evil?

The second volume, the recent publication of which has suggested this second review of Mr. Buckle's work, contains much of interest and value, but suffers from the imperfect method of which we complained at the beginning of this article. It is chiefly devoted to a description of the evils resulting from priestcraft in the two countries of Spain and Scotland. It contains six chapters. The first is on the History of the Spanish Intellect from the fifth to the middle of the nineteenth century, and contains 122 pages. The other five chapters relate to Scotland, and contain 350 pages.

In the chapter on Spain he attempts to show how loyalty and superstition began in this nation, and what have been their results. Of course, according to his theory, he is obliged to trace their origin to external circumstances, and he finds the cause of their superstition in their climate, which produced drought and famine, and in the earthquakes which alarmed them. And here Mr. Buckle, following the philosophy of Lucretius, confounds religion and fear, and puts the occasion for the cause. But, beside earthquakes, the Arian heresy helped to create this superstition, by identifying the wars for national independence with those for religion, and so giving a great ascendency to the priests. Hence the Church in Spain early acquired great power, and, naturally allying itself with the government, gave rise to the sentiment of loyalty, which was increased by the Moorish invasion and the long wars which followed. Loyalty and superstition thus became so deeply rooted in the Spanish mind, that they could not be eradicated by the efforts of the government. Nothing but knowledge can cure this blind and servile loyalty and this abject superstition, and while Spain continues sunk in ignorance it must always remain superstitious and submissive.

Some difficulties, however, suggest themselves in the way of this very simple explanation. If superstitious loyalty to church and king comes from earthquakes, why are not the earthquake regions of the West Indies and of South America more loyal, instead of being in a state of chronic revolution? And how came Scotland to be so diseased with loyalty and superstition, when she is so very free from earthquakes? And if knowledge is such a certain cure for superstition, why was not Spain cured by the flood of light which she, alone of all European countries, enjoyed in the Middle Ages? Spain was for a long time the source of science and art to all Europe, whose Christian sons resorted to her universities and libraries for instruction. There was taught to English, French, and German students the philosophy of Aristotle, the Græco-Arabic literature, mathematics, and natural history. The numerals, gunpowder, paper, and other inventions of the Arabs, passed into Europe from Spain. She possessed, therefore, that knowledge of physical laws which Mr. Buckle declares to be the only

cure for superstition. Yet she was not cured. The nation which, according to his theory, ought to have been soonest delivered from superstition, according to his statements has retained its yoke the longest of any.

From Spain Mr. Buckle passes to Scotland, where he finds a still more complicated problem. Superstition and loyalty ought to go together, he thinks, — and usually do; but in Scotland they are divorced. The Scotch have always been superstitious, but disloyal. To the explanation of this fact Mr. Buckle bends his energies of thought, and of course is able to find a theory to account for it. This theory we shall not stop to detail; it is too complex, and at the same time too superficial, to dwell upon. Its chief point is that the Protestant noblemen and Protestant clergy quarrelled about the wealth of the Catholic Church, and so there was in Scotland a complete rupture between the two classes elsewhere in alliance. Thus "the clergy, finding themselves despised by the governing class, united themselves heartily with the people, and advocated democratic principles." Such is the explanation given to the course of history in a great nation. A quarrel between its ministers (who are of course represented as mercenary self-seekers) and its noblemen determines its permanent character! Mr. Buckle may call this profound philosophy; to us it seems shallow theorizing.

Mr. Buckle, to whom the love of plunder appears as the cause of what other men regard as loyalty or religion, explains by the same fact the loyalty of the Highlanders to King Charles. They thought that, if he conquered, he would allow them to plunder the Lowlanders once more. This is his account of it. An ethnologist would have remembered the fact that the Gaels are pure-blooded Kelts, and that the Kelts *pur sang* are everywhere distinguished for loyalty to their chiefs.

Mr. Buckle encounters another difficulty in Scottish history in this, that though a new and splendid literature arose in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was unable to diminish national superstition. It was thoroughly sceptical, and yet did not produce the appropriate effect of scepticism. So that at this point one of Mr. Buckle's four

great laws of history seems to break down. For a moment he appears discouraged, and laments, with real pathos, the limitations of the human intellect. But in the next chapter he addresses himself again to the solution of his twofold problem, viz.: "1st, that the same people should be liberal in their politics and illiberal in their religion; and, 2d, that their free and sceptical literature in the eighteenth century should have been unable to lessen their religious illiberality."

In approaching this part of his task, in the fifth chapter, our author gives a very elaborate and highly colored picture of the religion of Scotland. It is *too* well done. Like some of Macaulay's descriptions, it is so very striking as to impress us almost inevitably as a caricature. Every statement in which the horrors and cruelties of Calvinism are described is indeed reinforced by ample citations or plentiful references in the foot-notes. But some of these seem capable of a different inference from that drawn in the text. For instance, he charges that the Scottish clergy taught, that, though the arrangements originally made by the Deity to punish his creatures were ample, "they were insufficient; and hell, not being big enough to contain the countless victims incessantly poured into it, had in these latter days been enlarged. There was now sufficient room." He supports the charge by this reference to Abernethy, — "Hell has enlarged itself," — apparently not being aware that Abernethy was merely quoting from Isaiah. He says that to write poetry was considered by the Scotch clergy to be a grievous offence, and worthy of special condemnation. He supports his statement by this reference: "A mastership in a grammar school was offered in 1767 to John Wilson, the author of 'Clyde'" (a poet, by the by, not found among the twenty John Wilsons commemorated by Watt). "But, says his biographer, the magistrates and ministers of Greenock thought fit, before they would admit Mr. Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar school, to stipulate that he should abandon 'the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.'" This fact, however, by no means proves that poetry was considered, theologically, a sin, for perhaps they only regarded it, practically, as a disqualification. It is to be feared that many of our school committees

now — country shopkeepers, perhaps, or city aldermen — would, apart from Calvinism, think that a poet must be necessarily a dreamer and an unpractical man.

A few exaggerations of this kind there may be. But, on the whole, the account must be correctly given; and it is one which must do good.

In the remaining portion of the second volume Mr. Buckle gives a very vigorous description of the intellectual progress of the Scotch during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His account of Adam Smith as a writer is peculiarly brilliant. His views of Hume and of Reid are ably drawn. Thence he proceeds to discuss the discoveries of Black and Leslie in natural philosophy, of Smith and Hutton in geology, of Cavendish in chemistry, of Cullen and Hunter in physiology and pathology. These discussions are interesting, and show a great range of knowledge and power of study in the writer. Yet they are episodes, and have little bearing on the main course of his thought.

We have thus given a cursory survey of these volumes. We do not think its philosophy sound, its method good, or its doctrines tenable. Yet we cannot but sympathize with one who has devoted his strength and youth with such untiring industry to such a great enterprise. And we must needs be touched with the plaintive confession which breaks from his wearied mind and exhausted hope in the last volume, when he accepts the defeat of his early endeavor, and submits to the disappointment of his youthful hope. We should be glad to quote the entire passage,* because it is the best in the book, and because he expresses in it, in the most condensed form, his ideas and purposes as an historic writer. But our limited space only allows us to commend it to the special attention of our readers.

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* See Vol. II. pp. 255 - 259, American edition.

Art. V. — WESTERN MONASTICISM.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert, Member of the French Academy. Authorized Translation. Volumes I. and II. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1861. 8vo. pp. xii. and 515, 549.

The first work by which Montalembert became widely known as an author was his Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, published when he was only twenty-six years old. Encouraged by the remarkable degree of popularity which this memoir at once acquired, the young author determined to prepare a Life of St. Bernard of Clairvaux as a complement to it, in order that he might exhibit another phase of the religious life of the Middle Age, and "contribute to the vindication of the monastic orders." To this task he seems to have devoted himself immediately; but as he proceeded, his plan expanded until he was led to substitute for the single biography, which was all that he at first intended to write, a comprehensive history of Western Monasticism. The cares and anxieties of public life, however, have long and often interrupted the work, and even now, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, only a fragment of this history has been given to the public. But even this incomplete portion of Montalembert's labors will be cordially welcomed. The two volumes now published contain, it is true, much in the soundness of which we cannot concur, but the patient research everywhere exhibited, the passionate love of liberty which the author never fails to show, and the glow and fervor with which he often writes, go far to disarm criticism. He has evidently sought before all things to vindicate the truth, and he has prosecuted his inquiries through nearly the whole range of mediæval literature with unwearied diligence and the strictest fidelity. His plan is perhaps as free from serious defects as any which he could have formed for dealing with so comprehensive a theme; and he seldom or never assumes a controversial tone, except in one or two passages in his Introduction. On only one point do we deem it necessary to take exception in this place. While Montalembert justly represents monasticism as meeting a real want in

the Middle Age, and has not exceeded the limits of a proper discrimination in dwelling on the importance of the services rendered by the monks in that period, he does not always seem to apprehend rightly the nature of those services; and certainly no Protestant can accede to the views which he expresses respecting the worth of monasticism considered as a permanent institution of the Church. Monasticism perished simply because there was no longer need of it; and any attempt to restore it in our time must prove ineffectual, if not pernicious. This Montalembert fails to perceive, and he accordingly suffers himself always to regard the revival of the institution as not only possible, but desirable. In this misconception of the real character of monasticism, as an institution which has been completely drained of vitality, lies the chief defect of his book, — the only one, we are inclined to think, of much importance.

The portion of the work now before us comprises an Introduction and seven Books, forming a part of the history of the first two centuries after the establishment of the monastery of Monte Cassino. The first volume is entirely devoted to preliminary discussions and to the history of monasticism before the time of Benedict. In the Introduction, which extends over nearly two hundred and fifty pages, and is divided into ten chapters, Montalembert enters at length into a discussion of the fundamental character of monastic institutions and the true nature of monastic vocations, describing with much eloquence the happiness of a monastic life, and examining the various charges brought against the monks. This, the most difficult part of his task, has been performed with marked ability; and nowhere is that love of truth which forms one of his most conspicuous characteristics more apparent than it is here, where the temptation to become the apologist rather than the impartial historian must often have been very great. While he praises the monks without stint, he does not ignore their faults and vices; and few of their censors have passed a severer judgment on them than is often implied in his simple statement of facts.

In considering the fundamental character of monastic institutions, he very naturally dwells on the significant fact that the most prosperous periods in the history of the Church were

precisely those periods in which monasticism was most flourishing. "Since the end of the Roman persecution," he observes, "the grandeur, the liberty, and the prosperity of the Church have always been exactly proportioned to the power, the regularity, and the sanctity of the religious orders which she embraces within her bosom. We can affirm it without fear. Everywhere and always she has flourished most when her religious communities have been most numerous, most fervent, and most free." During the whole period of the Middle Age the relations between the Church and the monks were, indeed, most intimate and mutually beneficial. Not long after the conversion of Constantine, the crowded monasteries of the Thebaid and the great establishments of Lerins and Marmoutier began to send forth a multitude of zealous and learned champions of the now triumphant faith. At a little later period the missionary labors of the Benedictines added Belgium, England, Germany, and Scandinavia to the list of countries which acknowledged the Papal sway; and not satisfied with achieving these external victories, the same indomitable army gave to Hildebrand his most efficient support in the memorable war which he waged against the abuses that had crept into the Church. In the twelfth century the impassioned eloquence of Bernard was at once the means of infusing new life into the order of which he was the brightest ornament, and of giving the most effective expression to the policy of the Popes. In the two following centuries the Dominican and Franciscan orders arose, and a new impulse was given to missionary and charitable efforts, while in the department of speculative philosophy we have the great name of Thomas Aquinas, "the Angelic Doctor." When the Protestant Reformation spread over Northern Europe, and threatened to supplant Romanism everywhere, it was only by the active exertions of Loyola and the Jesuits that its progress was checked, and the limits of its conquests were sharply defined. And even since the close of the Middle Age, we find that the most brilliant period in the history of the Gallican Church was not less distinguished as the era in which the Congregation of St. Maur and the Order of La Trappe were founded, and St. Vincent de Paul began his beneficent labors, than as the era of Massillon and Bourda-

lone, of Bossuet and Fénelon. It is not surprising, indeed, that an institution which gave to the Church her two greatest Popes, Gregory I. and Gregory VII., and which has filled her calendar with the names of so many saints and doctors, should have reflected in its own history the fortunes of the Papacy with which it was so intimately connected. But it by no means follows from this similarity in their annals that monasticism is likely to have the same degree of permanency as the Church, or that it is at all adapted to the wants of modern civilization.

With a few exceptions the real services of the monks were of such a kind as are rendered only by pioneers, and could not be performed under the altered circumstances in the midst of which we live. There is doubtless in human nature, as Montalembert remarks, "a tendency, instinctive, though confused and evanescent, toward retirement and solitude"; but such a tendency is wholly at variance with the active and enterprising spirit of our age, and it is only in a few exceptional cases that it can now produce beneficial effects. Amidst the moral corruption and the intellectual degradation by which so large a part of the Middle Age was marked, the conservative influence of cloister life was often needed to preserve some traces of the earlier and better civilization; but it was only in proportion as the monks led active and laborious lives, even in their retirement, that they rendered any positive services to humanity. "Monasteries were never intended," says Montalembert, "to collect the invalids of the world. It was not the sick souls, but, on the contrary, the most vigorous and healthful which the human race has ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to fill them. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the feeble, was on the contrary the arena of the strong." This remark, however, is true only to a limited extent, and even then only of the early history of the various orders. By such men as these the real work of monasticism was wrought, and so long as they were found within its pale, monasticism had a healthy and prolific existence. They withstood, with a manly courage which nothing could daunt, the tyrant and the oppressor; they defended and succored the weak and the persecuted; they cleared the forest;

they furnished the faithful and devoted missionaries of every nation; they fed a multitude who could procure food nowhere else; and they preserved by numerous and faithful copies the precious records of the Bible, while we also owe to them the undesigned preservation of some of the choicest treasures of classical literature. Their services in this respect can scarcely be overrated; and it is a significant circumstance, which is worthy of especial notice, that, as Montalembert informs us, three eighths of the cities and towns of France owe their existence to the monks, while in Belgium, Germany, and England the number of towns which grew up around the monastic establishments, or which derived their names from the neighboring abbeys, is quite considerable.

It was a natural result of the increasing wealth of the monasteries, and the gradual relaxation of the original rules, that monasticism should begin to decline; and we cannot, therefore, regard their general suppression with regret. The work which was begun by Henry VIII. has been wellnigh completed in our own time, and the history of monasticism may now be regarded as virtually closed. At a comparatively early period abuses crept into most of the orders; and at length, as even Montalembert admits, "they were given up to laxness and enervation." From the very origin, indeed, of the monastic orders, we are told, abuses and scandals periodically renewed themselves, and loudly called for reformation. Reformer after reformer arose, and infused new life for a time into the institution, until at last every source of supply was apparently drained, and monasticism seemed ready to perish from its own corruptions. The monastic treasuries became the receptacles of immense sums of money, which were diverted from more useful objects merely to increase the wealth of the great orders; the monks ceased to offer an example of personal activity, and left to others the works of practical usefulness in which they had once engaged; and the monks themselves were placed under the direction of persons utterly unfit to be at the head of a religious establishment. In France, for instance, Charles of Valois, an illegitimate son of Charles IX., was made commendatory abbot of the monastery of Chaise-Dieu when he was only thirteen years old, and con-

tinued to enjoy its revenues long after his marriage; the notorious Bussy d'Amboise was made abbot of Bourgueil; and the Abbé Dubois held seven monasteries *in commendam*. For these abuses and for this decline Montalembert is inclined to hold the Church responsible, and not without good reason. "It is difficult to believe," he says, "that in the sixteenth century, or even in the seventeenth, a vigorous and prolonged effort of the Holy Chair, supported by the episcopacy, would not have succeeded, if not in extirpating all the roots of the evil, at least in arresting its growth, repressing its excesses, and, above all, in exciting the zeal of the good monks and the sympathy of the faithful people and orthodox princes." But no effort of the kind was made; and with the exception of the unsuccessful attempts at reformation within the monastic body to which we have alluded, nothing was done to arrest its downward progress.

At length the secular power interfered, and monastery after monastery was suppressed, until monasticism has come in our day to be little more than the shadow of a name. The monks were everywhere dispersed; and even the venerable edifices which the piety of remote generations had constructed were destroyed, or put to the most ignoble uses. No one can read the chapter entitled "Ruin" in Montalembert's Introduction, without a feeling of sadness at the picture of utter destruction which he paints. "Hate and cupidity," he mournfully exclaims, "have spared nothing." The Emperor Joseph II., in the last century, suppressed in his various states a hundred and twenty-four monasteries, and confiscated their goods to the amount of more than two hundred millions of florins; and it has been calculated that in the five years from 1830 to 1835 three thousand monasteries were suppressed in the different parts of Europe. In Portugal alone, during the regency of Dom Pedro, three hundred were swept away; and in Poland two hundred more were destroyed by the Russians. The magnificent Jeronymite convent of Granada, founded by Gonzalvo de Córdova, has been changed into barracks for a regiment of cavalry; and Montalembert tells us that he has seen the capitals and columns of an abbey church used in mending a neighboring road. The great monastery of Clair-

vaux, forever associated with the name of Bernard, is now a prison; and so, too, are Fontevrault, Mont St. Michel, and many other ancient abbeys. "At Cluny, the most illustrious monastery of Christendom, the church, which was the largest in France and in Europe, yielding in dimensions only to St. Peter's in Rome, after having been sacked and demolished, stone by stone, for twenty years, has been transformed into stud-stables, and the starting-post of the stallions occupied still, in 1844, the place of the high altar." In a note to this passage, Montalembert gives a list of nine monasteries which are now used for the same purpose, and he adds that innumerable abbeys like Notre Dame de Saintes and St. Germain of Compiègne are also used as stables. The Chartreuse at Seville is now, or was recently, a china manufactory; swine have been installed in the cells of Nothgottes, a convent of Nassau, and in the cloister of Cadouin, an abbey in Perigord; and a similar desecration is witnessed in many other places. Such is the condition into which monasticism has fallen even in Catholic countries; and this total overthrow of an institution which long played so important a part in the history of the Church is alone sufficient to prove that it bore within itself the elements of self-destruction, and to show how little recuperative energy there is in such an institution when in its decline.

As an active and efficient agent in the progress of modern civilization, monasticism had its origin in the wide-spread corruption which prevailed throughout the Roman empire in the period immediately following the conversion of Constantine. But even before this time asceticism had existed in the East, and had been frequently practised by the disciples of the old religions. Instances of such a life among the Christians can be found at a very early period in Egypt; and it was there that St. Anthony, who is commonly regarded as the father of Eastern monasticism, was born, about the middle of the third century, and there he passed the greater part of his life. He was derived from a respectable family, and had inherited considerable wealth from his parents, who died while he was quite young. At the age of twenty, having been specially impressed by the advice of Christ to the rich young man, — "If thou wilt

be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," — he sold the greater part of his property, and, distributing the proceeds among the poor, withdrew to the desert. Here he passed several years in solitude and prayer, until the fame of his sanctity gathered around him a numerous body of disciples, eager to have their bodily infirmities cured, or their consciences quickened by his example and teachings. At length, as their numbers increased, he formed them into communities, over which he presided as their acknowledged head. During the Maximian persecution he visited Alexandria in the hope of winning the crown of martyrdom; but in this he was disappointed, and at a little later period he again went there at the head of an army of monks to preach against the Arians. His appearance excited everywhere the utmost enthusiasm, and crowds followed him, eager to see "the man of God," as he was popularly called. A city life, however, had no attractions for him, and he soon returned to the Thebaid. "The fish die," he said, "when they are drawn to land, and the monks lose their strength in towns; let us return quickly to our mountains, like fish to the water." In these retreats, and surrounded by his followers, his life glided away in peaceful enjoyments, — *semper hilarem faciem gerens, jucundus atque affabilis*, says Athanasius, who afterward wrote his life. He died in 356, at the age of a hundred and four or five years, having planted the seeds of an institution destined to last for more than fifteen hundred years.

Another famous monk of the Thebaid was St. Pacome, who, beside founding several monasteries on the Upper Nile, promulgated the first written rule for the government of the monks. His code was simple and rigid in its requirements, and his own self-discipline was so severe that for fifteen years he never lay down, but always slept standing or half sitting on a stone bench. He seems to have been a man of much organizing and executive capacity, and when Athanasius visited the Thebaid, he led out an immense army of monks to meet the great champion of orthodoxy, all of them chanting hymns, and burning with the same fierce hatred of every form of heretical opinion. Under the teaching of these men and their

associates monasticism in Egypt spread with such incredible rapidity that it has been asserted there were as many monks in the deserts as there were inhabitants in the towns; and though this statement is probably exaggerated, all the authorities agree in representing the number as very great. Prayer and meditation formed the chief object of their lives; but all the rules of the early founders rendered labor obligatory, and in the great frescos of the Campo Santo at Pisa the fathers of the desert are represented as busily engaged in cultivating the soil, in fishing, in plaiting mats, and in other active employments. As has been quaintly said by an early writer, each of the monks "had in his hands the wax of labor, and in his mouth the honey of psalms and prayers." Some of them, too, were men of learning and ability, who had been trained in the schools of Alexandria, and who carried into the desert their early fondness for those mystical speculations which have always had a congenial dwelling-place in the East; and from them Eastern monasticism derived its peculiar dreamy and meditative character, as contrasted with the religious life of the West.

The example of the monks was followed by a multitude of women animated by the same longing for solitude and a life of prayer and praise, and soon a convent rose near every monastery. The annals of the Church are filled with the names of women who thus sought the retirement of the desert, some of them to preserve their purity unspotted by contact with the world, others to expiate by a long penance the follies or vices of early life. To the former class belongs the young and beautiful Euphrosyne, whom the Catholic Church has since enrolled in the calendar of saints, and who forsook her husband and father at the age of eighteen, that she might devote her remaining years to prayer and meditation. Carefully disguising her sex, she entered a monastery of monks, where, it is said, she passed nearly forty years without leaving her cell. To the latter and more famous class belong the celebrated courtesans and dancers who then abounded in Egypt, and particularly in Alexandria; and to them Montalembert assigns "the first place in the sacred annals of the desert." Foremost among these was Pelagia, the most beautiful dancer in Antioch, who,

after having been exorcised and baptized, passed the last years of her life in a cell on the Mount of Olives, an edifying illustration of the happiness found in conventual retirement.

From Egypt monasticism spread into Syria, Palestine, and the deserts of Arabia; and the sides of Mount Sinai were soon covered with crowded monasteries. Among the earliest and most conspicuous of these Asiatic monks were St. Hilarion, a disciple of Anthony, to whom is awarded the credit of having introduced monastic life into Palestine, and who closed his career at an advanced age in the island of Cyprus; St. Epiphanius, a learned Jew, who after his conversion became the personal friend of Basil of Cæsarea, Jerome, and Chrysostom, and who wrote a history and refutation of eighty heresies which had vexed the early Church; and St. Ephrem, a man scarcely less learned, eloquent, and austere than the most famous of his brethren, who may be regarded as one of the earliest and most zealous reformers of monastic institutions. A far greater man than either of these, however, was Basil of Cæsarea, who spent a part of his busy life in retirement on the banks of the Iris in Pontus, and also drew up a constitution which was subsequently adopted by all the Eastern monasteries. This remarkable man was born in Cappadocia, about the year 329, of a noble and wealthy family, and was carefully educated, not only in his native city of Cæsarea, but also in Constantinople and in Athens. In the latter city he contracted a close friendship with Gregory of Nazianzus, which terminated only with death. After completing his studies, he spent a considerable time in travel, visiting, among other countries, Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, and forming a large acquaintance among the monks, whose mode of life he was strongly disposed to follow. At twenty-six he retired to Pontus, where he remained for several years, until he was brought from his solitude to be made a priest. Subsequently, on the death of Eusebius, A. D. 370, he was chosen Bishop of Cæsarea; and he continued to discharge the duties of this important post until his own death, nine years afterward. The rule which he promulgated was drawn up in the form of a catechism, containing more than two hundred questions relative to the obligations of a solitary life and the meaning of many important

texts of Scripture. With a moderation and good sense which unhappily did not always characterize the fathers of monasticism, he dwelt on the dangers of absolute solitude, on the necessity of strict obedience, and, above all, on the imperative duty of labor. "If fasting hinders you from labor," he wisely taught, "it is better to eat like the workmen of Christ that you are." To this teaching, however, the whole spirit of Eastern monasticism was opposed; and it was because these lessons soon ceased to be respected and obeyed, that monastic institutions fell into decay in the East, and have left no other visible fruits than a few early manuscripts.

In passing from the East to the West, monasticism underwent an important modification, which Montalembert fails to mark with sufficient emphasis, but which is well pointed out by Dean Milman in "The History of Latin Christianity." "The Greek monks," says that learned and judicious writer, "have done little or nothing to advance the cultivation of barren lands, for the arts, for knowledge, or for civilization. But the hermits in the West were in general content with the wild recesses of nature, and with a rigid but secret discipline. They had neither the ingenious nor the ostentatious self-tortures which were common in the East. They had hardly one Stylites, men who stood for decades of years on a lofty pillar, a pillar elevated in height as the saint drew nearer to heaven and to perfection, — as yet no rambling and vagabond monks, astonishing mankind by the public display of their miserable self-inflicted sufferings. Nor did Cœnobites disturb the peace of the Western cities by crowding with arms in their hands, ready with unscrupulous and sanguinary fanaticism for slaughter, or worse than slaughter, in the maintenance of some favorite doctrine, or some favorite prelate." To this difference the greater vitality of Western monasticism must be ascribed; and as we retrace the history of the Western monks, we shall have abundant occasion to rejoice that their piety was more practical than speculative; and that they continued during so long a period faithful to the traditions of their order, — to the example which was set them by Martin of Tours and men like him, and to the positive teaching of the rule which they professed to follow.

Though the monastic life was not unknown in Rome when Athanasius made his first visit to that city in 340, the account which he circulated of the sanctity of the monks of the Thebaid contributed more than anything else to recommend it to the favor of the Latin Christians. The enthusiasm which was at once aroused by his words was raised to a still higher pitch by the publication of his Life of St. Anthony; and monasticism soon cast its roots deep into the soil thus prepared for it. From Rome it spread into the provinces, and it scarcely needed the eloquence of Jerome and Ambrose, who successively appeared as its champions and advocates, or the shining example of Paula and Melania, who forsook their native country that they might spend their lives in the uninterrupted contemplation of eternal realities, to make a life of solitude popular with all classes and both sexes. But the person who labored most efficiently to establish it on a firm basis in the West was Martin of Tours, the greatest and most popular saint in the early history of the Gallican Church. Martin was born in Pannonia, in 316, and when he was only ten years old he ran away from the house of his father, who was a pagan, in order that he might obtain a Christian education. His hopes, however, were disappointed, and at the age of fifteen he was seized, and compelled to enter a troop of cavalry, from which he was not released until long afterward. As soon as he had effected his release, he sought to carry out his original intention, and with this view he became a pupil of Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, at that time one of the most illustrious doctors in the Church. After completing his preparations for a monastic life, he founded at Ligugé a monastery, which is generally believed to have been the first established in Gaul. From this retreat he was called to be Bishop of Tours. As a bishop he was distinguished by the sanctity of his life, and by the zeal and energy which he displayed at all times in the discharge of his duties, — as the unflinching enemy of paganism, and the equally sturdy opponent of Arianism. His name has also been perpetuated as the founder of the rich and magnificent monastery of Marmoutier, one of the most celebrated in France, where he collected about eighty monks from different parts of Gaul. Here he occupied a cell formed of interlaced boughs,

to remind him of his former retreat at Ligugé. He died at the advanced age of eighty, and was followed to his tomb by a train of two thousand monks.

The work which Martin left unfinished was resumed and carried forward by many distinguished men, conspicuous among whom was Honoratus, founder of the famous monastery of Lerins, situated on a barren and rocky island of that name not far from Toulon. On this desolate spot he landed in the early part of the fifth century, and immediately began his labors. Under the indefatigable exertions of the monks whom he gathered around him, the face of nature was soon changed, and everything began to wear a new appearance. Multitudes of monks flocked to Lerins, and it soon became a prolific nursery of bishops, confessors, and missionaries. From this "blessed island," as it was called, came the most illustrious bishops of Arles, Avignon, Lyons, Vienne, Troyes, and many other places; and among the eminent men who were temporary residents there, were Vincent de Lerins, one of the most distinguished controversialists of his age; Salvian, surnamed the "Master of Bishops"; Eucher, Bishop of Lyons; Lupus, Bishop of Troyes; and a still more illustrious man Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles. Another celebrated source of monastic influence in Gaul was the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles, founded by John Cassianus, a person of great note in his day, and author of two remarkable works on the monastic life, his "Institutes," and his "Conferences." In various other parts of Gaul numerous monasteries also rose; and by the close of the fifth century monasticism had extended throughout the Roman empire. Such was its vitality that, according to Montalembert, all the fathers and doctors of the Church during the fourth and fifth centuries were monks, or were trained in monasteries, excepting St. Hilary of Poitiers, St. Ambrose, and St. Leo the Great. Still the monks had not been organized into a regular order; and by the middle of the fifth century, monasticism began to show symptoms of decline. It needed some powerful and energetic mind to give it a new impulse and to organize its scattered forces. Such a legislator it found in St. Benedict, who might, indeed, be regarded as sustaining the same relation to Western monasticism which Anthony bore to the monastic institutions of the East.

This great man, *clarum et venerabile nomen Ecclesiæ*, belonged to a noble Italian family, which had already given several of its children to the monastic life, and was born at Nursia in 480. At the age of fourteen he determined to leave the world, and sought refuge in a dark and rayless cavern overhanging the Anio. Here he is said to have remained three years, unknown to any one except the monk Romanus, who supplied him with food by means of a cord let down into his dreary abode. When he was seventeen years old he was discovered by some shepherds, who at first mistook him for a wild beast, but were speedily undeceived by his gracious words. At this early period of his career he was beset by many temptations; and on one occasion, so the legend runs, he was so severely tried that he stripped off the skins which formed his only dress, and rolled himself in a neighboring clump of thorns and briers, until "he had extinguished forever the infernal fire which inflamed him even in the desert." The fame of his sanctity soon spread abroad; and after much persuasion he was induced by the monks of a neighboring monastery to become their head. But these pious fathers were soon disgusted with his austerity, and attempted to poison him.

After this adventure he returned to his cavern, where he was soon surrounded by such a multitude of disciples, that he was compelled to found several monasteries near his retreat in order to give them a shelter. According to his monkish biographers, other miracles bore testimony to his sanctity; but it is impossible to read these narratives without a smile. Thus, on one occasion, when one of his most devoted followers, the boy Placidus, fell into the lake, Benedict commanded another famous disciple, St. Maur, to run quickly and draw the child out. Maur hastened to obey the command, and, walking on the waters as though they formed a solid floor, soon brought the child to land. The question has sometimes, indeed, been disputed among the doctors of the Church, whether this miracle is to be ascribed to the virtue of the command or to the virtue of the obedience; and Bossuet, who has told the story with much effect, cautiously expresses the opinion, "that the obedience had grace to accomplish the com-

mand, and that the command had grace to give efficiency to the obedience."

Benedict, however, did not escape the dangers and temptations which seem constantly to have beset the saints of the Romish Church. An unsuccessful attempt to disparage, and afterward to poison him, was made by a priest of the neighborhood; and on the failure of this attempt the same enemy sent into the garden where Benedict's young monks were at work seven abandoned women, to tempt them from the path of virtue, and thus counteract the labors of their austere head. When Benedict saw the temptation to which his disciples were thus exposed, he was filled with despair, and hastened to leave a spot in which he had passed more than a third of a century. Directing his steps toward the south, he finally established his new monastery at the base of Monte Cassino, on the border of Campania, and amid the ruins of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. Here he wrote his famous rule, and here he passed the last fourteen years of his life. Many new disciples gathered around him, and many new miracles attested his undiminished sanctity, some of which are doubtless only exaggerated statements of actual occurrences, while other anecdotes are easily explained without the necessity of attributing the circumstances to any supernatural agency. Such, for instance, is the account of his memorable interview with the Goth Totila. While this great prince was making a triumphal progress through Central Italy, after the victory of Faenza, he was seized by a strong desire to see Benedict. He accordingly directed his steps toward Monte Cassino, and sent a messenger to the monastery to announce the intended visit. But being desirous of proving whether the saint possessed the prophetic gifts attributed to him, he caused one of his officers to be dressed with the insignia of royalty, and thus present himself to Benedict. The latter at once discovered the deception; and afterward, when Totila appeared in person, he rebuked him for the evils which he had already caused, and, predicting the victories which still awaited him, finally specified the year of his death. The king was so much impressed by the interview that his career is said to have been much less cruel and rapacious from that time; and during the last years of his reign

he exhibited a mildness and clemency not often found among the Barbarians.

While Benedict was thus acquiring a wide-spread reputation for sanctity, and establishing the monastic order on a firm basis, his sister Scholastica was performing a somewhat similar labor for the nuns among whom she had enrolled herself, even before he had determined to enter on a religious life. When he fixed his abode on Monte Cassino, she established herself in a monastery situated in a valley near her brother. They met, however, only once a year, for a brief interview. The story of one of these meetings has come down to our day, and is too touching and characteristic not to be repeated here. After passing the whole day in pious conversation the brother and sister sat down to partake of the evening repast together; and while they were thus engaged, Scholastica said to her brother, "I pray thee do not leave me to-night, but let us speak of the joys of heaven till the morning." "What sayest thou, my sister?" Benedict replied; "on no account can I remain out of the monastery." Scholastica bowed her head between her hands, and wept bitterly. Scarcely had she raised her head again, when the weather, which had been serene and beautiful, suddenly changed, and a violent thunder-storm arose, rendering it impossible for Benedict and the monks who accompanied him to leave the roof which sheltered them. "May God pardon thee, my sister," he exclaimed, "but what hast thou done?" "Ah, yes," was the reply, "I prayed thee, and thou wouldst not listen to me; then I prayed God, and he heard me. Go now if thou canst, and send me away, to return to thy monastery." Thus compelled to submit, Benedict at last yielded, and they spent the night in conversation. In the morning they parted never to meet again on earth. Three days afterward Benedict had a vision, in which he beheld his sister entering heaven under the form of a dove. Not doubting that her death had actually occurred, he sent at once for her body, and on the way his messenger was met by another, carrying to the monastery the news of Scholastica's death. Her body was brought to Monte Cassino, and placed in a sepulchre already prepared for the abbot himself.

Benedict survived his sister only a little more than a month.

When he found that his end was approaching, he caused himself to be carried into the chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. There he partook of the viaticum, and standing erect by the open grave of his sister at the foot of the altar, and with his hands extended toward heaven, he breathed his last, on the 21st of March, 543. He was buried by the side of his sister, on the spot where an altar in honor of Apollo had formerly stood, which had been thrown down by Benedict when he established himself on Monte Cassino.

The rule which Benedict drew up for the brethren of Monte Cassino was the first which had been written for the West, and with some modifications it has ever since continued to be the nominal law for the great body of monks bearing his name. It consists of seventy-three chapters, nine of which relate to the general duties of the abbot and the monks; thirteen to worship and the religious rites; twenty-nine to the discipline, offences, and punishments; ten to the internal administration of the monastery; and twelve are of a miscellaneous character, having reference to the reception of guests, the conduct of monks when absent from the monastery, and some other subjects. The two fundamental ideas on which the whole is based are labor and obedience, and both are enforced by numerous and stringent provisions. Prayer was to be chanted aloud once during the night, and six times during the day; and the Psalms of David were divided among these services in such a manner that the whole should be chanted every week. The food of the monks was limited both in respect to the kind and the quantity, and was to be eaten in silence, while one of the brethren read some pious book. Their clothing was to consist of a tunic, with a cowl to be worn while they were engaged in religious service, and a scapulary to take its place when they were at work; and they were always to sleep in their clothes and shoes. This rule has received the highest praise from Catholic writers, and Bossuet even goes so far as to pronounce it "an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all the doctrines of the Gospel, all the institutions of the holy fathers, and all the counsels of perfection." It is, indeed, admirably adapted to promote the object for which it was

intended; and it must always stand as a monument of the organizing genius of its author.

The greatest name in the early history of monasticism after Benedict is that of Pope Gregory I., who is spoken of by Montalembert, by a singular oversight, as the only person who "has received by universal consent the double surname of Saint and Great." This illustrious pontiff, one of the brightest ornaments of the monastic order, and next to Hildebrand the greatest of all the Popes, was descended from a noble Roman family, and was born about the year 540. After having sold a considerable part of his patrimony, and with the proceeds established six monasteries in the island of Sicily, he determined at the age of thirty-five to adopt the monastic habit, and founded in his own palace in Rome a monastery dedicated to St. Andrew. As a monk he was distinguished for the austerity of his life, and for his assiduous devotion to his studies; and in 584 he was chosen abbot of his monastery. Six years afterward he was unanimously elected Pope; and immediately after his election he caused the first procession of the religious orders ever seen to pass through the Roman streets. His pontificate lasted fourteen years, and formed one of the most brilliant periods in the history of the Church. He waged a long conflict with the Patriarch of Constantinople, who arrogated to himself the title of Universal, and with the Emperor Maurice, who had issued an edict forbidding soldiers to become monks; set on foot the mission of Augustine to convert the island of Great Britain; reformed the music of the Church, and composed the Gregorian Chant; and constantly labored to extend and strengthen the supremacy of the Popes. In the Council of Rome, held in 595, he solemnly approved and confirmed the Benedictine rule; and not long afterward he granted a constitution guaranteeing the liberty and property of the monks. Beside this general grant, he also conceded special privileges to various monasteries, employed a part of the revenue of the Church in founding new ones, and at all times took a warm interest in the prosperity of the numerous convents of nuns. He likewise prohibited the monks from possessing private property and from making wills, doubled the length of the novitiate, and instituted some

other needed reforms. His death occurred in 604, when he was about sixty-four years old.

The influence of Benedict and his disciples was not confined to Italy, but extended to every Christian country; and under the pontificate of Gregory monasticism attained a very rapid growth, especially in France, Spain, and Great Britain. The most distinguished of the early Spanish monks was Leander, Bishop of Seville, best known as the founder of a famous school in that city, over which he presided in person, and which was attended by many pupils of high rank. Scarcely less illustrious in the annals of the Church are his sister Florentine, who became the superior of forty convents with a thousand nuns, and his brother Isidore, who, if not himself a monk, took at least a warm interest in monastic institutions, and was an author of great reputation in his own age. Another famous monk was Ildefonso, Bishop of Toledo, who cordially united in all their labors to spread a love of the religious life. Among their disciples were Braulius, Bishop of Saragossa, and eminent as a writer, and Fructuosus, Archbishop of Braga, the founder of monasticism in Lusitania. By the exertions of these men the Peninsula was soon covered with monasteries, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

In France, also, the influence of Benedict was early and strongly felt. A year before his death two envoys arrived at Monte Cassino from the Bishop of Mans with a request for the establishment of a new monastic colony in Gaul. This mission the patriarch intrusted to his most devoted follower, St. Maur. With four companions, and a copy of the rule written by Benedict's own hand, Maur crossed the Alps, and, after visiting one or two places on the way, at length founded a monastery in Glanfeuil in Anjou, afterward known as St. Maur-sur-Loire. Here he passed forty years of his life, engaged in the zealous prosecution of the work which he had undertaken, and which was so effectually performed, that ten centuries afterward his name was thought worthy of adoption by that famous brotherhood which has done so much for the literary glory of France. About the same time another illustrious figure appeared on the stage. This was St. Radegund, the first queen who ever adopted the monastic life, and subjected herself to

the monastic discipline. She was the daughter of a Thuringian king, and was taken prisoner in 529, in the expedition of the Frankish kings, Thierry I. and Clotaire I., across the Rhine. In the division of the prisoners she fell to the share of Clotaire, the most profligate of the Merovingian princes, who gave her a careful education, and then married her. Her married life was not happy, and six years after she became wife of the king she left him. Her husband pursued her, and endeavored to induce her to return to him; but in this attempt he was unsuccessful, and finally she found a secure refuge in Poitiers. Here she established the convent of St. Croix, over which she refused to preside herself, though she passed forty years of her life within its walls. Her fame attracted to it nearly two hundred young girls, and it soon became one of the most celebrated communities in France. After the death of Radegund, however, a disgraceful revolt occurred in the convent, headed by two Merovingian princesses, Chrodield, daughter of King Caribert, and Basine, daughter of King Chilperic, which for a time threatened the very existence of the community. Having escaped from the convent with about forty other nuns, these princesses placed themselves at the head of a band of hired banditti, and established themselves in the abbatial church of Poitiers. Several conflicts occurred between the seceding nuns and the adherents of the abbess and the bishops; but at length the rebellion was suppressed, and its leaders were excommunicated. Basine afterward acknowledged her offence, and, throwing herself at the feet of the bishops, promised to return to the convent and live there in accordance with the rule.

Meanwhile an Irish monk appeared, who seemed for a time destined to eclipse the fame of Benedict. St. Columbanus, or St. Columban, as he is sometimes called, was born in the same year in which the founder of Monte Cassino died. At an early age he left his native province of Leinster, and sought a refuge among the monks at Bangor. Thence he passed into Gaul, and after spending several years at Annegray, the site of an ancient Roman castle not far from the confines of Germany, he finally obtained a grant of Luxeuil, the site of another strong castle in the same neighborhood. On this spot he

founded one of the most famous monasteries in France; and, according to Montalembert, the number of monks soon became "so great that he could organize that perpetual service, called *Laus perennis*, which already existed at Agaune, on the other side of the Jura and Lake Leman, where, night and day, the voices of the monks, 'unwearied as those of angels,' arose to celebrate the praises of God in an unending song." He was a man of much originality and force of character, and with a strange blending of pride and humility; and on more than one occasion he was involved in controversies which may be traced in no small degree to his personal peculiarities. When he had been for twenty years a resident of Luxeuil, he became involved in a quarrel with Thierry II., and he even went so far as to excommunicate the king. In return, the latter caused him to be expelled from Luxeuil and conveyed to Besançon, to await his further orders; and finally the intrepid monk was sent out of the country. He then became a missionary, and spent several years among the Alamanni. He was deterred, however, by a vision from prosecuting his labors among them, and he finally crossed the Alps into Lombardy. Here he founded the monastery of Bobbio, which became one of the principal strongholds of the orthodox faith, and was celebrated during the Middle Age for the richness of its library. But he did not remain long here, and, withdrawing to a cavern on the opposite shore of Trebbia, he spent the remainder of his life in fasting and prayer. He died on the 21st of November, 615.

The rule which he drew up for his monastery, and which was at one time the most popular monastic code in the West, is much shorter and much more severe than that of Benedict. It commanded an implicit obedience, and vested in the abbot and chapter an absolute authority; it imposed a perpetual silence on the monks, except in a few cases; it reduced the quantity of food, and limited the sick to the same diet as was allowed to those who were strong and well; it extended the order of services for the choir to seventy-five psalms and twenty-five anthems for the great feasts, and to thirty-six psalms and twelve anthems for the lesser feasts; and finally it prescribed a penal code of great severity, authorizing in some instances the infliction of as many as two hundred blows.

The severity of this rule, however, did not deter men from entering the monasteries governed by it, and the disciples of Columbanus are said to have been "more numerous and illustrious than those of Benedict." The parent monastery of Luxeuil threw off numerous colonies into the two Burgundies, Neustria, Champagne, Ponthieu, and other places, while it also preserved its own splendor and importance. Under St. Eustace, its second abbot, it acquired a degree of influence which no other monastery had yet attained, and became widely celebrated as a nursery of bishops and abbots, as well as of preachers and reformers. During the seventh century it was the most famous school in Christendom. From the abbey of Luxeuil also sprung twenty-one saints of the Romish Church; and in order to obtain a just estimate of its vast influence we must add to this list the names of the saints and doctors who issued from the various monasteries connected with it, St. Germain of Grandval, St. Ouen, St. Omer, Burgundofara, and many others of lesser note.

With his account of St. Columbanus and the colonies of Luxeuil, the portion of Montalembert's work now before us closes; and at this point also we must take leave for the present of our subject. Thus far monasticism had vindicated for itself a place among the most influential agencies in winning men from paganism, and in opening new regions to the light of Christianity. Notwithstanding the occasional vices of the monks, and the extravagances into which they were sometimes led, especially in the East, it is easy to see that they were doing a good work; and even amidst the false miracles and puerile legends by which the monastic annals are overlaid, no one can fail to discover much that is worthy to be held in perpetual memory.

ART. VI.—JOSEPH WOLFF.

Travels and Adventures of REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D. D., LL. D., Vicar of Ile Brewers, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1861.

A RELIGIOUS autobiography, announced in its Preface "to be a standard book like Robinson Crusoe," full of incident, repartee, adventure, suffering, and achievement, so arranged as to keep before one's eyes all the while nobody else but its hero, may well attract and reward our study. An independent missionary to the Jews and Mohammedans, and now the quiet vicar of a petty English hamlet, Wolff gives us in the third person his whole life's experiences, bidding us rely on his wonderful powers of memory for minute details of conversations and trivial adventures of his childhood, now put upon record for the first time in sixty years. His very beginning is the promise of a strange career; indeed, no youth was ever more the father of the man than was this Jewish lad the promise of an eccentric, enterprising, ambitious, conceited man. The elder Wolff, first Rabbi in Weilersbach, Bavaria, inculcated an intense reverence for Jewish tradition, and a longing expectation of the approaching advent of their promised Messiah,—impressions which young Joseph only directed anew when he went forth to convert his former brethren away from the faith of their fathers, to a conviction of the rapidly approaching Redeemer, grounded on a new translation of their own Prophets. His vanity was kindled first at the thought of becoming a great scholar like Maimonides,—then of going to Rome, and becoming a Pope with the title of Hildebrand,—last, of being a world-renowned missionary, like Xavier.

The Talmudical account of the death of Titus awakened the child's desire to hear about Jesus. Onckelos is there said to have raised up Titus, and asked him how he would treat the Jews. "Torture them," is the answer. Jesus is then asked, and his reply to the question is, "Treat them well." So Wolff wished to know more; and his father said, "Jesus was a Jew of the greatest ability, killed for pretending to be the

Messiah." A Christian barber, who bade the boy go home and read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, was the first person to make an impression upon young Joseph. Wolff then asked his father to explain the passage in the prophet, and afterwards overheard him weeping, and saying to his mother, "God have mercy on us! our son will not remain a Jew." By and by a relative led the lad to the Catholic Lyceum, where the lecturer spoke enthusiastically of Xavier, Loyola, &c., and upon Wolff's returning to the house and declaring his intention to preach the Gospel like Xavier, the man laughed, but his wife seized a poker, cursed the renegade, and drove him out into the streets. Then began wanderings year after year from city to city and from college to college, less abhorrent to German notions than to ours, but a type of the wandering life which the man Wolff was to lead. From twelve years of age to twenty his living seems to have been obtained sometimes by charity, sometimes by teaching Hebrew, sometimes from the kindness of those who loved a beautiful boy or admired a precocious one. But everybody seems to have been kind to him; the Jews he was leaving, the Catholics who felt sure of a convert, the Rationalists who thought to make prize of so conceited a youth. At the Propaganda in Rome, whither he drifted at last, his experience is equally amusing and amazing. One of his fellow-students said, "Wolff, how could you pat the Pope's shoulders? Are you not aware that the Pope is God." Wolff became, according to his own account, red as a turkey-cock, and answered, "How dare you say so? The Pope is dust of the earth. If he was God I could not have touched him." Whereupon all the collegians, professors, rectors, and vice-rectors rose from their seats, and exclaimed, "Wolff, what are you saying?" Wolff replied, "This fellow called the Pope God, and I say he is dust of the earth; who is right?" One answered, "Is it not said, Ye are Gods?" "Yes," Wolff replied, "which shall be broken to pieces." Another said, "He is God on earth, for he has all power in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory." Another said, "We may call him God in a large sense." And another, "He may be called God in a most pious sense."

When Protestants as well as Catholics condemned such in-

solence in a mere stripling, Wolff frankly owned that his great enemies his life through had always been his own vanity and ambition, and that at Rome his vanity made him believe he knew everything better than his teachers; and as people told him he resembled Luther in appearance, he hoped to be a Luther in his stormy and wild career; while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him aim at becoming Pope, as he openly avowed in the College de Propaganda.

Before long he was arrested by the Inquisition, his rash expressions and his entire correspondence brought up in accusation, but no injustice was done him and no severity threatened. A courier of the Pope, a guard of *gens d'armes*, and a member of the Inquisition escorted him out of the Holy City to Vienna, with letters mentioning him with unvarying kindness, as he discovered by picking the courier's pockets on the journey.

It shows how easily, by a little more patience, Rome might have enlisted in its service this apostle of the age, as his friends call him, that he never failed in after life to defend this gentle stepmother; that he would not allow the Pope to be called Antichrist; that he kept up an active sympathy with some of her officials; and that he yet hopes to bring the English Church into closer harmony with the Romish. Indeed, united to such glowing zeal, his breadth of sympathy is very remarkable. Excepting an occasional fling at the Unitarian brethren, he sees something good — and helps others to see it — in every part of the Church, even in earlier forms of belief and modes of worship than the Christian. Nor does any peril intimidate, nor any chance of profit hold back, his confessions of heresy; he almost boasts of his Jewish extraction; his friendship for Edward Irving he is at no pains to conceal; he refuses to turn Mussulman when it seems the only way to save his life. Surely this tenacity to his convictions in one dependent upon religious charity for his daily bread, united with so large a catholicity, is some compensation for his superstition, credulity, self-esteem, and vulgarity of speech. For Wolff's faults, which he likes to publish, as well as his graces, were never united before in Christian minister, were never brought under a check by himself, nor even heartily repented of. If he could speak a dozen tongues, he never could bridle his own from

calling ministers, officers, noblemen, committees liars, jackasses, and scoundrels. If he had moral intrepidity, he was physically such a pitiful coward as to tremble at crossing a bridge on an elephant, cry in a storm at sea, and shut himself up from a visitation of the cholera, which the Romish missionaries at Cairo met without flinching. If he was ingenious in encountering his opponents, they sometimes twisted him round their fingers like so much thread, through that enormous credulity of his, which announced the millennium as certain to begin in the year of our Lord 1847.

At Rome he had met the wealthy, gifted, and eccentric Henry Drummond, head of the Irvingites, member of Parliament, and a London banker. Wolff's zeal, learning, independence, familiarity with Oriental tongues, Jewish birth and sympathies, prompted Mr. Drummond to offer him support in an independent mission to his Jewish brethren throughout the world. His commission is actually comical: none like it has ever been given in any church. After prolonged discussion at London with the committee of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, during which Wolff betrayed his restlessness under any sort of restraint, Drummond closes the conference by saying to him, "Now, you foolish fellow, you may go to Jerusalem and cry out in the midst of the streets as you would; and if you commit follies it is not my fault. I shall lay down neither rules nor orders how you are to act, but I will pay the expenses."

So, after several years' study of those Oriental languages for which he had evidently rare qualifications, at the age of twenty-six Wolff starts on his missionary campaign, with letters of recommendation from Sir Thomas Baring, with twenty camels' loads of Hebrew Bibles, and an inexhaustible fund of assurance. Jerusalem was his first field, but too limited a one for his roving spirit. Resting but a little while even in the most central spots, and organizing nothing, not even a school, he actively roams over Asia, everywhere reasoning with the Rabbis, — questioning, exhorting, preaching, prophesying, joking, and story-telling. Sometimes beaten, sometimes caressed, sometimes stripped naked, sometimes worshipped, sometimes famished, sometimes feasted, he thought

his end was gained by provoking inquiry, circulating the Scriptures, and making a sensation. And yet, though he formed no church anywhere, and established no permanent intercourse with his converts, his strength was not spent entirely in vain, because the Oriental mind treasures up such occasional appeals, broods over such a rare visitation, reveres such a dervish eccentricity. Retired from the busy tides of life, a Persian devotee would retain the strange words of this "Wandering Jew," would read over and over again his parting legacy, the Gospel, and might hand unimpaired to his children the imperishable seed of divine truth.

Still, there were some tangible results of so many years of missionary travel. Wolff professes, in the first place, to have given the world the clearest insight into the state of the Jews from Constantinople almost throughout Asia. Second, two hundred Jews in Constantinople and Adrianople were converted by him, endured persecution, and came out purified from the fire; through the help, it must be owned, of Sir Stratford Canning, the all-powerful British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. Third, light has been thrown upon the condition of the Moslem and Christian churches through a vast extent of country, some of it before unvisited. Fourth, the possibility of a missionary's living and preaching in the most barbarous Moslem lands has been demonstrated,—we should say very partially. A vagrant might be tolerated for a month, where a resident for life would be driven away. Fifth, many Jews have been led, not merely to read the Gospels, but to translate them into Hebrew with Perso-Jewish characters. Sixth, Mohammedans in Khorassan and Turkistan, and Sikhs in the Punjaub, have learnt for the first time that there were Europeans who feared God!

This is the substance of Wolff's own claims. But this perpetually wandering apostle, sweeping like our refreshing eastern breeze among the stagnant pools of Jerusalem, Cairo, and Bokhara, proclaiming himself the ambassador of Christ to those who would hear and those who would forbear, reasoning with any who dared to reason on the highest theme which can engage the human soul, joking with those who preferred to joke, meeting threats with calm defiance, and ridicule with

fiery invective, scattering the New Testament in the native tongue where it was wholly new, offering whole tribes and sects unknown to the Christian world an opportunity of conversion, offers a new phase of missionary life.

All men are not capable of such service; least of all, all ministers. A frame of iron, a tongue of fire, a gift of speech, a burning zeal, an entire sacrifice of self, are the first requisites. Nor could any but an Englishman expect the facilities this man enjoyed. From his marriage into the nobility, his extensive intimacy with British officers, his powerful recommendations by the highest authorities, who seem to have taken him under their patronage, his life had a security even in the heart of Asia in sad contrast with an American's defencelessness, whose country is represented hardly at all in such distant climes, and often worse than not represented at all,— some drunken, thievish, cowardly native seeking protection under that flag which ought to be spread by our foreign representatives as a shield to the assailed, a guide to the wanderer, and an avenger of the injured fellow-citizen.

The settled missionary, occupied partly in the care of his own household, spending years in acquiring a poor facility in some foreign dialect, obliged, before he sees any fruit, to send home encouraging reports to those who dole out his daily bread, thwarted by the contempt of some ruler from whose blighting shadow he cannot go out, deserves certainly the respect of all who sit at ease in Zion.

We would not depreciate that man's labors who, self-exiled for life, sees wife and child smitten by a deadly clime, finds many a convert drawn away by chance of gain, fickleness of mind, or weakness of character, feels nothing beneath him but his conviction of the power of truth, leaves nothing to commemorate his life but a perishing tablet too remote to be ever visited by any that he loved. Having seen many such lowly, self-denying, trustful, brave cross-bearers in Paynim lands, we cannot exalt above them this self-willed, conceited, impetuous, trumpet-blowing enthusiast. But while in any Western city Wolff's appeals would have been but a nine days' wonder,— and it will surprise most of our readers to know that he visited our country in the year 1837, and was invited to

preach before the Congress of the United States, — in all Eastern lands it is just the reverse. Even Dr. Lowell's visit to the more familiar parts was remembered reverently for years. Away in the wilds of India, an appeal by one who came to speak solely in Christ's name, who disdained the idea of commercial profit, who sought no honor and shrank from no sacrifice, would be gratefully cherished by memories that never grow old, — would be a wonderful tale told by tent-fire from generation to generation, — would be a fountain of living waters to many a panting hart in a dry and thirsty land.

The narrative informs us that when, after fifteen years' absence, Wolff returned to Mount Sinai, the very children who were not born at his first visit remembered his name, — remembered too that of a lady who had taken his neck-handkerchief; and that, whilst Wolff had always been afraid his servant was starving, the rascal in fact was drunk from morning till night. At Sinai too, in 1821, he left some Hebrew Testaments; and in 1836 found a book there written by a Smyrnian Jew, stating that the Bible placed by him at the convent had convinced this Jew, who was afterwards baptized on the spot by Father Ignatius.

The thought will spring up unbidden, in reading these often unmeaning and uneventful adventures, why should not the two methods of Christian effort have been united, Wolff casting in the seed broadcast, and some more patient laborer watching over it wherever it gave unusual promise? Why should he not have conquered his disgust for missionary boards, forborne to irritate them by low invective, and made his intelligence subsidiary to their plans, and so secured many of his converts from fatal relapse? Still, he may have accomplished more than he ever knew, in awakening minds to examine, in touching hearts with fresh inspiration, in converting lives from dead sensualism to a living faith. His sarcasm upon the London Society for Converting the Jews, that during fifty-two years it had converted but two Jews and a half, at an expense of four millions of dollars, was answered finely by Dr. Harvey with, "And what is the value of one soul?" And Wolff confessed that his shallow wit was justly reproved by the great naturalist.

Had his mind been better disciplined, had his reasoning not come off second best on many occasions, had not his Trinitarianism everywhere blocked his way, as Henry Martyn confessed it did his, had he been discreet as he was zealous, and lowly as he was enterprising, of course he would have accomplished immeasurably more, or rather would not have attempted what seemed so hopeless, and was so perilous, on the faith of Divine promise and the Drummond purse. And so his motto was that of Francis Xavier, —

> "I will instantly mount my horse, —
> The wooden steed that traverses the sea!
> What do I see?
> Already is the anchor weighed,
> The sails are set,
> I must be off,
> The Gospel must be preached. Farewell!"

His last missionary labor before subsiding into that little curacy for which Drummond declared Wolff was as fitted as he himself to be a dancing-master, was a mission of humanity and of heroism. He had been under peculiar obligations to British officers; two of their number had perhaps fallen victims to the Bokhara savages; his own experience in that city had been of the most perilous kind; still, he nobly volunteers to find out the fate of Colonel Stoddard and Captain Conolly, in the conviction that nobody dared to venture there but himself, — and that he, "the Grand Dervish of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Europe and America," with open Bible in hand, doctor's hood, shovel-hat, and clergyman's gown, was more than a match even for this lion in his den. So, with almost a certainty of their death before he reaches the city where he is to be a helpless prisoner, Wolff marches cheerily on, inspires such awe into the bloody ruler that he is asked if he can raise the dead, ascertains that it is all over with these unfortunate Englishmen, worms his way out of what promised to be his grave by ingenuity and firmness, and comes home to settle down among a handful of people at Ile Brewers; where our Grand Dervish dictates to his admirers words which, even with the Reverend Alfred Gatty's polish, are most amazing in a Christian minister's autobiography. The errata of our second

edition reading funnily enough; — for "a nasty" read "an"; omit the "filthy" before Calvinism; omit the "bigoted" before Protestants; for "naked" read "with their night-dresses"; of "Von Libowsky, the most envious, jealous, uncharitable, uncouth, odious, mischief-making, heartless, irreligious fellow in existence," omit the "irreligious"! What a comfort to this Von Libowsky, to be held up to the world as having not the excuse of want of religion for being an unmitigated scoundrel!

Still, Wolff does not spare his own fame, is as ready to laugh at himself as at anybody else, and shows up his weak points as well as his strong ones with all a child's pleasure in talking about the one person whom he knows best, loves most. Sir Charles Napier, whom he idolized, continually addressed Wolff as the false prophet; in Calcutta he reports the ridicule cast upon him by the English newspapers; he is at no pains to conceal his excessive cowardice. His credulity crops out in every chapter. Besides his preaching the approaching end of the world, he actually believed that the stone shown in Santa Sepulchre was the identical one angels rolled away from the tomb; he quotes the letter of Abgarus to the Saviour as authentic; he had no doubt that there were Abyssinians with tails like dogs, some of them long enough even to knock down a horse! Some of his stories must have staggered himself; the Rev. Alfred Gatty must have shared the great man's marvellousness, or he would not have given us so improbable a story of Prince Hohenlohe's plagiarisms, — would not have reported vision after vision as really befalling the inspired Joseph, — would not have written down so immense a statement of the Apostle's Calcutta labors, preaching and praying twelve hours a day for six successive days, which, says the reverend scribe, "loses its wonder when we know he can walk barefoot along stony passages in winter, sleep with door and window open in the foggy nights of Yorkshire, and without his shower-bath in the morning will be irritable and oppressed."

But his sufferings were undeniable. Because he circulated a book, we need not say what, which omitted the name of Mohammed, the Wahabites "horsewhipped him tremendously"; then the Bedouins stripped him of his last penny; in

1824 the Kurds of Mesopotamia gave him two hundred lashes; near Cephalonia he was wrecked; at Khorassan he was tied naked to a horse's tail, thrown into a dungeon, and offered for sale at about twelve dollars; but his intensest suffering must have been the six hundred miles' walk, without a rag of clothing, from Dooab to the Punjaub through storm and snow, one of the severest trials of faith made even by this marvellous book. After this achievement, it is easy to believe that, by *fourteen hours' uninterrupted argument*, he broke down the Turkish faith of Mr. George B. English, once "a Capt. [?] in the U. S. Navy"! and that even his committing the high offence of smoking could not persuade the Abyssinians that he was not their disguised Aboona, or sole archbishop, whom they eagerly worshipped.

His interview with the fierce Kharyus is the most remarkable of all his adventures. Because his followers had been allowed to give Wolff the sacred title of *Hajee*, they determined that he must say, "There is God, and nothing but God and Mohammed, the prophet of God," or be sewed up in a dead donkey. Wolff replied, "There is God, and nothing but God and Jesus, the Son of God." They at once gave a sign, and all their Moollahs assembled in a cave hewn out of the rock. The Affghans who accompanied Wolff trembled with anguish, and said, "Say the creed, and the moment you are on your journey you can be just what you were before." Wolff replied, "Leave me alone, and I will manage them." Wolff then ordered his servant to bring his writing-desk, and wrote the following to Lord and Lady Bentinck: —

"The moment you read this you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living; that I have been put to death. Give my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana."

He gave this paper into his servants' hands, and said, "Now I will make one more attempt for my life. If I succeed, well: if not, go on as far as Loodhiana, and give this to the first red-coat you see; he will bring you to the governor-general, and you will be rewarded. Now, bring me my firmans." They did so; and Wolff entered the cave where the

Moollahs were seated, with the Koran open before them, and said, "You cannot dare to put me to death. You will be murdering a guest." They replied, "The Koran decides it so." Wolff said, "It is a lie. The Koran says a guest should be respected, even if he is an infidel; and here see the great firman which I have from the Schalif of the whole Mohammedan religion. You have no power to put me to death. You must send me to Mohammed Moorad Beyh, at Kondoy." When they heard that name, they actually began to tremble, and asked Wolff, "Do you know him?" Wolff replied, "That you will have to find out." They said, "Then you must purchase your blood with all you have." Wolff answered, "This will I do, for I am a dervish, and do not mind money, clothing, or anything." And thus he had to surrender everything. O if his friends in England could have seen him then! Naked like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron of leaves, he continued his journey; and as soon as he was out of sight of the Hazara, he witnessed a sight which he never thought to have seen among Mohammedans. All his Affghan companions knelt down, and one of them, holding the palm of his hand upwards to him, offered up the following extempore prayer: —

"O God! O God!
Thanks be to thy name
That thou hast saved this stranger
Out of the lion's den.
Thanks, thanks, thanks
Be to thy holy name;
Bring him safely back
Unto his country,
Unto his family. Amen."

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

We have waited for some months for the appearance of an American edition of Stanley's remarkable volume of Lectures upon the Eastern Church.* No such edition having appeared, and no advertisement of any to appear, we are compelled to advise all who can get the English edition, either through love or money, to do so forthwith. The price is large, but the pleasure is larger. A more completely fascinating book has never been issued from the press of John Murray. We are afraid to use the epithets which would fitly describe it, lest we should be accused of exaggeration. We can only state, in very moderate terms, as compared with our real feeling, the principal impressions which its perusal has left upon us.

And first, there is the impression of mastery in picturesque description. From beginning to end, the volume is a series of magnificent pictures, perfectly drawn, perfectly colored, with the most artistic arrangement of light and shade, with the most finished grouping of figures, with background and foreground proportioned, and over all an atmosphere as rich and warm as the atmosphere of the lands which the volume describes. In this picturesque splendor, Mr. Stanley's book is to other ecclesiastical histories what the great pictures of Church are to other pictures of scenery, incomparably alone. The only fault that we have to find with these pictures is, that there are so many of them. They weary by excess of splendor, and we long, after a while, for an interval of tameness, and for a few pages of Neander's obscurity, or of Mosheim's dulness.

Next, there is an impression of *vitality* in the book. It is all alive. The subjects are *men*, rather than ideas or dogmas or forms, and men who are not dead, but as living as the men whom we see and know. The book brings us into personal acquaintance with characters, of whom we knew before only the names, and in many cases not even the names, — makes us know their habits, their dress, their carriage, their features, all their peculiarities of manner, not less than their opinions, their prejudices, and their history. Its portraits are those of Holbein and Vandyk, and give life to the faces and forms which they present.

Then, again, there is the impression of breadth to this historical survey, of a large and comprehensive conception of what Church history involves, and what it ought to be. The Introduction, which gives in three Lectures a statement of the Province, the Study, and the Advantages of Ecclesiastical History, gives to the science a range quite other than the narrow limits usually set by writers in this kind. Dr. Stanley

* Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church. With an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford and Canon of Christ Church. London: John Murray. 1861. 8vo. pp. 604.

is not afraid to bring the Church and the world together, and to maintain that the history of the Church is the history of civilization, and not merely of priests, or creeds, or sects, or technical religious affairs. His theory is a Broad-Church theory, and he finds a providential religious progress in what kings and nations have done, as well as in the quarrels and intrigues and disputes of mitred rulers and learned doctors.

As we might expect from this broad theory, Dr. Stanley's volume is refreshingly free from all religious cant, and from all dogmatism. Its rhetoric is of the most approved secular kind, dignified, pure, and glowing, proper for the theme, but never sanctimonious. It is impossible to tell from the volume what are the exact religious opinions of the author; we can only see that he is a Christian believer, and that he is not an Arian. That he is orthodox, in the narrow sense of that term, there is not the least sign; yet there is no hint that he has any sympathy with rationalism, in its form of denial. It is only evident that the sympathies of the author are with liberalism against bigotry, and with comprehensive rather than exclusive formulas.

Apart from the Introduction, which we have already mentioned, and which is one of the finest pieces of writing in the English language, the volume contains twelve Lectures. The first of these is a general survey of the Eastern Church, its divisions, its historical epochs, its characteristics, and its relations to the Western Church. This survey is at once full, exact, impartial, and eloquent. Then follow four Lectures upon the Nicene Council, in which the origin, personages, events, and results of that synod are presented in a style which dwarfs all previous descriptions. The sixth Lecture, upon Constantine, and the seventh, upon Athanasius, are the proper supplement to the story of the great strife at Nicæa. Then we have a lecture on Mahometanism and its connection with the Eastern Church, and four Lectures upon the Russian Church, — its early history, its mediæval monasticism, its Reformation under Nicon, and its changes since the time of Peter the Great. The field of these four Lectures is new, and most of the details will have to English readers the surprise of freshness. We may expect, after this, that Moscow and its shrines will become hardly less attractive to tourists of religious tastes than Rome and Jerusalem. The whole account of the Russian Church is intensely interesting, and we are inclined to hope that an American publisher may be induced to give us at least this part of the volume, if we cannot have it in its completeness.

Unlike Mr. Buckle, Dr. Stanley makes no parade of immense learning or reading. He gives us, nevertheless, authorities enough, and references enough, to inspire confidence in his statements, and to offset the fear which his rhetoric might awaken, that a vivid imagination had adorned, if not constructed, the history. His book is the first fruit of his labors as Professor in Oxford, and fully justifies his appointment. A second volume, on the history of the Jewish Church, is announced as soon to appear; and the history of the English Church is promised. When that is given to the world by Dr. Stanley, we shall know some things of the English Church which have not yet been told.

We have read with pleasure the able, fair, and interesting volume of Mr. Orr * on the argument for the Divine existence, — an argument which must perforce take new shapes, and involve new ranges of thought, along with every step of advance made by human knowledge and dialectic skill. There is something fascinating in the effort to grasp the great problem of the universe, — to match our powers of comprehension and analysis against the vast wilderness of facts without and facts within that challenge us. The scholar recalls with more pleasure none of his classical memories than the sagacious gropings of Socrates amidst the dim jungle of sophistries round him, or the eloquent expositions that Cicero gives of what he takes to be his own enlightened faith. Surely, when the problem is beset, as it is now, by the more daring heresies of "Secularist" and "Positivist," and by the bewildering metaphysics that invaded our strong intrenchment of "Final Causes," it needs no argument, and no excuse, to justify any honest attempt to *post up* the great argument, with all resources of modern knowledge and logical skill, to the intellectual demands of our own day.

This large view, this broad handling of the topic, is what Mr. Orr has attempted in his volume. The effort deserves praise, even if it ended in failure; as absolute success in it demands something, perhaps, beyond the range of human faculties. We do not profess to be in all points satisfied with this book. The writer has neither the speculative genius nor the intellectual resources to make of his argument as much as might be made of it. We think he has erred in projecting his work on the dimensions of a treatise. A volume of essays and hints, half the size of this, would well contain all it gives of original interest and value; and, to our thinking, would be better adapted, perhaps to the unfathomable nature of the subject itself, — at any rate, to the conditions of the question as they now lie before the minds of thinking persons. A certain value the work will have to those who desire information, or instruction as from a teacher, on the points treated; but as a work addressed to the educated intellect, its real service is impaired by its very system and completeness. These beget a certain amount of scholasticism and metaphysics, which, unless first-rate in their kind, always daunt the reader, while they debar the author from the choice advantage of putting his strong points in a brief, pregnant, and suggestive way, and leaving his weak ones out. And so it places him in unfair comparison with a class of reasoners — such as Herbert Spencer, for example — with whom he cannot stand an instant in the lists, in point of speculative ability.

Mr. Orr commits the very common misrepresentation, of calling Comte's a "dogmatic atheism," in distinction from the "sceptical or negative atheism" of Holyoake and the Secularists. So far is this statement from being true, that Comte expressly says, that if an answer must be had to the question as to the origin of things, the best answer will undoubtedly be, an Intelligent Will. Regarding the problem as

* Theism: a Treatise on God, Providence, and Immortality. By John Orr. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 8vo. pp. 406.

beyond the reach of human faculties, he yet repudiates the name Atheist, and all that it suggests, with extreme disdain. And we take pains to say this, not from any special regard for his system, — still less from any sympathy on the negative side of it, — but because it seems to us in the interest of both science and theology, that this particular style of misrepresentation should be met as often as possible, and refuted everywhere.

We have intimated something of the style and proportions of Mr. Orr's argument. The immense ground it covers forbids our reviewing it in detail. It begins with a statement of the right relations of science and religion; of the subject to be discussed; and of its position in the light of existing knowledge and culture. This portion is marked by moderation and fairness, — qualities of the volume throughout, — and is liable only to the sort of criticism which we hinted at starting. Two topics follow, the successful treatment of which requires a somewhat higher range of ability than we recognize in our author; namely, the conception mankind have of the Infinite, including the heresies, right and left, of Pantheism and Anthropomorphism; and the classification of theistic arguments, which, instead of *a priori* and *a posteriori*, Mr. Orr prefers to call "deductive or uni-postulative," and "inductive or pluri-postulative." We would imply no disparagement, in saying that this discussion is not altogether satisfactory. Parts of it show an ability of analysis and facility of illustration a good deal more than respectable. We have marked, as quite felicitous, the illustration (p. 65) of the "constitutional limitation to our knowledge of God," from the range of colors in the solar spectrum; namely, that we *might* have had a faculty of vision able to receive other and fresh varieties of color, from vibrations too fine or too coarse to convey any such impression to the actual retina of the human eye.

The chapters we have noted include a defence of the validity of the inductive argument, — which rests, in the main, on the evidence of Design, — a defence that we consider well worth reading, now that that argument has got wrapped in so much sophistry. The development of the argument itself, in Chapter VI., is temperate, able, and judicious, — on the whole, we judge, the most valuable, and certainly the most interesting, portion of the book. Mr. Orr wisely regards the argument, not as demonstration, but as establishing an "infinite probability." It will certainly remain of the highest value, as *illustration*, to the religious mind, which believes already, whatever its validity judged by the severe logic of metaphysicians. The distinction is well and clearly made, of evidence Cosmological — from the order of the universe and its general laws, and Teleological — from special adaptations and adjustments. The facts that lie at the base of the reasoning are well selected, and set forth with skill, felicity, and force; while the nonsense of affecting to forestall them by the phrase "conditions of existence," is very fairly met. "The thickening of furs at the approach of winter is a condition of existence; but is it, on that account, not a beneficent provision for promoting the comfort, for perpetuating the existence, of certain species? Atheism must be in sad difficulties

when this attempt to depreciate the characteristics of organic life, by calling them conditions of existence, is seriously put forward as an answer to the Design Argument." (p. 110.) As a further illustration of the style in which these topics are treated, we cite the following:—

"In contemplating the products of Divine art, we must not so assert the idea of intention as to *abolish spontaneity from Divine effort*..... Our science is the register of our deliberate thoughts; our poetry, music, art, the utterance of our spontaneity;—instead of testifying to an end intended, the latter announce emotion experienced..... And is not this distinction applicable to the action of the Creator?..... Do not certain departments of nature appear to record Divine purposes, whilst others are representative of Divine spontaneity? The joy of nature, the song of birds, the music of the wind, the exuberance of ephemeral life, those beauties which are not less conspicuous in the animalcule than in the star,—are not these to be regarded as the manifestation of spontaneous benignity, a benignity which delights in blessing, rather than as agencies called into being for the furtherance of some great utilitarian end?" (pp. 125, 126.)

We have not space to follow our author through the remaining portions of his argument, even in this hasty and insufficient way. As it advances and aspires — from the evidence of outward nature touching the Divine attributes, the evidence of human nature, and the teachings of metaphysics, through the sublime topics of Providence and Immortality, to the consideration of that infinite want and longing of the human soul, in its sense of ignorance or its sense of sin, which can be met only by a living Word from heaven — we find ourselves on ground too broad and too high to be attempted in this brief review. We have touched only what is more common and familiar,—also, we think, what is more characteristic of our author in its style of treatment. We desire only to add a word as to the temper of the argument, which is, throughout, a calm catholicity, resting on a quiet and trustful Christian belief. The citations most often recurring embrace many familiar names, and an arc of speculation reaching from Emerson round to McCosh, with many a pleasant reminiscence of classic, Continental, and Oriental thought. The unmitigated assertion of Goethe — that everything in the universe is made for its own sake, nothing for the sake of something else — is set, gently and fairly, beside the author's own conviction that the earth was made for man, and through vast cycles of time has been intelligently and intentionally shaped to his uses. We consider that we shall have done well, if (though at rather a late day) we have directed the attention of any student of Divine things to a volume which, though not of the first order of intellectual eminence, is the production of an able, scholarly, devout, and truly Christian thinker.

We have received, somewhat fresher from the London press, a little treatise,* which in form and style runs exactly into the opposite extreme,

* The Law of Impersonation as applied to Abstract Ideas and Religious Dogmas. By S. W. Hall. London: George Manwaring. 12mo. pp. 54.

and digests its argument into a series of forty sections, of which a considerable part are mere apothegms, or single sentences. This is apt to give a rather oracular tone, and its praiseworthy brevity gets shaded with a certain harsh obscurity. From some passages we should infer that the writer stands at the extreme left of heretical speculation; while others evince a very earnest devoutness of spirit, a reverential clinging to Christian ideas and hopes, and even (as in the Preface), a vague hope that the Papacy may yet purify itself of dogmatism and falsehood, and inaugurate "new opinions and new tendencies, more in harmony with the intellectual position of the century."

We infer that the writer of this little book has been a good deal influenced by Feuerbach, whose essay on the "Essence of Christianity" is the development of a hint first clearly stated, we believe, by Strauss. The statement of Strauss is, that the objects of Christian faith — such as the divinity of Christ, his redeeming office, his transfiguration, resurrection, and ascension — will still subsist as spiritual realities, when the objective historic ground of them has been all reduced to myth. Feuerbach goes further, and asserts that all religious conceptions — as the being and attributes of God, the higher and immortal life of the soul — are simply the reflex of moods of religious emotion; and need not be regarded as having any objective reality at all. And so, if atheism were possible to a mind that acknowledges the genuineness of any religious experience, here seems to be a logical foundation laid ready for it. We imagine the pages before us to have grown out of some such speculations as these. Not that their design or tendency is in the direction of atheism. On the contrary, they seem intended to revive a definite religious faith, in some shape, and to serve as a sort of protest against the blank negation towards which some minds seem drifting. At the same time, they are, confessedly, parts of a movement "to eliminate the supernatural out of Christianity, and to establish its fundamental doctrines on the basis of Faith and Truth, and not on the traditions and dogmas of bygone ages." (Preface, p. v.)

The general argument of the book is, that not only all mythologies, but all systems of religious dogma, result from the incapacity of the human mind to embrace the Infinite, and from the necessity it is under to represent its own thought, emotion, or opinion under some personified form, which thereupon becomes the object of religious faith. We do not understand this proposition in the least to deny any one of the beliefs dear to the religious heart, — such as the personality and attributes of God, and the reality of a life to come; but only to mean, that the form in which these beliefs are held has no philosophical validity, and can be no bar to the free action and expansion of our thought relative to the objects they embrace. All the shapes which religious ideas have taken — poetry, superstition, dogma — may be traced to the unfolding and applying of this one principle, and are steps in that natural development of human thought, of which Christianity itself is a single stage, or rather a long series of stages. The application is easy in the case of the old mythologies, needing only brief and simple illustration. The application to the various modes of Christian doc-

trine is more elaborate and less satisfactory, involving a good deal of phraseology which will be significant only to those conversant with this sort of speculation. That mankind originated in the widest diversity, and is tending towards the purest unity; and that the root of Christian belief is "the idea of an Atoning Conscience, as a divine appointment of our nature, represented objectively by the Passion of Christ," — seem to be the two cardinal points of the system of thought here indicated. We need do no more than allude to the attempts to apply the formula of "impersonation" to such doctrines as the Trinity, the Atonement, and the Deity of Christ. We have only to say again, that while the language in which the argument is conveyed is often hard and metaphysical, and while the form of the volume makes it look a little dogmatic and harsh, its spirit seems to us reverential, sober, and sincere; and to the religious thinker it offers more food for thought than many a larger and more ambitious treatise.

We close by giving what the author calls "A Summary of Christian truths as taught before Christ."

"By Moses, the Unity of God from Faith, and the idea of First Causation subjectively and objectively.

"By Pythagoras, a Judging Conscience on the acts and thoughts of men.

"By Anaxagoras, the Unity of the Deity from the idea of First Causation, objectively.

"By Socrates, an innate sense of Right and Wrong. — The moral government of the world.

"By Plato, the Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul.

"By Christ, a Judging and Atoning Conscience in the sight of God within us, Hope in Another Life, and Charity to all mankind." (pp. 48, 49.)

We can hardly think of any gift more acceptable to our religious public, than the new volume of Sermons by the recent honored President of the University.* It is a praise to say, that these printed discourses will not convey to strangers the full impression which the hearers of them cherish as among the lasting influences upon their lives. The very word "Sermon," in the original tongue, is "talk" rather even than "speech," which is commonly made to stand for it. The modern Christian sermon, spoken from the mind and heart of a living speaker to a living congregation, rightly owes much of its effect to the weight of personal character and the power of direct utterance. And the best sermons, we take it, are not those which most shine by rhetoric, or instruct by philosophy, or convince by argument; but those which most directly, simply, and forcibly go about the business of guiding the conscience and helping the religious life.

It is by this criterion, certainly, that the volume before us should be judged. Not that it is lacking in logical depth and force, or philosoph-

* Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By James Walker, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo.

ical suggestion, or those illustrations which are the fruit of special scholastic culture. But these are incidental. What strikes one in the range of topics here discussed, and in the style of their discussion, — as the word to the public of a man of literary eminence, and of high philosophical repute, — is that they are so simply devout and practical. There is no dazzling "new light" of theology, no setting forth of transcendental ethics, no judgment or appeal on any one of the exciting topics of the day. A Christian teacher, gravely, earnestly, and devoutly, is addressing his audience of young men, — young men of position the most privileged, of ambition the finest, of temperament and tendency often the most difficult to guide. For them, no subtilties of doctrine, no metaphysical puzzles, no pampering of the imagination, or over-stimulus of mere moral sensibility. For them, no other religious teaching is so effective as that which lies in these grave, weighty, and unadorned instructions and appeals.

In its tone and attitude the volume, we should say, is consistently, quietly, and strongly conservative, in both theology and morals. Not a word is said, or a thought hinted, that could in any way unsettle the belief, or disturb the feeling, of those who rely most intimately on external authority, or cling most closely to the old symbols of faith. Certainly, before an audience such as we have described, and for the best influence on most Christian congregations, this is right. The reader may feel disappointed that no one topic of controverted doctrine, and no one point of controverted ethics, is taken up and treated with the fulness of argument, the mastery of grasp, the largeness of application, that we might expect from the writer. But the title is a bar to any such criticism; the "College Chapel" sets its limitations of fitness and of duty. We have a right to look here for the mature expression of a man of large ability, of long pastoral experience, of singular familiarity with the history of speculation, and possessing in a rare degree the confidence of a wide community, upon the great universal topics of religious thought and the religious life, — viewed on their purely practical side. And this is what we find. Let any one read these expositions of "Conscience" and "Character," the argument respecting "Prayer," and "The Student's Sabbath," or the discourses so directly appealing to the life and experience of men dwelling amidst the actual scenes of the world as we find it, — let any one read these words as the counsel of one wiser, older, more instructed and experienced than himself, and associate with them the weight of character and public respect which secures them in advance the wide hearing they will have, — and no shade of disappointment will be left. And this is the mood and attitude in which they should be read.

It is impossible to separate our judgment of these words from the sentiments of personal love and honor we cherish towards the teacher, the counsellor, the friend, of many years; or from the memories of the living voice, whose grave emphasis gave weight to our first hearing of them. We know that to very many readers they will come invested with the same associations. And to them first we commend this volume; and afterwards to the larger public that from this source will get

their first distinct knowledge of a wise, honored, beloved, and eminent man.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

By the direction of the excellent and venerable minister of Jedburgh, his chronicle of almost a century's varied experience* remained unpublished to the present time. Besides his great age of ninety, the ability in composition shown by his two histories, and the general impartiality, purity, and piety of his spirit, through his connections and appointments Dr. Somerville mingled on familiar terms with such men as Robertson, Hume, Blair, Dugald Stewart, Fox, Pitt, Lord Kames, and Sir Walter Scott. In addition to this elevated society, he saw the common people familiarly through a pastorate of sixty years, and has made the most interesting part of his unpretending narrative the contrast of Scottish society as he was leaving it with what he found it in the beginning of his career. The closing portion of his "Life and Times" is exceedingly cheering through these manifold marks of human progress. Intemperance was far from being a disgrace when he became the minister of Jedburgh; nearly all the business of importance was transacted in the taverns, where lawyers met their clients, and concluded the trial of their cases with trying the strength of each other's heads. Poverty found a stinted, irregular, and degrading relief, while thousands were left to perish by starvation; but, with each successive period of famine, 1783, 1796, 1799, 1800, not only the amount of relief increased immensely, but the willingness with which it was afforded and the kindness with which it was dispensed. Some loss the good Doctor had to deplore of old-fashioned familiarity; but that seemed to him set off by the almost extinction of religious bigotry. Cruel superstitions were all the while disappearing beneath the extension of education, the multiplication of schools, and the increased efficiency of the University. But one single statement in the ninth chapter is a volume in itself; when obliged to dine with his parishioners, there was hardly a table where the fare did not disgust him in the first period of his settlement; but near the close of his ministry, most of them lived much better than their pastor, though he was Chaplain to the King. Somerville's prolonged public life, uninterrupted by disease, unshadowed by calamity, unenfeebled by advanced years, was crowned by a perfectly peaceful and trustful departure, after only a week's illness, in his ninetieth year, May, 1830.

Varnhagen von Ense's papers seem an inexhaustible fund for contemporary history, reports the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of late. Scarcely has the correspondence between Rahel and David Veit appeared, containing several very interesting letters, about Goethe in particular, during the last ten years of the last century, when another volume, of diplomatic interest, is announced, entitled: "Tagebücher von

* Somerville's Life and Times. 1741 - 1814. Edinburgh. 1861.

Friedrich von Gentz, mit Vor- und Nachwort von Varnhagen von Ense." Gentz was born in Breslau in 1764, and early entered into the service of the state in Berlin; but Prussian pay being poor, and his needs great, he went to Vienna, where he speedily found employment, in 1802. A bitter opponent of Napoleon, he retired in 1805, when the French army was pressing on from Ulm to Vienna, to the Prussian head-quarters in Dresden, where he drew up the Prussian Manifesto in 1806. Returning afterwards to Vienna, he entered again the service of Austria. In 1809 as well as in 1813, he drew up the Manifestoes of Austria also against France. The especial value of this new work is said to be the circumstantial political diary which it contains touching the events of 1809. There are also brief, piquant notices respecting the Vienna Congress and the Conferences at Carlsbad at which he was present. It is therefore a natural supplement to the volume which appeared in 1857, entitled, "Briefwechsel zwischen Friedrich Gentz und (dem K. K. General-Consul in Leipzig) Adam Heinrich Müller, 1800–1829"; — of which one may read Varnhagen von Ense's opinion in one of his latest critiques.

Gentz died in 1832. He is known in Germany as the translator of Burke's Reflections upon the French Revolution, and as the writer of many political pamphlets, the interest of which, for us at least, has long ago exhaled. As one reads Varnhagen von Ense's praise of him, in the former's "Miscellaneous Writings," it is obvious that he must have been one of those characters whose fleeting reputation is due to the happy flow of their speech and the charm of their presence; but of such men the fame fades with the life; — and there are not wanting, therefore, those who, like Friedrich Schlegel, bitterly deny the truth of Varnhagen von Ense's portrait. It is one thing to win influence and gold and the wonder of contemporaries, it is another to withstand the years and the criticism of the after age. We may not agree with Varnhagen von Ense, that his speeches deserve to be read with those of the great orators of antiquity, but we shall hardly fail to understand, even from him, how the hollow life of Friedrich Gentz could find its earthly solace in the society of Fanny Elssler.

It is hard to make up our mind, in the turmoil of events we are passing through, which we want most, a convenient gathering up of the material of history, in the shape of dates, documents, and popular comment, or an orderly setting of them forth in consecutive and readable narrative. Happily, we have both. We noticed in our last issue "The Rebellion Record," which very fairly serves the former. And we have received, since then, several numbers of another work,* which is really a very able and creditable attempt at that hazardous thing, contemporary history. Only one thing has occurred to us to criticise, — the disproportionate detail given to rather unimportant phases of

* The Southern Rebellion and the War for the Union. New York: James D. Torrey.

things, especially the inordinate length at which speeches and public documents are quoted word for word. But this, we suppose, makes part of the plan and value of the work. An occasional bit of "fine writing" has also caught our eye, of very American quality, and so, probably, a merit with the large audience we hope the book will have. We may be well content to wait a few years for the due condensing, weighing, and ordering of events with the majestic brevity or the vigorous play of intellect that befits the historic page.

It is right to state that the narrative is preceded by a brief, well-told, and very interesting account of the two previous trials of strength our government has endured; and that its value is much increased by the great fulness and care with which the origin of the Great Rebellion has been traced. Events ranging from one year to six months ago have so thoroughly passed into another period, and become historic, that we find ourselves greatly interested and instructed as these neat issues successively appear.

CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

It is an unpretending but very real service which is rendered by two brothers, diligent scholars and teachers of established reputation, in preparing a digest of those facts of antiquity * which not only every student, but every intelligent reader, likes to have by him in a portable shape. The first question that will be asked is as to the authority and accuracy of this manual. In answer, we have evidence that it has been faithfully prepared, from authors of the best and newest scholarship, — in part, from rare and ample opportunities of study, under their personal guidance and instruction. We believe that, as to the ground so faithfully explored, and put in such new and clear light by the great Continental scholars, this volume may stand, in its modest way, as a wholly authentic expositor. And the common reader, who meets, now and then, allusions to classic custom, — who, it may be, attempts to master a work so learned as Grote's Greece or Arnold's Rome, — will have many an occasion of thankfulness for so compact, neat, and accurate an expositor.

The next question touches its uses as a school-book. Of this, the proof must be actual trial, premising that it has grown out of the practice and requirements of the school-room. We call attention to two points only, — its very careful and clear arrangement, and its extreme simplicity and brevity of statement. We have never seen anything in the way of a text-book, on any matter, so absolutely unencumbered with words. Part I. (Geography) is a Key to Long's excellent Atlas, and consists almost wholly of lists of names, as a guide to the actual study of the maps, with very brief but sufficient indications of modern equivalents, and of important points of history. Part II. (Chronology) is a table of illustrious events and names set over against each

* A Handbook of Classical Geography, Chronology, Mythology, and Antiquities. By T. P. and W. F. Allen. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston.

other, — "Chronology" on one leaf, and "Literature and Art" on its opposite, — drawn up in three periods, Oriental, Grecian, and Roman, and showing by bold type the dates which the student most needs to learn. It is, in fact, rather a guide than a substitute for the study of larger tables; and seems to us excellently adapted to its special service. The stress of preparation, and the chief claim to original merit, will be found in the portions on Mythology and Antiquities, as to which the learning of fifty years ago has been so largely set aside by new investigations. Smith's Dictionaries are quite too large and costly for general use; and we hardly know how to refer, in any popular or accessible work, to a clear exposition of the comparative mythology of Greece and Rome, on which so much depends for a fair understanding of antiquity, or of those matters of the daily and public life of the ancients, so interesting as filling in the outline of their history. In this little volume enough will be found for the general reader, and almost enough for the every-day reference of the classical scholar. For the higher class of schools, we should judge that this work (or its equivalent) would be quite indispensable; and for almost any person of ordinary range of reading, that it would be found both interesting and convenient. Only a word need be added, as to the beauty and accuracy of the press-work, — qualities in which these last few years have made such large advance.

President Felton's edition of the Clouds of Aristophanes,* is one of the veteran editions of the classics, which maintain their ground against many generations of rivals. The Clouds is a classic that must be read for its own sake; it is one of those fixed points that college classes must come round to every three or four years; and President Felton has entered so heartily into the spirit of the great Athenian satirist, his illustrations are mostly so apt, and his remarks so just, that it is no wonder his edition is a favorite. This new edition is little changed from former ones, but an Appendix has been added, containing copious references to Prof. Goodwin's Greek Moods and Tenses. The new edition of the Birds, which has been entirely out of print, has been altered more; the notes have been entirely revised and to a great extent rewritten. Both books are printed in the unsurpassed style of the University Press, and must be heartily welcomed by classical students.

The peculiarity of Mr. Williams's school text-book on the American Constitution † is that the clauses are printed separately, each being accompanied by a brief and clear explanation. No study is more

* The Clouds of Aristophanes. With Notes by C. C. Felton, LL. D., President of Harvard University, late Eliot Professor of Greek Literature. Fourth Edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

The Birds of Aristophanes. Do. Second Edition.

† The Constitution of the United States. For the Use of Schools and Academies. By George S. Williams, A. M. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, and Company, Printers to the University.

needed by the older classes in our High Schools, and we do not know of any book better for the purpose than this. In a work of this class, it is doubtful whether printed questions are desirable; and certainly, it seems to us, the form of question and answer should have been avoided. It may be that such an arrangement is useful for young scholars, but to advanced classes it is only a hindrance, and it takes away from the dignity of so good a commentary on the Constitution as this is, to make a catechism of it. For a school-book this has unusual completeness. All disputed interpretations of the text seem to be noticed and decided — according to Northern views, — and all needed illustrations given. We have also, in fine print, a number of valuable documents designed only for reference; together with Washington's Farewell Address, the Declaration of Independence, and the Articles of Confederation. Indeed, this book supplies the want of a convenient hand-book of reference, as well as of a school-book.

We are a little impatient of the great number of Spelling-Books which the existence of the English language seems to make a necessary evil. De Quincey somewhere ascribes his own accurate orthography to the fact that he learned to spell spontaneously by the way of nature, and was never vexed with spelling-book or dictionary but for a single day in his whole career; while he insists that Landor's heresies and perversions must have come from his being drilled in such text-books till he was goaded into wagers of battle with his teacher, and so all his views on the subject were thrown into complete anarchy.

It is with a little misgiving that we take up any of the new manuals that profess to teach this difficult art. And the new, very complete and commendable one by Messrs. Soule and Wheeler hardly makes an exception.* In its style of getting up, it seems to us somewhat crowded and inconvenient from accumulation of material; while its typography is not sufficiently emphatic and catching to the eye to make it a manual of easy reference. We take it that every person who owns a dictionary would choose to turn to that at once, rather than consult a vocabulary confessedly exceptional and incomplete. And, as a text-book for schools, it is altogether too bulky, too minute in its analysis, and too much encumbered with strange matter. The anatomical exposition with which it begins seems to us altogether out of place in a practical treatise. We take it that most of the great masters of the voice, from Demosthenes down, have known and cared very little about the matter, — any more than a healthy boy knows or cares about the structure of his stomach. But it is fair to judge every work by its own specialty. To those who wish, in a sufficiently cheap and compact form, to study the anatomy of the voice, to trace the extreme divisions and subdivisions which have been found or fancied in the sounds of the vowels and the articulations of the English tongue, and to hunt up the curiosities of orthography with which we suppose our literature to be enriched beyond all others, — to

* A Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling. Boston: Soule and Williams.

those who desire a guide in this special investigation, and to teachers, for occasional consultation, this is to be commended as an accurate, complete, and painstaking work.

MR. CALKINS'S little book * comprises, first, a carefully arranged course of about a hundred lessons, to aid in the development, in the child's mind, of the ideas of Form, Color, Number, Size, Weight, Sound, the Human Body, and Place. This is followed by three series of *Object Lessons*, intended to serve, with other similar ones, for the first three years of school life. It is a book for the teacher, not for the pupil; and is to be used for suggestion and self-preparation at home, rather than in the school-room. There, by the study of real objects, the child is to be taught to observe accurately, and in familiar conversation to express intelligently what he learns, while relief and variety are secured by drawing, *word-building*, singing, games, and calisthenic exercises.

An excellent feature in this book is the minuteness of detail in illustration, rendering it, perhaps, rather diffuse, but none the less useful; and it abounds in hints and directions, little in themselves, but well worth the teacher's careful notice. For example: "That subject in which the child manifests the greatest interest . . . . . marks the point where that child's instruction should begin." (p. 26.) "Veritable ideas of number belong to the early discipline of the eye, and are dependent on the actual presentation of objects" (p. 135); ". . . . . and these should be of several kinds, to prevent the association of the number with one class of objects only." (p. 159.) ". . . . . see that they understand and can *tell* what they have already learned before presenting anything new." (p. 249.) To the sections on the Object-Method of teaching Reading, and on Touch, we would call especial attention. Also to that on Color, which contains a very convenient table of colors, hues, &c. The illustrative plate, however, gives indigo as one of the secondary colors, with green, purple, and orange; in the table and in the lessons it is properly put as a hue of blue. The shortest and least satisfactory section is that on Drawing, — a subject certainly as appropriate to the book as Reading or Sound, both of which are treated quite at length. *Object*-Drawing, indeed, is left entirely out of account; and, while copy-cards for drawing from flat surfaces are recommended, the only exercises specified are in combinations of straight and curved lines, and might properly have been embodied in the lessons on Form.

The Object Lessons proper, comprised in the last seventy pages, are admirable. As an educational tract, and distributed widely among pupils of the Normal Schools, and others, they would hasten the much needed reform in the methods of instruction in Primary Schools. The whole book, from the skill and thoroughness of its preparation, and for the great importance of the system it so well unfolds, should receive a hearty welcome from all friends of education.

* Primary Object Lessons, for a Graduated Course of Development. A Manual for Teachers and Parents, with Lessons for the Proper Training of the Faculties of Children. By N. A. CALKINS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Dr. Davis, in his work on Carthage,* aims to do the work of two books, — to give an account of his travels, excavations, and discoveries, and to present us at the same time with a complete history of ancient Carthage, with its antiquities and mythology. This is a mistake. Neither those who read his book with the view of learning precisely how much has been added to our knowledge by his researches, nor the larger class who read it merely for amusement, care to be interrupted by his long disquisitions on irrelevant points. The latter class will put up with as much learning as is needed to explain the discoveries, but are annoyed by pedantic display. Dr. Davis might have taken Mr. Layard for a model in this. A monograph on the history and antiquities of Carthage, such as he seems capable of writing, would be a valuable contribution to classical studies; but it should be carefully prepared, scholarly, and well arranged, not scattered haphazard through the pages of a thick octavo. His learning is deficient in system and in geniality. Dido and Æneas are as much historical characters to him as Scipio and Hannibal; he spends more time in attempting to identify Carthage with the Tarshish of Scripture, than in illustrating its capture by Scipio Æmilianus.

We must acknowledge our indebtedness to our author for his energy and skill in conducting his excavations. In the domain of art his discoveries are interesting, but not abundant. A fine mosaic pavement — nothing to compare, however, if we may judge from the engraving, with those in Pompeii and Herculaneum — is almost the only thing that deserves notice as a work of art. This is assigned by him to the Punic period. He argues at some length, and skilfully, on two disputed points of topography, — the position of the harbors, and of the Byrsa, or citadel. The principal authorities on these points are Appian, who says that the Byrsa was "towards the south in the direction of the mainland" (*πρὸς μεσημβρίαν ἐς ἤπειρον*), and Strabo, who says it was "in the middle of the city" (*κατὰ μέσην τὴν πόλιν*), and that the harbors "are under it" (*ὑπόκεινται*). These expressions prove conclusively, we think, that the harbors lay to the south of the peninsula; Strabo's expression would naturally mean simply *in the interior*, and is not at all inconsistent with Appian's placing it towards the south. The chief difficulty lies in the expression *ἐς ἤπειρον*; for as the isthmus was at the northwest, it seems as if there were an inconsistency with the citadel's being towards the south. For this reason, some modern authors have placed the harbors at the north. But the ancients are notoriously inexact in the points of compass, and probably we are only to understand that Appian or his informant turned to the south after entering by the isthmus (which he has just men-

* Carthage and her Remains: being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, and other adjacent Places. Collected under the Auspices of her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. Davis, F. R. G. S., &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tioned), and came shortly to the Byrsa. In fact, Dr. Davis finds distinct traces of the two harbors and the island Cothon in this part of the peninsula. The Byrsa has been commonly identified with the hill of St. Louis, the position of which certainly corresponds best with the description of Appian and Strabo. But Dr. Davis starts a new theory, and places it on the shore, a little to the east of the harbors, defending his position by the argument which, in default at least of any opposing ones, seems unanswerable, that the hill of St. Louis is not large enough to answer the descriptions of ancient writers, nor to contain the buildings that are known to have stood upon it.

Dr. Davis's narrative appears to us less successful than his argument. His adventures are certainly interesting, and he tells us a great deal of the inhabitants that we are glad to know. What he says is excellent, but his style is rather heavy, and his efforts to be entertaining do not always succeed.

Even in the luxuriant fulness of our recent Travellers' Library, it is rare to find a volume at once so handsome and so readable as Mr. Forbes's "Iceland."* The style is brisk, bordering a little, now and then, on pertness or affectation; and again, it rises into considerable picturesque beauty and effect. The sharpened eye of an experienced traveller is educated also to trace out scientific facts and the working of natural laws on a grand scale, — accurately enough, at least, and with fulness enough, for the general reader; and his descriptions of the island-cliffs, the desolate fields of lava, and the astonishing aspects of the Geysers, are as effective as anything we remember of the sort. Mr. Forbes is on terms of easy and good-humored intercourse with all classes of the people he meets. He is scholar enough withal to interest himself and us in old traditions of the heroic colonists that founded this bleak settlement, and gives us several very entertaining specimens of the legends of the inhabitants, grotesque or superstitious, along with the details of their island life. Pleasant narrative of personal adventure, and anecdotes by the way, and descriptions of what is most striking in scenery, serve to fill out very agreeably these handsome pages, which are well worthy the attention of our republishers.

Sailing from Leith (July 21, 1859) in the Danish mail-steamer, which makes its four annual trips in the summer months, two days bring our traveller among the group of the Faroes, wild and picturesque, with their incessant flocks of birds, their great wave-worn caverns, and cliffs of eight hundred or one thousand feet in height, relieved above with "stripes and patches of a vivid green," giving brief pasture to scanty flocks of sheep. Some of these islands have "shores so steep that no boat can be kept there, their sparse inhabitants living in entire seclusion, saving an annual visit from the clergyman, who is hoisted up by ropes." The resources of this region are evidenced by what seems at a distance "a miraculous wash of shirts," but turns out to be split codfish; and by the roofs of cottages "pendent with whale-

* Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers. By Charles S. Forbes. London: John Murray.

flesh and sea-birds, on which I presume the smoke is destined to exert a favorable influence." One is shocked to find these islets, in their laborious poverty, made the scene of systematic plunder by gangs of English sailors. "The barest savage would hesitate before he despoiled such a needy and hospitable population, — people who share their last cup of milk with the stranger, and otherwise perform the good Samaritan. The disrepute such unmitigated brutality entails on our national character is very great; and it seems a pity we do not follow the French system in Iceland, and send a man-of-war to keep such scoundrels in order." (p. 20.)

Mr. Forbes's explorations take him about only the southwestern quarter of the island, — the most accessible, habitable, and temperate part, and, happier for the stranger than the people, most abounding in the fiery phenomena that belie its name. Iceland itself (a region "one fifth larger than Ireland," and nearly as large as the State of New York) he describes as "an island-pandemonium of volcanoes," in great part a mere "mass of ice, resting on the elevated cones and fissures of a nest of dormant volcanoes"; "one vast tract of lava-desert and ice-mountain"; "alternate hills of lava, slag, and ashes," diversified with sulphur-beds, valuable to trade, but giving their English proprietor "the life of the damned" in the directing of his workmen. In marshy districts, near the shore or along the line of rivers, the crops of grass are ample to feed the diminutive sheep and ponies, and in good seasons to provide a stock of hay; though in cold summers, when drifting icebergs chill the air, "causing storms and incessant rain," hay-making is impossible, and beast and man must often starve. Earthquakes and volcanoes increase the terrors of the climate. In 1783, the eruption of Skaptar-Yökul (a single one of many) cast forth a mass of matter equal to "twice the volume of Hekla"; piled up its molten streams in places to the depth of five or six hundred feet; and by its deadly vapors, or fiery floods, or ash-showers, making the pastures desolate, destroyed both cattle, fish, and men; — "the very soil on which they depended for subsistence was torn from them, and an unproductive waste substituted for their homes and pastures." In these awful devastations, it is reckoned that there perished "a fourth of the remaining population, already reduced to some forty-five thousand." Nor did the remoteness of Iceland save it from most dreadful visitations of the epidemics of the Middle Age; so that all forces of nature seem to have been leagued to exterminate the slender but heroic colony first planted there in 874. "It seems," says Mr. Forbes, (speaking of the destructive march over jagged lava-fields,) "to have grown into the creed of the inhabitants, that everything was made to be destroyed."

"The colonists of this isle," says Mr. Forbes, "were not the refuse of the mother country, but of the best and bravest, who sought to secure amid the ice and desert of the North that liberty which they could no longer hope to enjoy at home; and it is truly said that New England and Iceland are the solitary instances of colonies being founded and peopled from higher motives than the love of gain." (pp. 51, 52.) Our author zealously sets forth the view (pp. 80 – 82) that the free institu-

tions of England and America are of no Saxon origin, but from the Norse infusion in our blood and history. His sketch of the colonization and history of the island (pp. 49 – 69), and the curiosities of its early legislation, are among the most interesting portions of the volume. In which commendation we include his references to Icelandic literature and legend, with very curious specimens of the latter, — the "Cave-Men," the Pagan "Outlaws," the "Trial of Ghosts," and Sæmundr's contests with the Devil.

The resources of the island for commerce are "wool and dried cod or kippered salmon, eider-down, oil, and tallow," which are bartered for such European luxuries as "coffee, corn, brandy, snuff, and bread-stuff of the coarsest description," — of which latter the majority of the inhabitants make a meal, it may be, once a week. Fish are too precious a commodity to be consumed; in hard seasons Icelanders must content themselves with a diet of "dried cod's heads." No sort of grain, we need hardly say, will ripen in the chill and scanty summer; and in the severest winter no food is spared to the poor little ponies, who must provide for themselves as best they can. The island is obviously more bleak and desolate than a thousand years ago, its grass-strips scantier, and its population dwindled. Of other resources, we find beds of sulphur, distilled perpetually upon clay-banks from the steam of this volcanic soil, and well able to compete for the markets of the world; vast accumulations of drift-wood, from the currents of both oceans, already half-turned to layers of coal; and fisheries, only beginning to be developed, which employ already seven thousand French fishermen, in hardy and bold training for the Imperial navy. And as a way-station of the North Atlantic telegraph, to connect Great Britain with her colonies, Iceland will continue to be a place of interest and importance.

The description of the physical aspects of the region makes a prominent part of any report of it. We have not space to go over the ground with our traveller, and must refer to the volume itself, or to other accounts more accessible and familiar, for pictures of the stupendous scenery. We only copy this admirable sketch of the physical forces brought in play in the formation of the country: —

"Iceland owes its creation entirely to submarine volcanic agency. At some early period of geological history, the nucleus of this island was thrown up from the depths of the ocean by volcanic power, as Sabrina and Graham's Islands were in the present century. With them, the gradual formation of an island by submarine eruption was daily recorded. At first, passing navigators feel shocks as of earthquakes, and observe the waters greatly discolored and violently agitated; dense columns of steam arise, the sea around is covered with pumice and cinders, heralding the approach of the crater's mouth. Soon the cone itself appears, with a crater in the centre; scoriæ, pumice, and ashes accumulate; even non-volcanic substances appear; and eventually the cone becomes an island two hundred feet high and three miles in circumference. The exhaustion of the volcanic power, together with the effects of ocean and earthquake, again obliterate these islands, and nothing now remains but rocks and shoals to mark the spot. Mag-

nify this gigantic effort a million-fold, and you will have a faint idea of the throes of Mother Earth when she brought forth Iceland from the womb of the Atlantic. Fancy the cone struggling into existence against the pressure of an almost fathomless sea, and ultimately maintaining its own against all comers, ocean, iceberg, and earthquake, and establishing itself over some 40,000 square miles of territory, — such is Iceland." (pp. 22, 23.)

THE master of Greatham Hospital has given us one of the best books of travels of recent date.* Driven in pursuit of health to the favored region of Algiers, on a second visit for a similar purpose he penetrates farther south than any European, studies the natural history of the Desert thoroughly, gathers numberless specimens of little-known plants and animals, and brings back an encouraging report of the natives, whom he thinks to be in part of the same stock with the ancient Numidians. His narrative is simply and gracefully given; his trials were cheerfully borne; his gun was most successfully employed. His "illustrations" are really new; his maps are valuable aids; his appendices are crowded with well-arranged lists of Sahara birds, plants, Mollusca, and Mammalia. The Sahara itself he holds, reasonably enough, to be the bed of an evaporated tertiary ocean; the gradual elevation of Northern Africa having emptied this inland sea into the Mediterranean, and left some unknown fossil fishes and strange shells, described by our author. The ancient Arab tribe of Mzabs appear to be an amiable, hard-working people, hospitable beyond measure, and certain of future improvement. French rule, although it has not half developed the resources of the country, nor stimulated agriculture as it ought, has proved an unspeakable good, bringing the blessings of civilization in its onward march, establishing courts of justice, opening Artesian wells, repressing disorder with a prompt and iron hand. French officers everywhere showed the most effective kindness to one whose learning they respected, whose courage they admired, whose capacity of endurance seems to have equalled their own. In their company he enjoyed the noble sport of falconry, precisely as in the hunting-times of Queen Elizabeth, and vainly endeavored to purchase one of these priceless birds for the use of English sportsmen.

THE brief essay by the Earl of Carnarvon upon the Druses and their religion† confirms the view taken in the Examiner of May, 1855. It presents, too, some very graceful sketches of Lebanon scenery, and an exceedingly interesting account of a visit to a Yezidi shrine. In throwing his "pebble on the future cairn deserving to be raised to the history of so mysterious a race," the English Earl holds that the result of Druse study is only to unlearn what has been learnt before: "Slowly, painfully, dizzily, he mounts each successive degree of

* The Great Sahara: Wanderings south of the Atlas Mountains. By H. B. TRISTRAM. London: John Murray.

† Recollections of the Druses of the Lebanon. By the EARL OF CARNARVON. Second Edition. London.

initiation, until the mystical seven are accomplished, and at each stride he hears the step on which he last trod crumble and crash into the measureless abyss that rolls below him." Pantheism, and the utter confusion of right and wrong, seem to him the end of their investigation, — an end reached however by very few.

With regard to that bloody outbreak whose wounds still bleed all through Lebanon, the author of the Recollections is very lenient in judgment. He doubts if the Druse was the first to shed blood. He suggests that it may have been prompted by the Indian revolt. He maintains that the Turkish authorities encouraged it, to give them an excuse for subjugating Lebanon. He insists upon it that all the outrages were the work of Moslem mobs. He declares that England must never suffer this brave and independent race to be trodden down, although their faith is founded on one who lived a madman, ruled a tyrant, and died an impostor.

THE English Bishop of Hongkong has given an exceedingly instructive book on an exceedingly interesting country. His "Ten Weeks in Japan"* seem to have been industriously used in gathering intelligence upon all subjects; and his opportunities of information, through extensive travel and association with official personages, seem to have been the very best. Admiring the richly tilled country, seeing millions upon millions of an imitative race, eager after knowledge, detecting at a glance how much more commercial intercourse can effect than missionary effort in Christianizing this recently opened empire, Dr. Smith writes with a refreshing earnestness and a convincing good-sense which invest his plain style with a charm. Yeddo, according to him, is one of the most extensive, populous, and beautiful cities in the world. Excepting its frequent earthquakes, the prevailing dissoluteness of morals, the general intemperance and recent attempts at assassination by the more conservative party, few communities offer so many attractions. Living is ridiculously cheap; the climate delicious; the common people almost servile in their attentions to foreign gentlemen; the opportunities of profitable traffic unsurpassed; the resources of these rich islands just beginning to be developed.

And yet all these advantages may be nipped in the bud. If English and American seamen treat the natives with nothing but insult and injury, if foreigners yield to the temptations to vice which the Japanese government has placed in their way, if a border-ruffian policy is practised by worthless outcasts of every nation thronging around the open ports, not only Christianity will lose all chance of favorable hearing, but the half-independent nobles, who dread this intercourse with nations superior to themselves, may start to arms, and plunge the peaceful country into the horrors of civil war. Japan seems to be governed by an armed aristocracy, three quarters of whom are hostile to the commercial privileges obtained first of all by the American Minister, then granted to the English, French, and Russian merchants. This fresh

* Ten Weeks in Japan. By BISHOP SMITH of Victoria. London: Longman and Company. 1861.

relaxation of the severest non-intercourse must evidently be treated with extreme forbearance. It has already cost several leading Japanese their lives; and, if pursued with reckless defiance of the prejudices of a most sensitive nation, can only result in an expulsion like that of the Portuguese in 1638. "Not a single native Roman Catholic survives throughout the kingdom of Japan as a monument of former Propagandist triumphs, or as a record of the early labors of Francis Xavier, the canonized saint, hero, and patron of Papal missions in the East."

Dr. Smith gives a different view from the prevalent one regarding the language of the empire. Chinese books, according to him, can be read by all classes of Japanese readers, so that "the Chinese Bible may bear a considerable part in the diffusion of Christianity throughout the empire." He brought away with him the impression that "no native teacher of the missionaries is willing to accept a Christian book." Hardly any of the Testaments which he carried with him could be put in circulation. Nay, "the reading of the Bible," he has since declared in public, "would entail death on any Japanese." But before the Bishop's visit Rev. J. Liggins had sold among the natives sixty copies of the Bible and books wholly religious; Rev. Mr. Verbeck of Nagasaki had sold sixty copies of a complete summary of Christian truth; and Rev. Mr. Brown of Kanagawa had sold two hundred New Testaments to the Japanese. So that there must be some portions of these fifty million subjects of an exhausted and divided heathenism who are feeling after the light, if haply they may find it; and the Bishop's hopelessness must have been caused by intercourse with a more timid class, under stricter espionage, possibly commanded by their despotic masters to keep at the greatest distance from an innovating faith. Evidently the leaven is beginning to work among a compact, refined, intelligent, yet sensual race, whom the introduction of a living Christianity would save from the extinction of general licentiousness, and make one of the most favored communities on the face of the globe.

THE "roving printer," who professes to have given us, in a narrative of a whaling voyage of five years,* a simple account of his various adventures, is in reality a double personage, and uses the plural pronoun with strict and literal accuracy. The details of such a voyage, of course, cannot be new. Nearly everything told in this volume about the methods, the habits, and the enjoyments of whaling, and of life in a whale-ship, has been often told before. We cannot agree with these young men that they have placed before the public "an account of localities few have visited, and the detail of an employment of which little is generally known." The localities which they visited were islands and coasts very extensively known in the stories of navigators and the histories of recent expeditions. The Cape Verd Islands, Chili, Juan Fernandez, the Sandwich, Society, and Marquesas Islands, and the groups of the China Sea, have been described in all sorts of writings, scientific works, missionary reports, newspaper letters, and diaries,

* Life and Adventure in the South Pacific. By a Roving Printer. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

not to mention such books as Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo," which make a class by themselves. We are constrained, therefore, to deny for this volume the novelty that the authors claim. We have to contradict their conviction that "their *yarn* is not an old one," while we agree with their belief that "the reader will not say that it is a *dull* one." It has naturalness, simplicity, variety, ease of style, and all the marks of truthfulness. The spirit is kindly, the sentiment pure, and the tone reverent. It is great praise to a volume of this kind, that it preserves the charm and freshness of the whaler's life in leaving out that which is disgusting and debasing. A severe taste might have advised, perhaps, to omit some of the pious reflections, which have occasionally a dogmatic flavor; but these, as we think, are much more tolerable than the rollicking blasphemy in which works of this kind are apt to revel. For this especially, if for no other merit, we bespeak for the new volume of whaling adventure a large circulation and a full success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE preparation of a catalogue* to a large library is no longer supposed to be a simple matter, to be intrusted to any copying clerk. The method of proper preparation is almost a science. The literature devoted to this specialty is large; and whoever attempts the task, unprepared for it by proper study, finds that he has rushed in very imprudently to a matter he had best leave alone. So rapid, indeed, are the additions now made daily to the literature of the world, that no library, which is keeping pace with literature, can ever have a perfect printed catalogue of its contents. By the time the process of printing is over, new books have been received, — which cannot be named in the catalogue in their appropriate order.

The determination therefore of the great lights of library science in the world is that the administration of each library should secure, first, not a printed, but a manuscript catalogue, to be kept up, in daily parallel with the increase of its resources. Such a catalogue is possible. Such a catalogue exists now in all well-administered libraries. By the simple process of entering each book, not on a page with others, but on a separate card or slip of paper, the different names of books, or "titles," as they are technically called, can be preserved in perfect alphabetical order. These titles can also be so full that the book shall be completely described, — and, when any application is made to a librarian, he can tell whether he have or have not the book required. If the working staff of officers in a library is sufficiently large, this catalogue can be brought up every night to the condition which the library has attained that day. Indeed, if this is not done, the confusion of the library soon becomes helpless.

It does not follow, however, because no printed catalogue of a library can be kept complete, that no printed catalogue is needed. Nor does it follow, because there is a complete "Card Catalogue" in

* Index to the Catalogue of Books in the Upper Hall of the Public Library of the City of Boston. Boston. 1861.

the library, that there is no need of any other catalogue which can be removed to a distance. To speak of the most apparent, though not the most important need, persons at a distance from the library want to know if it is worth their while to go there. It is even more important to a student to have at hand full authorities which shall inform him as to particular books, of the precise names of their authors, the precise limitations of their subjects, or the precise dates of their publication. A collection of catalogues of books, though the books be in another hemisphere, becomes, for this reason alone, an essential part of a well-furnished working library.

In the princely but democratic arrangements for the public library of Boston there was another necessity. That library not only meets a demand for good books, which the common schools had created, but it goes in advance of any popular training it finds, and educates the people of Boston to more careful study of subjects than they had any idea of, and to the use of authors whose names they had never heard. The catalogue, therefore, which it published in 1858, of what was then the only circulating part of its library, was not a catalogue for students who knew how to find what they wanted, but a catalogue for persons not trained as students, who only knew what they wanted, but did not know how to find it. "I heard a preacher speak of an *optimist*," said such a man. "I knew that our first-class drugs were marked '*optim.*' I thought, from the meaning of that word, as I found it in the dictionary, that I was an optimist. I looked for 'optimist' in the Catalogue of the Public Library. I found Mr. Tuckerman's series of essays with that name. They refer to Leibnitz, — and now I want you to tell me where I can find a translation of Leibnitz's Essays." We do not pretend to say that the study of Leibnitz to that student in that stage of his inquiries may have been of the first value. But we print the anecdote as an illustration of the method in which the great mass of readers advance in their investigations, and the use they make of the catalogue of a public library.

In the midst of very large purchases of books, the receipt of very large presents, the establishment of the library in a new and grossly inconvenient building, and of a distribution from the circulating part of it of books at the average rate of a thousand a day, the staff of the Public Library has arranged and catalogued its magnificent collection of seventy-five thousand volumes in little more than three years' time, — a feat wholly without parallel in our knowledge. For if the comparison is made, it must be remembered that this is a catalogue prepared with consummate scholarship and care. The manuscript catalogue of this library — with "cross-references" so full as to leave nothing to be desired, with exhaustive analyses of those volumes which collect many different works of the same author — is now ready for any student's reference.

Not only has this work been done, but, in the same time, the superintendent, Mr. Jewett, and his corps of assistants, have prepared and printed the compact Index to this Catalogue which is now published. The Index differs from the Catalogue, by its abridgment of the

length of the "titles," and by its reference to books, not only under the names of their authors, but also under the subjects to which they refer. Thus, a person who wishes to read the history of France has no real right to expect in a simple catalogue to find Gibert's "Merovingian Kings" under the title "France." But if a benevolent superintendent has prepared an index, not for the learned, but for the ignorant, in that index this essay will be named at "Gibert," at "Leber," who included it in his collection, and at "Merovingian," — at the two first of which places only the learned would look for it, and at the third the half-learned, — and yet, fourthly, at "France," where the unlearned would be looking to see what there was which they wanted.

Of course, so complete a system as we refer to of what are called "cross-references" requires much space in the volume. On the other hand, the full titles of books, if printed, require enormous space. To print in one volume, therefore, of a compact size, the titles and cross-references of fifty-five thousand books, very careful abridgment of each title is required. This task greatly enhances the difficulty of such a work. You cannot tell a copyist to copy for you the card titles and send them to the printer. You have to indicate the parts which you will have copied, — you have to secure the essential parts, — besides determining what will be the most probable places in which persons not of scholarly training will look for the books of which they are in need.

In addition to these cares, the trustees and Mr. Jewett undertook in this Index to furnish some additional "helps," for which men of affairs in both hemispheres will thank him, — which have been introduced, with great completeness. Such are complete analyses of the Congressional and Parliamentary documents, and others of those formidable collections, before which most students, and even most librarians, stand aghast. There is not, even in England, any index to the Parliamentary documents so complete as that made here under the head of "Great Britain." Where, for a single instance, the man interested in Rowland Hill will find that his pamphlet on cheap postage is to be sought for in "Reports of Committees for 1837 – 38, the 20th volume"! The same labor has been gone through, on a more appalling scale, for the United States documents. There is not only, in a convenient form, the table of contents of each volume, in itself enough to save the political student days of time every year of his life, — but a complete index to these documents, where he, for instance, who would look up the history of the Hiwassee and Ocoa Canal is referred directly to 20th Congress, second volume, Executive Documents, tract No. 15. This work alone, when in the course of years our somewhat slow administration at Washington shall learn of its existence, will facilitate the labor of every working member of the government, as could no other gift of literature.

In some weeks since the new Catalogue was published, we have tested it by the severest tests which we knew how to apply, with constantly increasing respect for the various scholarship and consummate skill displayed in its completion. We have given instances which show its

value even to students far distant from the library. To students in New England it is the key to a collection of books, which is, as we believe, of more value for the present purposes of study than any collection of the same number of volumes anywhere. We can well believe that there are libraries which count five times as many volumes, where students would sooner run out the resources ready for any particular line of inquiry. The benefactors of the library, especially Mr. Joshua Bates, and the City of Boston, have put into the hands of its accomplished and most industrious trustees ample means to buy what new is wanted. The most varied scholarship has been brought to bear in determining what this is which is wanted. The library is the result of that expenditure and that scholarship. It is not a vast tomb of books, — buried all together after their usefulness has gone. It is the fresh and living assemblage of what some of the best minds now determine is essential for study now.

We have only to express the regret we feel that the bold and liberal policy which has always ruled in the councils of the trustees has gone so far, as to tempt them to throw the whole library open for the circulation — to the homes of the people of Boston — of all but a few of the most costly of its treasures. The policy is bold and liberal, undoubtedly.. We have no fear that any material loss of books will be the consequence of it. But it is a policy which, for the purposes of students in the Library halls, makes it a collection of broken sets, instead of the absolutely complete resource to which students are entitled. As some new subject interests all inquiring men, a few lazy mousers will go to the Library and "take out" the dozen leading books upon that topic. Those few men destroy the value and completeness of the Library, so far as that topic is concerned, for all the rest of Boston. We make no question, that, at whatever change of our present habits, men, women, and children must be trained to use the books which they study in the halls where they are kept, if they mean to avail themselves of the public's resources. Else they take from the public that which is the public's own. Whether they do this for a month or ten years, the injury, while it lasts, is the same. We have conceived that the trustees had hit on precisely the right medium when they circulated twenty thousand books for amusement and home instruction, but reserved the books which students most require, to be consulted at the hall. We have no doubt that a short experiment will show that it is well to return to this system.

We had fallen into the way of regarding the Saxon race and its annals as hopelessly given over to prose, — prose, mostly, of the dreariest description. And, indeed, it has displayed itself so notably on the prose side of our civilization, that it might well accept that verdict with a sort of pride. Something we remember, in Bulwer's "Harold," of the pathetic and poetic side of their story; but to the days of Saxon power and pride, and among the petty wars of the Heptarchy, which Milton looked on as the wrangling of "kites and crows," it had not occurred to us to look for the inspiration of heroic verse. So that Alex-

ander Smith's new poem * is not only incomparably the best of the volumes he has given to the public, but it does the special service of introducing us to the nobler side of our Saxon ancestry; and proves, we think, that it furnishes at least as good material to the imagination as the dim and legendary tale of Arthur and his Peers.

Mr. Smith selects his subject from the very heart of the Heptarchy, — the early adventures and the heroic reign of Edwin, "Rex Anglorum," for so his title is among the chroniclers. We may do the readers of this very attractive volume a service, by telling them that the groundwork of the tale is genuinely historic, not legendary; and that they will find its most marvellous and striking incidents told in Milton's History of England. One or two liberties only are taken in proper names, with less license in the story than historical novelists have been in the habit of claiming. To the readers of Mr. Smith's other poems, we need do no more than suggest, that the exuberant and picturesque fancy, which in them showed itself in rather morbid development, has free play among the woodland scenes, the hunting adventure, the rude outdoor life, and the ruder hospitalities of Saxon England, — to the better effect, as being tied to facts and things. The flight of the prince, his stay at Redwald's court, his winning of the lovely Bertha, and his victorious rule, are admirable pieces of poetic narrative, hardly hurt, here and there, by a little overcrowding of the fancy, — an average, often, of a picture to a line.

The higher interest, and perhaps the chief beauty of this volume, is that it tells the story of the introduction of Christianity in England; and how the wild heart of Paganism was won to the charm of priestly persuasion and words of Christian faith. The stormy background of war and feud and devastation, the smiting of barbarian robber-haunts, and the bare escape from treachery, along with the sweet and tender scenes of the Saxon home affections, and the stirring ones of Saxon industry, — this splendid and high-wrought picture of Paganism in its darkest and brightest features, — precedes and contrasts the Catholic procession, with white robe and silver bell and chanted prayer, that wins the heart of king and people to the purer faith. The incident of the mysterious visitor, who twice lays his hand as a sign on Edwin's head, is nobly told in Milton, and these are the real words of a Saxon chief, his touching parable of human life, so finely rendered in the following lines: —

> "To me, O King, this present life of man
> Seems, in comparison of unknown time,
> Like a swift sparrow flying through a room
> Wherein thou sit'st at supper with thy lords, —
> A good fire in the midst, while out of doors
> In gusty darkness whirls the furious snow
> That wall and window blocks. The sparrow flies
> In at one door, and at another out;
> Brief space of warm and comfortable air
> It knows in passing; then it vanishes
> Into the gusty dark from whence it came.

* Edwin of Deira. By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The soul like that same sparrow comes and goes;
This life is but a moment's sparrow-flight
Between the two unknowns of birth and death, —
An arrow's passage from an unknown bow
Unto an unknown bourne. O King, I have
This matter meditated all my days,
And questioned death, but with no more effect
Then if I shouted 'gainst a stormy wind,
And had my words dashed back in my own face.
If therefore these new doctrines bring me light,
All things I would renounce to follow them."

The picture of the dying Christian king is calm and noble, but perhaps no better for poetic effect than the historical statement, that, "having reigned with much honor seventeen years, he was by Cadwallon, king of the Britons, slain in battle, — in the eye of man worthy a more peaceful end." For the new religion had to maintain itself by struggle against pagan barbarism still, and to the last Edwin was a champion in arms for his realm and faith. But it is hard to blame these departures from bare historical fact, — especially when, in so rich a setting, they give us a more complete ideal of the Saxon royalty, and of the change wrought upon the realm by the Christ of peace.

We would fain say a welcoming word to a little volume* that has lain on our table for some months, sumptuous and delicate, with its fair exterior, and the clustering flowers of a young and exuberant fancy. "The Legend of the Angel-Tower" is but a very slender thread, a brief tale of a bridegroom who breaks his vow by wedding another bride after the lady Blanche's death, — a thread stringing together stanzas of no faultless workmanship, and affecting overmuch of antique phrase, but on which the eye rests with the same sort of luxury as on the iridescence of opals and pearls. Among the slighter and more delicate gifts which our poetic literature offers in its full hands, this pretty little volume may well claim its modest place. Its style of beauty allies it with "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal," — of which it is a merit that the tale is covered over, and almost forgotten, in the profusion of fine-wrought decoration. One is refreshed, in the weariness of soberer things, by what appeals, like these, to the mere sense of poetic beauty. It is a fresh delight, whenever we meet anything that shows how the material of it is still abundant and new.

PAMPHLETS ON THE WAR.

We have spoken our word so fully on the subject of the present war — its origin and motive, the duties it shapes for us, and the relation into which it brings us towards foreign powers — that we pass with the briefest mention most of the ephemeral writings to which it has given birth. In our list of publications will be found the titles of

* Blanche; or, The Legend of the Angel Tower. By Sarah Warner Brooks. New York: Rudd and Carleton.

several of these, to which might be added a large number of Sermons, some of them very timely and admirable. Some of the best of them have no more permanent record than newspaper columns; and many, of course, touch the immediate phases rather than the durable principles of this conflict. With one accord, their tone is loyal, patriotic, and courageous, and mostly, in the right sense of the word, conservative. Men the most thoughtful and conscientious, who most shrink from the thought of violence, accept the issues of this revolution as a necessity that must be met, — one which forbids any suggestion of retreat or surrender. None are so faint-hearted in their patriotism, as to hint any doubt of the final triumph of government and law. A few present special topics, which we should be glad to consider more at length than time and space permit. In particular, we would call attention to the clear, business-like, and very instructive statements of the pamphlet on "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor," — which (assuming that the war will result in the violent or gradual extinction of slavery) urges the need of securing as much as possible of the cotton region in the hands of free colonists, arguing that so the fibre can be most profitably raised, and the most profitable agriculture carried on; and to Mr. Tuckerman's series of Letters, which give, in a more connected way than most, the considerations and facts that appeal to the candid and thoughtful reader. In one of these publications alone, the most radical question of all affecting the politics of the day is boldly met; and this is sufficiently remarkable to demand special notice.

IMMEDIATE and unconditional emancipation the true policy and the duty of the Administration! In the pamphlet to which we refer,* this question is discussed with a depth of conviction, a boldness of utterance, cogency of argument, wealth of illustration, and withal a keenness of satire and a fervid eloquence, which insure readers for the book, and respect for the anonymous author, notwithstanding his errors of judgment, and, as we believe, mistaken conclusion.

The drift of the argument is, in brief, that a peaceful conclusion of the present contest between the government and the rebels, upon the basis of the old "Union," is impossible, and impolitic if possible.

Impossible, because we can never conquer until the North and the government are as desperately in earnest for *Freedom* as are the South for SLAVERY. That we are not so is manifest from the extreme tenderness and caution which are observed in all our operations against the rebels; as if we were constantly hoping for an adjustment, and feared mortally to offend them.

Impolitic, because such a settlement would be a moral defeat of the North, and render the election of another Republican President impossible, with the impending threat of second rebellion hanging always over the ballot-box.

What he has thus settled to be necessary and politic, the author maintains is legally within the power of the Administration, under the laws of war, and practicable also.

* The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company.

He boldly meets the objections sure to be urged, that such a step would divide the North, and weaken essentially the support of the government; and that a general emancipation would result in a fatal disruption of our social system, and inaugurate scenes of horror from which the imagination shrinks appalled.

He believes the government would gain in moral power, and — by its intensification of energy — in physical force also, immensely more than it would lose by the step; and cites the history of emancipation, to dispel the fears of the conservative.

Touching the "right of revolution," the author claims, that the "revolution" was inaugurated by the North in its election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. "We are the Revolutionists," he says, and "the Southern movement is not a revolution, but a rebellion against the noblest of revolutions. It is a league of confederates against the peaceful and legal evolution of Liberty on this continent. It is an Insurrection against a Resurrection. It is Slavery, hoary tyrant of the ages, standing before Humanity's morning, lifting its bars against the day-streaks, and crying, 'Back! back, accursed Dawn! into the chambers of Night.'"

The author errs, we apprehend, in overestimating the sentiment of the North, which is not yet, at least collectively, in advance of the letter of the Constitution.

And still more gravely, in regarding any settlement of the question on the basis of the old Union as a moral defeat of the North. The very nature of the present contest shows the days of American Slavery to be numbered. For the contest has been precipitated precisely because the South has lost its political ascendency. Will a defeat on the battle-field be likely to restore that ascendency? If not, then slavery is doomed, since, by universal admission, slavery cannot long exist by the side of free labor, if the former be deprived of that special legislation and fostering care that have hitherto been extended towards it, but which it can never more expect to receive.

But, it is claimed, we cannot succeed in the contest, upon the present issue. "Fanaticism is only second in strength to inspiration; and we can conquer in this war only when the love of Humanity inspires us as fully as the love of Slavery inspires the South. Enthusiasm for bunting; interest in a boundary line; concern for the control of the Mississippi; 'institutions bequeathed by our fathers'; 'the glorious fabric of our Union';—I warn you, my countrymen! that at whatever Manasses these *alone* meet the arms that fight for the kingdom of Oppression, they will be swept away as by a blasting sirocco."

To this we rejoin, that something besides these *do* meet the "arms that fight for the kingdom of Oppression,"— namely, the "reserved purpose among the unofficial masses" that no step backward is to be taken in this "noblest of revolutions"; and that, when this rebellion is crushed, the "peaceful and legal evolution of Liberty on this continent" will go forward with a movement as irresistible, as it will be fatal to slavery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By James Walker, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 397. (See p. 439.)

CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

A Hand-Book of Classical Geography, Chronology, Mythology, and Antiquities. Prepared for the Use of Schools, by T. P. Allen and W. F. Allen. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. 12mo. pp. 132. (See p. 443.)

Latin Accidence and Primary Lesson-Books, containing a full Exhibition of the Forms of Words, and First Lessons in Reading. By George W. Collard. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 347.

First Lessons in Greek: the Beginner's Companion-Book to Hadley's Grammar. By J. M. Whiton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 120.

Learning to Spell, to Read, to Write, and to Compose, all at the same Time. By J. A. Jacobs. Part I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 332.

The Clouds of Aristophanes; and The Birds of Aristophanes; with Notes by C. C. Felton. Cambridge: John Bartlett. (See p. 444.)

The Constitution of the United States. [Lessons on] for the Use of Schools and Academies. By George S. Williams. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co. 12mo. pp. 199. (See p. 444.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

The House on the Moor. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 405.

Short Stories for Leisure Hours, selected from Tales of the Day.

Tales of the Day; Original and Selected. Nos. 3, 5. Boston: W. Carter and Brothers.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert. (12 volumes out.) New York: James G. Gregory.

The Silver Cord. A Novel, by Shirley Brooks. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 268.

Cecil Dreeme. By Theodore Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 360.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Southern Rebellion and the War for the Union. New York: James D. Torrey. (In weekly numbers.)

PAMPHLETS.

A Farewell Sermon preached in South Groton. By David Fosdick, Jr. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. pp. 30.

The Rebellion: its Latent Causes and True Significance, in Letters to a Friend abroad. By H. W. Tuckerman. New York: Jas. G. Gregory. pp. 48.

The Rejected Stone; or Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. pp. 132. (See p. 460.)

Cheap Cotton by Free Labor. By a Cotton Manufacturer. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The National Weakness. A Sermon by Rev. F. H. Hedge. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

The Relations of Religion to the War. A Sermon by Rev. H. S. Carpenter. New York: W. A. Townsend.

A Sermon preached on the National Fast Day at Church Green, by Rev. O. Dewey, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

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